dc96000432
(cont.)

X Collection

INDEX

Page: 1

Barcode Number	Box Number	Total of Volumes	Call Number
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 0 019 583 908 6	1318 A	328	PN4827 (1934-1950) no. 1-328
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS 0 019 583 909 8	1318 B	273	PN4827 - PN4827 .P

#1

THE MELANGE.

Good Literature.

Vol. 7. No. 1. Evansville, Ind., September, 1884. Whole No. 37.

Hyacinths.

Dainty bells from the green spire swinging,
None but fair fairies hear your ringing.
Up their ladders of moonbeam climbing,
Have they set all your pink bells chiming?
Then when ended their vespers' pealing,
Into your waxen chambers stealing,
Did they drowse till the young moon beaming
Called the elves from their blissful dreaming?
They have flown, but they left behind them
All the dreams that in slumber bind them,
And the dreams, into fragrance growing,
Fill your goblets to overflowing.
And the glow of the fairy fingers
Still on your waxen petals lingers,
And the dawn, through the east returning,
Sees his fires in your bosom burning.

—"ALBION."

"The World Moves."

When Robert Fulton launched his frail craft upon the Hudson's peaceful waters, over three-quarters of a century ago, he little thought of the grandeur of his discovery. With his poor human eye he could peer into the shadowy future and see the myriads of beautiful steamers, all formed after his own, that would ply our rivers, lakes and seas. The freshening breeze of the lake fills the willing sail and the proud vessel plows the azure deep. Gliding over the whitecaps of the River of Beauty, down the Father of Waters to the sunny Gulf, where southern zephyrs gently kiss the spar and staff of many a proud steamer, flits the same vision, while nobly breasting the billows of the stormy sea, myriads of vessels ride the briny deeps that separate the worlds. A glorious achievement, but "the world moves" and such wonders are not uncommon.

Against what odds, the very fates it seemed, did Morse work! How diligently did he labor for the realization of his hopes—the success of a chimerical scheme. And when, at last, the first successful tick was heard, what a thrill of triumphant joy pervaded his breast! Now, in mystical network our country is threaded by a million wires and even the breakers of the proud Atlantic have been defied, enabling the sympathetic Queen, when a martyred President lay at the point of death, to whisper across the rolling, booming billows of the turbulent sea, words of condolence to the bereaved wife! 'Tis a grand accomplishment of genius, but "the world moves" and such wonders are not uncommon.

The electric light is the grand result of half a century's thought and study. The thoroughfares of the great city are made light as day and the Goddess of Night is defied in her own dominions. Genius has accomplished much, but truthfully can it be said that this is one of her grandest achievements. But "the world moves" and such wonders are not uncommon.

When Eli Whitney announced from Mrs. Greene's residence at Savannah that he had completed a machine that would do the former work of a month in a day, it at once made him famous, indeed, made "Cotton King" and the gin was considered a Godsend to mankind. But "the world moves" and such wonders are not uncommon.

When the golden spike of the Union Pacific was driven, the East and West united and the terrific roar of the two oceans combined, 't was pronounced a great triumph of mechanical skill, but the press merely remarked, "the world moves."

"The world moves." What a simple statement, and yet how few of us comprehend its full import! We connect no doubt of its truth with the principle it enunciates, and we link it not

X-PN 4827 112

Movie Pictorial

No. 3. AUGUST, 1931. PRICE 2d.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
APR 22 1944

Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler

THE POPULAR COMEDIANS IN THEIR RIB-TICKLING FARCE — "CRACKED NUTS"

Do You Know the Censor's Song ?

(SEE PAGE 5)

X-PN 4827

#2

Movie Pictorial

Official Organ of the International Movie League. Published Quarterly.

No. 4. (New Series) ooo October - - December, 1931

All the Latest News in Pars!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
TRIAL RECORD
APR 20 1944

Full Particulars International Movie League

- - Inside - -

X-PN 4827

#4

THE MOUNTAINEER

"For the Little Fellow"

Volume 1 Winter 1932—33 Number 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

YELLOW!

By Marvin H. Neel

JIM LOGAN'S bronzed cheeks paled as the girl flung the insult into his face. For a moment, anger replaced the hurt look in his clear grey eyes.

"Yes you ARE a coward," she flared. "You're just yellow!"

He flinched as if he had been struck in the face. Yet he made a desperate effort to control the anger that suddenly flamed almost beyond control. When he spoke, it was with a note of calmness that can only be gained through self-control. If the girl had been less wrought up, the very tone of his voice would have assured her that she was accusing him wrongly.

"Lenore, you know that I am not a coward. If you would only give me a chance to explain, ----I."

"Explain! There is no explanation necessary. Everyone in the whole neighborhood knows that you backed down when Jack Reed said those insulting word to you--and everyone in the whole neighborhood is laughing behind your back, making fun of you! Do you think I'd marry a man who was the laughing stock of the country?"

The angry girl was on the verge of tempestous tears—Jim could well see that—but her stubborness in refusing to listen every time he tried to explain why he hadn't fought with Jack Reed, made him want to turn her over his knee and give her the spanking she deserved. Jim was slow to anger, but once aroused—he was just as slow about getting over it. He had become engaged to Lenore Gleason just a month before.

He came close to her and made as if to take her in his arms, as he said softly: "Lenore, honey, please he reasonable. I have a good reason for not fighting Jack Reed, if you will —."

"Don't you dare touch me," she cried. "Go home and stay there. —No reason you might concoct would be sufficient. I—I don't want anything to do with a coward!"

Hurt to the quick, and resenting the injustice done him by her unfair refusal to listen to his side of it, his anger flamed for a moment beyond his control. He towered over her, eyes blazing; hands clenched into knotted fists held rigidly at his sides.

"All right. I will go home—and I won't be back until you send for me! Please remember that last—when you send for me!"

He strode from the room, but closing the door softly behind him, half wishing she would call him back.

Pausing in the hall only long enough to get his hat and overcoat, heard the sound of a stifled sob from the room he had just left. For a moment, a moment of weakness, he was tempted to go back. But, no—his sense of pride forbade such an act.

White-faced, sick with the thought that the one girl in all the world he cared for could show such stubborness and be so unfair, he stumbled into the night.

Yet could she be blamed so much?

Jim Logan was alone in the world. His mother had died when he was 17, and his father when he was 21. A maiden aunt had come to stay with him after his father's death, and with her help and advice he had managed the farm pretty well. (Continued on page two.)

#5

THE MELIORIST

VOLUME 1 PATERSON, N. J., MAY, 1932 NUMBER 4

X-PN 4827

THE MELIORIST
Published occasionally by James F. Morton, Paterson Museum, Paterson, N. J., in the interest of Amateur Journalism. Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association and the United Amateur Press Association of America.

SO THE CONVENTION IS COMING!

With the healthy increase in activity and enthusiasm in the National Amateur Press Association, all are looking forward eagerly to its coming convention in Montpelier, Vermont. There is every indication that this event will draw better than any preceding convention of the last few years, except, perhaps, the notable anniversary reunion at Philadelphia in 1926. It will, in fact, have the characteristics of the old-time conventions in the gala days on amateur journalism. In spite of the depression, which makes traveling to long distances more difficult than usual for many, a fine attendance may be reckoned on as a certainty. Reports from all directions indicate that everybody wants to go, and that only actual impossibility of reaching the convention city will keep anybody away. Among those present will be seen the faces of members who have not attended conventions for years, but who are determined not to miss this exceptional opportunity. And who is not eager to come face to face with the Vermont amateurs, whose splendid work in the ranks of amateur journalism has been so marked during the past five years and more? They were staunch upholders of amateur journalism in the dark days of the N. A. P. A.; and now that the sun is again shining upon our loved organization, it is most fitting that a great assemblage of their comrades should journey to Montpelier to meet them on their native heath. Of course, I shall be present; and I hope to meet a whole army of amateur journalists from the West, as well as from the East, on that joyful occasion.

Apart from the normal interest in a convention sure to be largely attended, enjoyable and highly successful in every way, there are special inducements for the present event. Our conventions are commonly held in large cities, just in the summertime, when urban interests and pleasures are at their lowest ebb, and when we naturally are thinking of vacation attractions in entirely different environments. Hence our attendance is almost exclusively caused by the desire for the convention itself; and to accomplish it, we must make a deliberate sacrifice of a large slice of our vacation time. In many cases, this means giving up entirely other vacation plans, which would lead in quite a different direction, since we do not find it possible to spare the time and expense necessary for the two separate trips. This year, all is as different as the poles. Montpelier is not hard to reach, and is right in the heart of the finest possible playground. It is surrounded by scenic grandeur and matchless beauty, and is a natural gateway to a vast realm of natural wonders. Being just on the edge of the famous Green mountains, it offers the most perfect opportunity for an ideal vacation. For all who have learned to love nature, it is axiomatic that mountain country affords infinitely the greatest range of attractions and enjoyments, whether one seeks rest in an ideal environment or active indulgence in the most delightful outdoor activities. Whether health, renewed vigor or sheer pleasure is the aim, there is nothing to compare with the mountains. Hence in coming to Montpelier, there will be no need of splitting the usual or much desired vacation traveling. Instead of returning home, either to take a second long journey to a resort, or to stay at home and mourn for lost vacation opportunities, we can enjoy the convention, and then go right on to take our vacation close at hand. The Green mountains are at our elbow, the superb White mountains within easy striking distance, the matchless Maine wilderness only a bit farther on, Montreal but a few hours distant with fast train connections, and the return home through Boston and the charms of the old New England cities, or for the western visitors by any one of many glorious routes, allowing visits to New York or to more northerly spots. No previous convention has ever offered so much in the way of post-convention joys.

Just as a starter, the writer hereby announces that he will lead a four-day hike, not extremely difficult or strenuous for anybody accustomed to walking and a little climbing, over the trails in the region of Mount Mansfield and to its summit. This is the highest and finest of the Green mountains, not far from Montpelier. Those wishing to join the hike will please bring suitable clothes fit for rough conditions, not easily torn, and especially stout shoes, with no high heels. Better have knapsacks and vacuum bottles. For particulars, write me. The hike will be of a circular nature, making it convenient to leave baggage where it can be picked up on the return. Good sleeping accommodations for each night, chiefly at mountain hotel, where our touches will be put up for each day's wandering.

29594

—o—

CONCERNING OFFICERS AND AMENDMENTS

Like Vincent Haggerty, I am wholly content to remain neutral with reference to the N. A. P. A. official board of the coming year, trusting to the good judgment of the active members of the present day. Our "young blood" administration of the present year is serving us admirably; and we may look forward with confidence to the work of its successor. Thus far, I have seen no name proposed for any office which invites serious objection; but as candidates are brought forward, there will naturally be room

X-PN 4827

#6

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
TECHNICAL DIVISION
APR 29 1944

The Molecule

JUNE 1933

In This Issue

The Molecule's Slate 2
The Booty 3
Swim 4
Psalm Re-revised 5
Spaces and Quads 7

1327

#7

The Christmas Manettism 1933

APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827 #S

MY PAL

A Good Little Magazine for Everybody

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

AUG.-SEPT. 1933

R. M. TELSCHOW, Publisher

200 Second Avenue, Hawthorne, New Jersey

#9

MY PAL

A GOOD LITTLE MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY

APR 29 1944

OCT. - NOV. 1933

R. M. TELSCHOW, Publisher,
200 Second Avenue, Hawthorne,
New Jersey, U. S. A.

#10

THE MANETTISM

VOL. VII. Monroe, N. C., November 6, 1933 No. 11

Shall We Repeal the Laws Against Murder?

APR 29 1944

MONKEY HIPS SEZ: We saved our pennies and bought cigarettes for the "boys over there" during the World War; now some of their mothers are wanting to repeal the 18th amendment so we can send them whiskey, too, during the next war.

X-PN 4827 #11

MONTHLY AIR MAIL

Vol. III. No. 11. April, 1933

Published by JOHN S. DAVIS,
71 Rodney Street,
Liverpool, England.

Subscription: 2/- per year
(50 cents, 12 francs)
Post Free.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

THE INTERNATIONAL AIR POST EXHIBITION

"APEX."

LONDON, MAY 7th—12th, 1934.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

An International Air Post Exhibition will be held in London from Monday, May 7th, to Saturday, May 12th, 1934.

The Royal Horticultural Hall in Vincent Square, Westminster, which has been the scene of great stamp exhibitions in 1906, 1912 and 1923, will again be the venue of the first International Air Post Exhibition ever held in London. The main hall has a floor area of about 10,000 square feet.

Preliminaries of organisation, the formation of the General Council and Committees, will be proceeded with immediately; Brigadier-General R. Ridgway, C.B., President of the Aero Philatelic Club, will be the President of the General Council, and Mrs. H. P. Terry will be the Hon. Secretary to the Council. Mr. Fred. J. Melville is the Organising Director.

In order to afford air stamp and air post collectors abroad ample time to prepare their collections for sending to the Exhibition, a detailed plan of the Competitive Classes has already been drawn up and examined by a provisional Programme Committee. This is printed in full below. Although it has been made as complete and comprehensive as possible from the start, this Scheme of Competitions is tentative and subject to revision, pending the issue of the Prospectus of the Exhibition.

Although there have been two International Air Post Exhibitions held in Europe—Paris 1930, and Danzig, 1932, this is the first attempt to map out a fully comprehensive scheme of competitions for a first-class international exhibition. In the circumstances one or two explanatory notes may be useful.

The geographical grouping in Classes G to K appears to be the only practical way of grouping, although many air post collections may be formed rather on the basis of routes. The great diversity of routes and services defies any simple form of classification by route. However, the geographical grouping admits of covers, etc., of any route having its base in the country specified. If you receive a letter from, say, Argentina in London, whether it comes by ordinary mail or by air post, it takes its philatelic classification from the country of origin, i.e., Argentina, not from the country of destination (Great Britain).

X-PN 4827

H12

THE MOUNTAINEER

"For the Little Fellow"

Volume 1 Spring 1933 Number 3

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 29 1944

DRAMATAE HUMANIS

By Earl Edward Tiley

GEORGE UBRECHT reclined in a richly upholstered lounge chair in his smart, expensively appointed suite and idly smoked a cigarette. A tray of half-burned, discarded stubbs on the table at his elbow betrayed a keen impatience that his erstwhile indolent manner concealed. Apparently he was waiting for someone or something.

Presently the bell rang. Uhrecht tossed away his fag and eagerly answered the summons. A uniformed boy stood outside the door, proffering a telegram. Uhrecht signed, tipped the hoy liberally and closed the door. Walking to the fireplace he extracted the yellow slip from its envelope. The message read:

"Dearest George:

"It happened again last night. I simply can't stand it any longer. I must leave Blair. If your offer of an apartment and security in Buffalo, made New Year's, is still good, meet me at St. Mark's at four tonight.

"Estelle."

A cruel little smile played over Ubrecht's features as he absorbed the desperation of the communication. Slowly he dropped the incriminating slip and its container into the fire and permitted them to burn. As he watched, his mind seethed with racing thoughts.

Again he saw Estelle Winthrop the bell of the school—the queen of the campus for whose regal favor Blair Ainsworth, his pal and roommate, and he had waged a friendly rivalry. He recalled that it was upon himself that Estelle first smiled, then one day she abruptly became cold and that, thereafter, Ainsworth basked warmly in her winsome charms. But Uhrecht did not immediately lose hope—he persisted in his court.

Uhrecht remembered distinctly the night at the graduation prom when he proposed to Estelle, besought her for a final choice. Again he saw the involuntary leap of negation in her eyes, the strange look of contempt. He saw her lips move once more, heard the soft but firmly worded refusal. Insidious charges against his character. A quarrel f ollowed and in it were divulged the amazing trickery and deceit of Ainsworth to discredit his opponent. Charges that were ungrounded, and purely false, yet terrible, in their power to destroy.

Uhrecht's jaw clamped rigidly as he thought of Estelle's marriage to Ainsworth, his own wild flight on a world voyage. News occasionally dribbled to him in far corners from friends, of how Ainsworth was rising in business, his wealth, and his prestige. Then the crash—Wall Street and the market. Declining values. One joyous note: the dissolution of Ainsworth—liquor, fast friends, night clubs—the heartbreak of Estelle. Under Oriental stars Ubrecht swore a vow and started back for the States. Vengeance was within his grasp—his to use in wiping out the hitterness o f those wasted years. The last straw to crush Ainsworth.

Feverishly Ubrecht began preparations for leaving.....

It lacked but a few minutes of four by the clock in the tower of St. Mark's when the city bus paused and discharged a female passenger on the curb. She was a pretty young woman of the brunette type, dressed in modish clothing that revealed (Con. on last page.)

X-PR 1027

#13

OUR PET

MUCH ADO

Summer, 1933

X-PN 4827

#14

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

MUCH ADO

• October, 1933 •

4827

#15

MY PAL

A Good Little Magazine for Everybody

JAN. - FEB. 1934

R. M. TELSCHOW, Publisher
200 Second Avenue, Hawthorne, New Jersey

#16

MY PAL

A GOOD LITTLE MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY

Vol. 3, No. 2 March-April, 1934 Whole No. 19

I Can Always Find You
(Gray Skies or Blue)

By Katharine K. Rucker

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

I gazed into the heavens high,
  And there, against the blue,
I saw a million shining stars
  And found the soul of you.

It's easy to find you, gray skies or blue,
Beauty and you are one;
Whenever I want you I can find you—:
It's easy to find the sun.

I peered into a rose's heart
  And there, steeped in the dew,
I saw a lifting petal
  And found the lips of you.

It's easy to find you, whatever the view,
You go where beauty goes;
Wherever I want you, I can find you—
It's easy to find a rose.

X-PN 4827

#17

25c. Per Year

May, 1934

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

MY PAL

A GOOD LITTLE MAGAZINE FOR EVERYBODY

Original Short Stories Stamp Collecting
Amateur Journalism
Scouting

ROBERT TELSCHOW
Room 201
210 Main Street Paterson, N. J.

#18

MY PAL

Original Short Stories
Stamp Collecting
Amateur Journalism
Scouting

LIBRARY
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JAN 22 1944

JUNE, 1934

ROBERT TELSCHOW
PUBLISHER
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

#19

THE MANETTISM

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
MAR 29 1944

VOL. VII No. 18

Monroe, N. C., March 3, 1934

A LEGEND

By Oscar Smith

Many, many miles from somewhere
Stood a castle by the way.
Tall and massive it protruded
Like a mountain tall and grey

It is said to have been haunted
By a gallant knight of old
Who had died to save a lady
From the robbers, it is told.

This may only be a story
But some say that it is so,
And I cannot guarantee it,
For it was so long ago.

#120

THE MANETTISM

Vol. VII | Monroe, N. C., March 31, 1934 | No. 20

X-PN 4827

#C1

THE MANETTISM

Vol. VII. Monroe, N. C., April 14, 1934 No. 21

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
APR 29 1934

AN APRIL MORNING

Eliss Carman

Once more in misted April
The world is growing green,
Along the winding river
The plumy willows lean.

And in my lover's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodils
Are blowing in the sun.

X-PN 4827

#22

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

THE MIXING BOWL

ANNUAL

September 1934

#23

The Michigan Amateur

Official Organ of the Michigan Amateur Press Association

Vol. I | April, 1934 | No. 2

SERIAL RECORD
FEB 29 1944

Hon. Chase S. Osborn Presents M.A.P.A. With Gift

The Honorable Chase S. Osborn, an honorary member of the Michigan Amateur Press Association, has presented the society with ten dollars. Mr. Osborn was made an honorary member at the Grand Rapids convention held in December. Ackowledging his membership, Mr. Osborn wrote: "Thank you and your associates for the consideration you have shown me in making me an honorary member of the Michigan Amateur Press Association. I am happy indeed to accept. When I can do anything for you and the organization let me know and if it is in my power I will be glad to do it. I regard it as a real honor!" Not long after that this gentleman dispatched another letter saying, in part: "After reading the statement of Editor Tuttle I think I ought to enclose $10 for the Association, and so I do." The officers registered their immediate approval, and the entire membership is deeply grateful for this generous act.

Osborn is well known to most Michiganders. He has served his state as governor, and has long been a dominant figure in Republican affairs. His interests are varied, and he devotes a tireless energy to them. He is an author of note, traveler, and, primarily, a journalist. His ability as a writer is unquestioned, and many delight in his fluent, colorful style. Mr. Osborn is often described as the man who knows the most about everything. His countless admirers will vouch for that.

Recently, this distinguished gentleman has evidenced an interest in amateur journalism. He has written several articles for *The Perspective Review*. The M. A. P. A. was only too glad to repay him for that interest, and will be eternally grateful for his magnanimity.

Michigan Body to Publish N.A.P.A. Convention Paper

Amateur journalists in Michigan are planning to publish a convention paper at Chicago meeting of the National Amateur Press Association in July of this year. This publication will be mimeographed, and will be sponsored by the M. A. P. A., an affiliate of the National.

Chester P. Bradley and Margaret Nickerson Martin are formulating the plans for this project. Any person from Michigan who attends the convention in Chicago will be asked to serve on the staff. The name, *The Wolverine*, has been decided upon as the most suitable. It will contain four pages and will be issued on the morning of July fourth and fifth, if present plans work out satisfactorily.

Members of the National body will recall *The A. P. C. News*, the paper that was so successfully carried out at the 1933 New York convention. *The Wolverine* will be worked out on the same plan as *The A. P. C. News*. No editor will be designated ... all the staff members working together for the purpose of gaining valuable experience. Furthur details will be announced later concerning this paper that its sponsors hope will be one of the highlights of the Chicago convention.

Robert B. Tuttle Resigns

Robert B. Tuttle, official editor of the Michigan Amateur Press Association, has resigned. Tuttle is entering the University of Michigan, and he will find it impossible to execute his duties properly. Anyone who is acquainted with the tremendous amount of work that universities require of their students will realize that Tuttle has done the right thing in resignin.

His fellow members extend to him their best wishes for success.

#24

THE MICHIGAN AMATEUR

Official Organ of the Michigan Amateur Press Association

VOLUME I JULY 1934 NUMBER 3

FOREVER FREE!

By Margaret Nickerson Martin

Let other lands wise-reason still,
While crazed dictators maim and kill.
Why must we join that blood and lust
Who have a country free and just?
Must freedom, crushed, be made to feel
The mortal thrust of despot steel?
Is youth in madman's scarlet gore
Once more to cry, "Oh, God, what for?"
Are we going to send them out to die
With never thought or reason why?
How God must scorn those in His heart
Who play this wanton heedless part!
How must His heart be filled with shame
At the deeds committed in His name!
Must we too, with this bloody band
Drive freedom from a happy land
And bring to ruin the toil of years
To drown the world once more in tears?
Of what avail our father's plan
Of equal chance for every man
What matter how hard they fought
When murderers can bring to naught
The land they gave to us in trust
To glorify, when they were dust?
They gave their lives that we might be
Of all the earth—forever free!
So while from seething foreign lands
Grim despots raise their bloody hands
And war clouds darken every sky,
I pray that they may pass us by
That in the land our fathers trod
Its people still remember God!

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

MARGINALIA

By Walter S. Goff

(Dedicated to those of us who face the setting sun)

To one who with the passing years is coming slowly to face the setting sun, the rapidity of the changing seasons is to say the least most disturbing and alarming.

The sudden realization that the flower of youth has left one's physical being comes to all of us with the passing years at a time when possibly one needs most surely the support which the self assurance and egotism of youth engenders.

Life at best is along a pathway beset with many boulders and the weary traveler oft mayhap may lose his way in the mazes of his journey. The panorama of life outspread upon the pages of memory's book is like the mystic silver screen with its many pictures of love and sorrow and happiness and ecstasies of life.

But a few short days gone by the sun was shining in a blaze of glory in the east, but now the twilight is stealing over us ere we are aware. The chill and damp descend and all the joys of life seems gone.

At the outset of our journey, in all the freshness of youth, the road is broad and straight and smooth, and the brightness of the day is enhanced by love's young sweet dreams, when with a song upon the lips, we trip merrily along, as sweethearts on a merry quest, not a cloud in the sky and just life and the sheer joy of living.

The turning leaves of life's memory book bring pages of sorrow, too. Days of despair and the utter agony of heart and spirit when the fire of life turns to the ashes of death. As we stand beside the open grave and see the slowly lowered box and hear the man of holy writ repeat his words, may we see the faint glimmer of a hope and hear the gentle rustle of a wing.

The Melting Pot.

Where Sense and Nonsense Meet.

#25

Vol. 1. No. 1.

Irma A. Gwin,
Editor and Publisher.
San Francisco, Calif.

Member United
Amateur Press Associati
Price Five Cents.

AUGUST, 1934.

APR 23 1944

In The Interest Of A Closer
Bond Of Fraternity Between
U.A.P.A. Members Thruout The
United States of America.

426

The Melting Pot

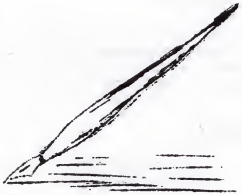
Where Sense and Nonsense Meet.

Vol. 1. No.2.

Irma A. Gwin
Editor & Publisher
5536 Geary Blvd.,
San Francisco, Calif.

Member United
Amateur Press Association
Published Quarterly
Extra Copies Five Cents.

In The Interest Of A Closer
Bond Of Fraternity Between
U.A.P.A. Members Thruout The
United States Of America.



#27

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
APR 27 1944

MUCH ADO, *Spring*, 1934

#28

MUCH & ADO

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

The Fairy Scribe

SUMMER • Nineteen Hundred Thirty-Four

X-PN 4827

#29

THE MIDGET

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1940

PUBLISHED BY
J. W. CAPENER
45 Vine Street,
SAN JOSE, - CALIFORNIA.

JUNE - 1935

HEAR? IRVING SIEGEL'S
'MEMORIES OF MOTHER'
Request to Hear It on the Radio.
TAB MUSIC PUBLISHERS,
Box 124, DIXON, ILLINOIS.

HERE'S A BUY.

1st. 100 6-page papers with blank space for your imprint containing ads from which replies come direct to you. Orders filled at minimum prices.

2nd. Your 20 word adv. in same paper.

3rd. Copy of a valuable local plan.

4th. 50 circulars mailed to Dealers and Beginners.

5th. Samples of Special Imprint and Commission circulars.

6th. A valuable Big Mail of M. O. papers, circulars, etc.

25 CENTS

Address:

R. A. STRATTON,
Greenfield, Mass.

X-PN 4827 #30

THE MASCOT

Volume I Number I January 1935

MASCOT TOY O
Official mascot of M. A. P. A.

Mascot Toy O thanks Robie Macauley for the very "doggie" little Christmas card.

X-DN 4927

H 51

THE MASCOT

Volume I APRIL 1935 Number 2

SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

MASCOT TOY O
Official Mascot of M. A. P. A.

#32

The Melting Pot

WHERE SENSE AND NONSENSE MEET

VOL. 2 NO. 3

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
IMPERIAL RESERVE
APR 29 1944

IRMA A. GWIN Member: United Amateur
Editor & Publisher Press Association
5536 Geary Blvd., Published Quarterly
San Francisco, Calif. Extra Copies Five Cents

MARCH, 1935

IN THE Interest Of A Closer Bond
Of Fraternity Between U.A.P.A Mem-
Throughout The United States
Of America

H53

THE MELTING POT

Where Sense and Nonsense Meet.

Vol. 2. No. 6.

Irma A. Gwin, Editor & Publisher.
5536 Geary Blvd. San Francisco, Calif.
Published Quarterly. Extra. copies 5¢.

2nd Vice President
United Amateur Press
Association.

DECEMBER, 1935.

APR 29 1944

In The Interest Of A Closer Bond of Fraternity
Between UAPA Members Thruout The
United States of America.

X-PN 4827 #34

The Marionette

Vol. 1 November, 1935 No. 2

APR 29 1944

Oh, Doctor!

by Eunice McKee

The patient was quite beautiful in a "starved sort of way." With the odor of ether enveloping Room 303, Gracie, being a designing young lady, turned on the personality and decided to look as ethereal as possible—on Clarence's account. Clarence was number one in Gracie's date book, in spite of his name. At 9:30 a.m. he was due to arrive for his first visit since her operation. Gracie marveled at such devotion. Traveling a day and a night to see a girl minus an appendix, plus two doses of castor oil, IS something.

At 9:29 came, not Clarence, but a mere post card: "Howdy, Gracie: Impossible to see you before Sunday. Your faithful male-man, Clarry." 1/8 gr. morphine soothed Gracie's shattered nerves after Clarence's apology had decorated a pink wastebasket whose life was dedicated to receiving trash. She did not forgive Clarence then, but developed a case of neurosthenia, and had a "No Visitors" sign put outside her door for the rest of the day. By Sunday she'd be as good as new, and then watch her "cloud up and rain all around" Clarence—just to let him know she expected to be the big interest in his life, especially while she was convalescent.

Unrequited Love! There's nothing worse—except earache. Gracie improved with startling rapidity thereafter, chiefly in anticipation of Clarence's visit; that's no reflection on her doctors, for the best medicos know that Dan Cupid in consultation works more efficaciously than medecine in some cases.

On Saturday Gracie was allowed in the wheel chair. It's funny how insignificant things affect important things—like Gracie and the wheel chair. For if she had not been in the chair that morning she'd never have met Dr. Richard E. Browning, heart specialist, and new addition to the hospital staff.

X-PN 4827

#25

THE MANETTISM

VOL. VIII. Monroe, N. C., January 26, 1935 No. 16

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

ROY MONROE
Monroe, N. C.
Southern Recruiting Agent National Amateur Press Association

H56

THE MANETTISM

VOL. VIII. Monroe, N. C., February 9, 1935 No. 17

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

GET A TRANSFER

If you're on a Gloomy Line,
  Get a transfer.
Don't travel where they fret and whine,
  Get a transfer.
Get off the track of Doubt and Gloom,
Get on the Sunshine Track, there's room,
  Get a transfer.
If you're on the Worry Train,
  Get a transfer.
You must not stay there and complain,
  Get a transfer.
The Cheerful Cars are passing through,
And there is lots of room for you—
  Get a transfer.
If you're on the Grouchy Track,
  Get a transfer.
Just take a Happy Special back.
  Get a transfer.
Jump on the train and pull the rope
That lands you in the Station Hope—
  Get a transfer.

X-PN 4827

#C7

THE MANETTISM

VOL. VIII. Monroe, N. C., February 23, 1935 No. 18

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep
And does not want to find them,
For if they come home they'll be an income
And bring their tax behind them.

Mistress Mary, fussed and scary,
How does your work sheet grow?
With the little you've made,
Why be so afraid?
You're perfectly honest you know.

John, John, the piper's son,
Is "head of a family"—that's no fun:
His the humblest, meekest of stations,
Supporting his wife and her relations.

Simple Simon met a sly man
Who hadn't been honest in years;
Said Simple Simon to the sly man:
"They'll get you some day by the ears!"

X-PN 4827

#38

THE MANETTISM

VOL. VIII. Monroe, N. C., April 13, 1935 No. 21

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

Easter Greetings

EASTER (APRIL 21st) 1935

X-PN 4827

#29

THE MANETTISM

VOL. VIII. Monroe, N. C., April 27, 1935 No. 22

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

APR 29 1944

MILLS

Mills! Mills! Red brick walls and oaken sills!
White cottages among the hills,
Where people work and dream and die;
Where hopeless men and women sigh
When work is short and food is high.

Mills! Mills! Silent as the silent hills!
Do you not know your silence kills
What hope is left in troubled breast?
Do you not know there is no rest
When loom and spindle cease their quest?

Mills! Mills! Red brick walls and oaken sills,
And little houses on your hills;
You spin and weave a subtle thread
Whose warp and woof a pattern spread
For many a poor man's meat and bread.

—Victor N. Fair
—In N. C. Poetry Review.

APR 1927

H40

THE MANETTISM

VOL. VIII. Monroe, N. C., May 11, 1935 No. 23

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

WARREN PRUITT, B. S. A.
Fourteen-Year-Old Son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pruitt

H41

THE MANETTISM

VOL. VIII. Monroe, N. C., May 25, 1935 No. 24

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

LET'S GO FISHING

#42

MISCELLANY

David W. Cade, Editor. Member United Amateur Press Association.
Cyrus W. Fenwick, Associate Editor and Treasurer.
Publication Office 417 63rd St., Brooklyn, New York.

Volume I *July, 1935* *Number 3*

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR."

(Editorial comment is by C. W. Fenwick.)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON also wrote: "What we most need in life is some one to make us do the best we can." This, a great house had printed on each carton of their shoes for men. Hobbies are all right for relaxation but mighty poor for occupations. The immortal urge in each unit of life is to build, to create something his eyes can see. Work does not irk the healthy man, but the chap who the moment he gets a job begins to grow a grudge against the corporation he is employed by, and nurses this grudge so that he feverishly wants to take part in a strike, even to overturn the very fabric of organized society, is not a healthy man physically or mentally. The "Red" has nothing concretely to offer for what he wants to pull down, nor does that consideration greatly interest him, he wants to destroy, He is a sadist, and a sadist is not healthy minded. He hungers to give pain, he gets a fierce satisfaction from having given pain to someone. We meet these mentally diseased persons often in life, perhaps one out of five persons in the civilized world are afflicted with sadism in some stage, with some it manifests only occasionally, with others it is a raging passion: The irresponsible evengelest, the lecturer for a womens temperence association often furnish poignant examples of sadism in their bitter forays of talk. Nero was a sadist weilding unbridled power. Dickens protrays many sadists in his novels. Only one out of five, but avoid that one if you can.

Long ago poetry was described as "The intellect colored by feelings." Modern poetry requires another description leaving out both intellect and emotion; we are tempted to say of some of it, that we see in print, currently. It is mental gymnastics resulting in lame wisecracking and cross word puzzle solutions, of sorts. Although

(Continued on Page 4)

THE MICHIGAN AMATEUR

Official Organ of the Michigan Amateur Press Association

VOLUME II JANUARY---1935 NUMBER I

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE M. A. P. A.

The first session of the convention was called to order by President Chester Bradley, at 11:15 a. m. Saturday, November 18, 1934. Those present were: Mrs. Margaret N. Martin, Helen Goff, Miss Maude J. Smith, John Black, C. P. Bradley, W. S. Goff, Harry B. Martin, Robie M. Macauley, Lynn Pritchard, Alec Thomson and Norman Quillman. Chester Bradley then gave his retiring message. Following this, messages to the convention from the following were read: N.A.P.A. President, Ralph Babcock; Edwin B. Hill, Dr. A. M. Schaeffer, and greetings from Hyman Bradofsky, on behalf of the Los Angeles Amateur Press club. The secretary-treasurer's report followed and a message from Norman Quillman, official editor, in which he offered to cancel the debt that the association owed him. A motion was made and seconded that his generous offer be accepted and it carried unanimously. A vote of thanks followed. A vote of thanks was also given the Honorable Chase S. Osborne for his contribution to the treasury in the past administration. A report of recruiting activities was given. It was urged that definite action be taken by the new president to build the membership so that the M.A.P.A. would become permanent and not die. Two proxies were reported received and were withdrawn by the voters, both of whom attended the convention. The Resolutions committee was then appointed, consisting of L. N. Pritchard, John Black and Norman Quillman. Walter S. Goff suggested combining two of the numbers of the official organ to save money. Charles Zhrkey, professional journalist and publisher of the Jackson Citizen Patriot gave a short talk. The outline of the convention was given by the secretary, followed by a brief address by Mr. Goff. The convention was adjourned until 3:30 p. m.

OPEN FORUM SESSION

At 3:30 the session was called to order and a discussion concerning the official organ was held. It was decided that the size should remain the same but two issues could be combined. The official editor stated that it was his intentions to publish four issues during the year.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

The meeting and nominations opened at 8:30. The only nomination for president was Margaret N. Martin. Mr. Pritchard moved that the convention cast its entire vote for the lone nominee. The motion was seconded and passed. Mrs. Martin was declared elected president of the M. A. P. A. The nominees for vice president and secretary-treasurer, Sesta Matheison and Robie Macauley, respectively, were likewise elected. Norman Quillman was elected official editor and the

(continued on page four)

X-PN 4827

#44

THE MICHIGAN AMATEUR

Official Organ of the Michigan Amateur Press Association

VOLUME TWO — APRIL—1935 — NUMBER TWO

TREES THAT LOOK AT GOD

It would be a a difficult thing to answer were you to ask where the ideal came from for the trees to be planted as we have done in memory of the Presidents of the National Amateur Press Association.

True, we have always thrilled at Joyce Kilmer's immortal "Trees" and when on a still, hazy, warm October day we have walked slowly across the wood fringed fields at Pine Springs marveling at the beauty of it all can you chide us for wishing to share our inner thots with those who made this hobby of ours so worth while.

There are names like Mellinger, Daas, Goff, Goens, Stoddard, Lovecraft, Cole, George, and McGraw which come to us, with other names which they, in turn, made more real to us such as Steinburg, Stowe, Tomlinson, Harrison and others.

With such fair settings as these fields and woodlands coupled with memories and a little will to do made possible the wish.

Happy the day when a meeting of a National convention can dedidate these trees to the memory of those leaders who have in many cases gone before.

It is our trust that we can make such a day a land mark in our little world of letters and with this hope in mind we look forward to 1936.

Geo. W. Macauley

OUR MASCOT GREETS YOU

APR 29 1944

Here is a likeness of Mascot Toy O, official mascot of the M. A. P. A. Her mistress, Sesta Matheison, states "She is learning a whole bag of new tricks includ- a salute with which to greet the members of M. A. P. A. when we enjoy our summer holiday. . . When the picture was taken she was eleven weeks old and weighed three pounds. She was seven inches 'tall.' "

Who's Who in the M. A. P. A.

Alec B. Thomson is business manager of *Northern Freshman College News*, mimeographed by students of the largest FERA college in the state of Michigan.

Charles K. Farley, a Fossil and old time amateur journalist, of Almont, has been recruited for the M. A. P. A by Mrs. Martin.

Edwin B. Hill is engaged in printing at Ysleta, Texas, and still expresses a love for things amateur.

X-1927

#45

THE MAIL-BAG

Harold Segal, Publisher, Linwood, Pa.

Fellow Members:

I am publishing this letter without Babcock's permission because he told me in previous letters that he had no intention of replying to the scurrilous attacks made by Haggerty and Smith until he rendered his annual report at the convention, and because I feel the members should have a chance to view both sides of the question before they cast their proxy ballots. After reading the opinion of such a level - headed thinker as James Morton, little more need be said.

(*Signed*) HAROLD SEGAL

APR 29 1944

May 22, 1933

Dear Segal:

How's that Herring Gull of yours coming along? Remember, only 24 more days to get out that fourth issue so it can be considered for the editorial laureateship.

But for Pete's sake, don't go spattering umbrage all over the landscape on account of Hadley's May *Boys' Herald*. With this 40 page Rooster partly done and partly still in press I haven't time to pick his paper to pieces, but it's literally honeycombed with flaws and half - truths selected and molded to substantiate his arguments. According to him I'm a liar, a laureate - thief, and a presidential - prospect killer. You better look out who you associate with, fella; I'm a dangerous man.

Regarding that postal of May 2, it was sent out in the spirit of fun, and there is no lie involved — as you will see upon careful re - reading. As a practical joke it is certainly no more serious than the one perpetrated by Ed Cole and others in 1906 (and not confessed till 12 years later) when they circulated a paper telling of the death of Doc Swift, who was (and still is; I was up to see him the other day) still alive. Haggerty promptly called my bluff — and in no uncertain terms, but lookit all the free publicity I got. I sent the postal to just 39 members — active editors or politically - minded amateurs. But old Vee Bee (I got a new monicker for him — Old Thirty Years' Experience. Wait, here's a better one: Dear Voice of Experience — if they don't sue us for plaigerism — hope that's right; my dictionary isn't handy) circularized the whole membership for me — at a cost of about four bucks postage *to him*. That's what I call scotch campaigning. 39c for $4 worth.

Old Louie Kempner did a sky - rocket act when he saw the *Boys' Herald*. I got 6¼ pages of hot stuff — anti - Smith (maybe that should be Aunty Smith) in the first mail thereafter, and 6 more in the next mail. It seems that Smith only partially quoted him because Kempner wrote that he definitely favored me for Official Editor and that when we had had a long visit about two weeks prior to the Fossil reunion he had made some remarks which might be conceived as a proffered nomination. Maybe some of the other ex - prexies were also quoted as misleadingly.

Hadley left himself wide open, and I only wish I had the time to reply. He yaps about my not paying attention to recruiting, but the copy for the June National Amateur shows that I proposed the second highest number of recruits this year — 6, and that Hadley is third with only *half* that number. He also accuses me of changing the copy for the official organ — which is perfectly true. If the members knew how big a hand I'd had in the last three issues of the National Amateur they'd certainly be mighty surprised. I held the forms open till the last minute and revised the reports of the Secretary - Treasurer so that the members might get up - to - date information, instead of month or six - weeks old reports as they've been getting for the past couple of years. I believe I suggested the running of the constitution — and secured the linotyped forms from Haggerty, made the cor-

#46

THE MASCOT

Volume 2 APRIL....1936 Number 2

MASCOT TOY O
Official Mascot of M. A. P. A.

X-PN 4827

#47

The MODERN AMATEUR

VOLUME I SEPTEMBER 1936 NUMBER

APR 29 1944

APACHE HUMOR

By ROBERT H. PRICE

IT WAS HOT---unbearably so. Heat waves shimmered malevolently as they edded upward from the heat-tortured desert sands. A man and a burro paused in the meagre shadow of a cactus and the man turned to gaze back in the direction from whence they had come.

His red-rimmed eyes glittered triumphantly as be viewed the low range of bills, now blue-purple in the distance, which marked the section from which he bad just emerged.

He unslung the canteen he was carrying and wet bis parcbed lips. The water was tepid and all but hot--but it was water. He glanced at the pack on the burro where reposed his other canteen.

He squatted Indian fashion and rolled a smoke as he reviewed the events of the past few days.

It had come to him by a circuitous route that gold was plentiful down in the Apache country. The red men, however were loathe to part with their riches and there was a bit of risk entailed in getting it.

He chuckled as he recalled now simple it had been--there had been no difficulty at all in reaching the country and but a night's work to secure a bag of nuggets which would net him quite a fortune on his return to civilization. --Continued on Page 3

X-PN 4827

#45

THE MOCKING BIRD

MARCH 1936. No 3

TOWN FEVER

APOLOGIES TO THE POET LAUREATE

I MUST GO INTO TOWN AGAIN, TO A PENTHOUSE UNDER THE SKY.
ALL I ASK IS A MOVING VAN AND A COON TO STEER HER BY.
FOR THE YEAR'S GONE AND SUMMERS DONE AND THE BRIGHT
LEAVES ARE FALLING.
AND THE HIGH PRICE OF A RUSTIC LIFE SEEMS PERFECTLY APALLING.

I MUST GO INTO TOWN AGAIN, FOR THE CALL OF THE FIVE AND TEN
IS A WILD CALL AND A CLEAR CALL THAT GETS ME NOW AND THEN:
AND ALL I ASK IS A PLEASANT DAY, AND PLENTY OF ROOM IN THE VAN
FOR THE POOR POST BED AND DANTE'S HEAD, AND THE STEP ON
GARBAGE CAN.

I MUST GO INTO TOWN AGAIN TO THE HECTIC CITY LIFE--
WITH THE DISH PAN AND THE SINK PAN AND THE STAINLESS
CARVING KNIFE--
AND ALL I ASK IS AN ELEGANT COON WHO'S A GOOD PIANO MOVER.
AND A QUIET SLEEP AND SHEETS ON THE BED WHEN THE LONG
TREK'S OVER.

E F M N Y HERALD-TRIBUNE

‡ We had a sweet card from Mary Morgan Ware. West Chesterfield N. H. asking us to sing again and we've been eating cuttlefish bone and sunflower seeds, both guaranteed to make one sing and darned if we can do anything but squawk. Sorry Mary, but there aint no Santa Claus. ‡

OUR VERY BEST REGARDS TO MR VINCENT B. HAGGERTY FOR PRINTING OUR POEM IN HIS LAST NUMBER OF AMATEUR AFFAIRS.

X-PN 4827

#49

THE MANETTISM

VOL. X. Monroe, N. C., June 6, 1936 No. 1

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 29 1944

NOT SO FAST

Customer in drug store (on Sunday morning)—Please give me change for a dime.

Druggist—Here it is. I hope you'll enjoy the sermon.

New Hand—That mule certainly is sure-footed.

Farmer—What do you mean—sure-footed?

New Hand—He kicked me three times in exactly the same place.

Minister—Do you promise to love, honor and cherish this woman?

Politician—Yes. Whatever the platform says, I subscribe to it.

X-PN 4827

#50

THE MANETTISM

VOL. X. Monroe, N. C., July 11, 1936 No. 3

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PHOTOSTAT SERVICE
APR 29 1944

VIEW OF THE NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE MILL

X-PN 4827

#51

THE MICHIGAN AMATEUR

VOLUME 3 NUMBER 2

Come to Michigan!

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

Our state always has its latch-key out the year around. Winter calls with its sports and Summer beckons with a greater lake shore line than any state or province in the wide world. Its wealth of sandy beaches brings many thousands of people from neighboring states, also from farther south, and the eastern seaboard, and even from far away California.

Michigan, in song and story, is called "Goddess of the Seas," and always has a natural lure, but this coming summer there will be an added attraction.

To every member of the National Amateur Press Association, past and present, Michigan, and Grand Rapids in particular, presents a mecca of amateur journalists on the second, third and fourth of July.

Among the high spots of the convention will be the dedication of President's Field, which is a planting of small pine trees forming the letters "N. A. P. A."

A splendid representation of members is promised for the coming convention and will give an opportunity to meet and visit with your amateur friends, renewing old acquaintances, and making new ones to add many more pleasant hours to this hobby of ours.

Not only will you have a fine opportunity of meeting with amateur journalists, visiting the furniture capitol of the world, and enjoying the entertainments, but you can help to settle the momentous question of having a new constitution or amending the old one, so we are hoping that you are all planning to take your vacation in July, and to make Grand Rapids your objective.

G. W. MACAULEY

APRIL...1936

X-PN 4827

#52

THE MOCKING BIRD

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

MAY 1937

I guess the pussy willows now
Are creeping out on every bough
Along the brook; and robins look
For early worms behind the plow.

The thistle-birds have changed their dun
For yellow coats, that match the sun;
And in the same array of flame
The dandelions show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones
Are dancing round the budding trees:
Who can help wishing to go fishing
In days as full of joy as these?

HENRY VAN DYKE

X-PN 4827

#53

THE MOCKING BIRD

July 1937

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play:
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

LOUISE McCOFN GURNEY

X-PN 4827

THE MOCKING BIRD

AUGUST 1937

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

‡ PICTORIAL NUMBER ‡

We believe it was old Confucius who said, "One pictnre is worth 1000 wo ls." That being the case, one of our pictures should be worth 2000 words and as it is too hot to sit around and set type, or set around and sit type--Well, we hope you like 'em.

"Here rests His head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fo tune and to Fame unknown
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own -Hey Hey-

AND MELANC OLY M RKED HIM FOR HER OWN.

THE MOCKING BIRD
DECEMBER 1957

APR 29 1944

The Missus, The Ole Hacker & Tommy
Are wishing all our readers
A Very Merry Christmas.

#56

The Midwestern Cooperator

JOURNALISM
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1974

Volume I Youngstown, Ohio, Autumn, 1937 Number 1

For a Greater Amateur Press

By John P. Schlarb

Are we interested in amateur journalism as such? Do we really want to popularize it? These, it seems to me, are the basic questions underlying The Committee for A Greater Amateur Press.

I do not doubt the sincerity of the opponents of the plan. They seem, however, to misunderstand its purpose. No one has suggested any "C.I.O. plan for amateur journalism," as it has been improperly labelled. The C.G.A.P. does not intend to amalgamate or consolidate the new existing associations, as some have charged. It could not if it would. It proposes to carry out promotional work; surely no one denies the right of any individual or group to do this. All our organizations, local and national, will benefit. The committee will also take over other functions which may from time to time be delegated to it by the various associations or their authoried representatives. But it has no power whatever to act officially for any group in any matter unless the group grants it that power.

We have today three associations of national scope trying feebly and with considerable duplication to inform the public about the "prince of hobbies." This can be done far more effectively and efficiently by a central office than in the present manner. Why not get together and give real strength to our efforts? Why not let the C.G.A.P. assume responsibility for those matters which concern all the associations equally?

(Continued on Page 3)

X-PM 4827

MOSAICS

#57

APR 29 1937

February 1937

X-PN 4827

#58

MOSAIC

VOL. 4 NO. 2

APR 29 1944

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY
SUMMER 1937

MOSAIC

Intricate pattern, delicate design,
Tinted expression, measured to line.
Each one a unit, shining alone,
Clustered together, one lovely stone.
Margaret Lockerbie Richards

TEN CENTS

327 #59

THE MANETTISM

VOL. X. Monroe, N. C., January 25, 1937 No. 16

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
R 29 1944

RESIDENCE OF R. A. WILLIS, JR., Superintendent

X-FR 4827

#60

THE MANETTISM

VOL. X. Monroe, N. C., February 11, 1937 No. 17

LIBRARY OF
SCHOOLS
APR 29 1944

HORACE LEE DALLAS

Six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Dallas of No. 20 West Chapel Street

34600

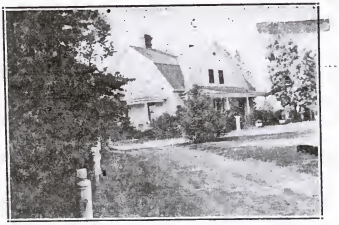
X-PN 4827

#61

THE MANETTISM

VOL. X. Monroe, N. C., March 24, 1937 No. 20

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944



SUNNYSIDE GARDENS

HOME OF CLARKE W. WALTON, EDITOR OF THE MANETTISM.

λ-PN 4827

#62

THE MANETTISM

VOL. XI. Monroe, N. C., June 30, 1937 No. 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

Dinner Bell Number

That all-softening, overpowering knell
The tocsin of the soul, the dinner bell.

Byron

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

SUMMER NUMBER

Vol. 1 June 21, 1937 No. 3

WELCOME UAPAIANS

Our fraternal friends, we welcome you,
Our hearts go out in greetings too,
We hope you like our rocks and rills,
Our beautiful East Kentucky hills.
We are certainly glad you have come,
And we want you all to feel at home.

(To the U. A. P. A. meeting at Neon, July, 4 & 5)

MOUNTAIN MUSING

'Twas very like a long sought dream come true,
A dream which likened me unto a child
Who found there really was a fairy-land—
Lifes burdens vanished, leaving me as wild
And gay as sea-gulls flitting cross't the sand
And a great, great joy within my spirit grew.

A gay portrait in Nature's hall of fame
Unspoiled, uncaught, untouched by human hands
A picture of splendor, of beauty still untamed,
Nature's nakedness by man can ne'er be shammed.

By ARNOLD HOVE,
Ryder, N. Dak.

Amateur Journal of the Cumberlands--Spiced with the flavor of the Hill Country

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

Vol. 1 July 5, 1937 No. 4

APR 29 1944

Forty-First Session UAPA Becomes History

BRANDT RE-ELECTED OFFICIAL EDITOR

Irvin O. Brandt present Editor of the Official Organ was re-elected today for the coming year. The last issue of the United Amateur was a splendid issue. Brandt says, "I'm going to even do better for next year, if all will help me"—We're with you 100% Brandt. Jeffrey Jennings of New York, young writer and editor of the Countersign, that brilliant American Journal for the Youth, was elected as Vice-President of the UAPA for the coming year.

CONVENTION NOTES

We hope you fellows from away outside have appreciated our hills, and that you will carry back with you our appreciation of having you with us. We have enjoyed having you here, and we hope that our meeting, and acquaintance and your stay with us will all work to the betterment of Amateur Journalism.

James Taylor Adams, writer and publisher of Big Laurel, Va., came over this morning to be present throughout the remaining sessions of the UAPA, his better half was with him. A Miss Pinson from Meta, Pike County, Ky., was also present. W. H. Belt writer of Neon was also present and many others.

We were glad to see Mr. Detrick out at the afternoon session as he was very sick yesterday. Miss Mary Phyllis, niece of Mr. and Mrs. Detrick visited with Miss Ruby June Adams over Sunday night. Miss Ruby June was the youngest member present. She is 9 years of age.

THE MOUNTAIN TRAILS must be an Amateur Journal.

Neon, Ky., July 5, 1937

The forty-first session of the UAPA met this afternoon at the Baptist Church and was called to order by Vice President. Telegrams and greetings from the following were read, Dr. Noel of Seattle, Du nlap of Cincinnati, Cade and President Schirm, New York City wishing the convention a happy session. The Laureate Awards were announced.

BRADOFSKY WINS CUP

For the best story Vivian Espinosa in Chicago Amateur Oct. 1937.

For best poem Ray Zorn of Troy Grove, Illinois in May Amateur 1937.

For best editoral Hyman Bradofsky of Pomona, California. "Amateur Affairs" inCa lifornian Spring issue, 1937.

For best essay John Scharlb "Student's Cooperate" in Spring Californian, 1937. Best of all was Bradofsky's Editorial and the Laureate cup will be sent to him.

WHITE ELECTED PRESIDENT

Then the Proxy committee reported and also delegates voted giving White 162 votes out of 180 and he was declared president of the United Amateur Press Association for the coming year. White said "I'll do all I can for the United" and hope to see it spread throughout the hills" . . . The entire victory ticket won with Gourman, Noel and Northrup as Directors. Dr. Bentley of Neon, Erford, Gourman and Brandt made short talks, after which the convention adjourned until the Banquet at the Cumberland Hotel 7:30 P. M. tonight.

Neon and Letcher County extends to all their appreciation for the Convention. We'll try to see you at Seattle next year.

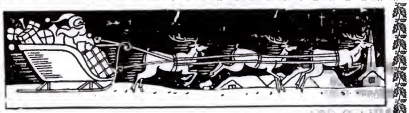
1937 .65

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

WINTER NUMBER

Vol. 2 December 15, 1937 No. 1



APR 29 19

AMNESIA

I climbed the plains of Abraham,
To wrest the land from France.
I fought a battle royal there
With nothing left to chance.

And Wolfe, the English leader there
Fought bravely by my side
And while I led the soldiers on
My English leader died.

I crossed the swollen Deleware
I fiddled down in Rome,
I was a gallant hero, when
"The boys came marching home."

I talked with all the lettered men
I wrote as famed men write.
I landed in the hall of fame
A sensation over night.

Paul Jones and I made history when
We fought upon the deep.
The cops came out and ran me in
For walking in my sleep.

Troah Campbell

X-PN 0 2

#66

MUCH ADO

Vol 3
No 2

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

• APRIL FOOL NUMBER.

X-PN 1937

H67

A CALL TO ARMS

by Curtiss S. Johnson

MEMBER
ALUMNI ASSOC. OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

AS I understand it, this is the sixty-second year of the existence of the N.A.P.A. There are remarkably few associations or business organizations, for that matter, that can boast of sixty-two years of existence—and even fewer who can say truthfully, as can the N.A.P.A., "We are today organized for the self-same purpose that brought us together originally." Those who have supplied the life blood of the N.A.P.A. through changing vicissitudes are to be congratulated—to them the heart-felt thanks of those who have shared in the enjoyments of membership over the years.

Sixty-two years have witnessed tremendous changes in our country—economic, physical, and social. Has the Association kept pace with these changes? Or putting it another way, is the Association today as strong as it was sixty-two years ago in relation to its opportunity then and now? To the outside observer like myself, it would seem that the Association today is no better—is serving no greater purpose now than it did then, and yet the needs and the opportunities today are ten-fold those of sixty years ago. If this be true, what, then is lacking? Why isn't amateur journalism as vital today to as large a percentage of our young people as it was then?

What is Wrong?

ALMOST daily contact with a person or thing destroys perspective. It is the old case of not being able to see the forest for the trees. Having only been interested in the Association a year, I have the temerity to attempt to analyze just where the difficulties and the weaknesses lie. To my mind they are three fold:

1. The changing tempo of life in the country
2. Lack of organized publicity

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 83

The Mailbox

A Paper of A. A. P. A. Comment

Vol. 1 January, 1938 No. 4

GIFT

Election and Stuff

For an association charged with being a gang of office-seeking ajays, we certainly had a peaceful election. In spite of the very few contests for the various offices a nice number of votes were cast.

PRESIDENT ROBERT H. PRICE is chief executive for another year. He is well known in all amateur circles, and his work and loyalty furnishes prestige and a steadying hand for the American, as well as inspiration for the members.

1st VICE PRESIDENT: LINTON CLARK won over Hamill. His recent communications indicate that he is getting settled and ready to resume publishing—and we all know there are few better amateurs than Linton when he's going good.

2nd VICE PRESIDENT: SID COHEN, first class recruiter from Brooklyn, the hot-bed of ajay.

EDITOR: JAMES FRANCIS. At work on his first issue before the bells of the New Year had died out. Elected unanimously!

(*OVER*)

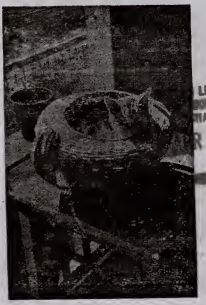
LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827

#70

THE MOCKING BIRD

IT'S COOLER IN DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA.



LIBRARY OF
RIAL RESOURCES
R 29 1944

OUR TOMMY

X-PN 4827

#71

THE MOCKING BIRD

AUGUST 1938 — WE HOPE.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
FINAL FORM
APR 29 1944

THE MOCKING BIRD

Swinging and singing in an orange tree,
Warbling golden notes of melody:
Never tiring: all day long,
The mocking-bird trills his song.

His concert starts with the rising sun,
By noon it seems he's just begun,
At eventide he seems at his best
When a blood-red sun dips down in the West.

The sweetest singer on earth by far,
Who can easily eclipse an opera star-
The grandest melody you ever heard,
This swaying, singing, mocking bird.

X-PN 4827

#72

THE MOCKING BIRD

OCTOBER 1938

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECEIVED
APR 29 1944

VACATION DAYS

Vacation days are over,
And we're all back on The job,
Farewell to fields of clover,
And corn on the cob.
Soon comes the winters chilling blasts,
The weather we all hates.
And soon from house to house the cry is heard
"Hey Ma! Where djer put my skates?."

POSITIVELY NOT ENTERED FOR LAUREATE AWARD.

MRS. CLUTTS:- WHAT DOES YOUR HUSBAND LIKE FOR BREAKFAST?

MRS. SMALTZ:- OH, ANYTHING I DONT HAPPEN TO HAVE IN THE KITCHEN.

X-PN 4927

THE MOCKING BIRD

#73

DECEMBER 1938

29 1944

"RING OUT WILD BELLS TO THE WILD SKY."
THE BELLS ARE WILD, AND SO AM I.
"LISTEN MY CHILDREN AND YOU SHALL HEAR."
THE REASON YOUR EDITOR'S SOUR AND DREAR.
AS A GENERAL RULE I AM MEEK AND MILD
BUT THEM AMATEUR CRITICS HAVE GOT ME WILD.
AND IF THEY DONT LIKE THE THINGS THAT I WRITE.
THEY CAN JUMP IN THE LAKE--AND SO, "GOOD NIGHT."

4327 #74

The Midwestern Cooperator

Volume I Youngstown, Ohio, Spring, 1938 Number 3

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

TIME-KILLING

By James F. Morton

The subject is worthy a master of rhyme,
A popular sport is the killing of time.
The one common foe, by the human race feared,
Is old Father Time, with the scythe and the beard.
And all of us think, or it surely seems thus,
That we must kill him; or he'll surely kill us.
But the old boy is tough, and has so many lives,
That though we keep killing him, still he survives.
We kill him with work; but at setting of sun
The long day is ended; and what have we done?
We kill him with sleep; but we waken to feel
The patient old enemy still at our heel.
We kill him with eating, but find in despair
The longest feast ended; and Time is still there.
We kill him with reading, but rise from our book;
And Time also rises with merciless look.
The golfer would kill him with ball and with sticks,
But finds him still waiting at hole thirty-six.
We kill him with shows; but he will not stay dead.
We kill him with sports; and the same must be said.
With music and pictures we labor in vain
To kill the old tyrant, who will not be slain.
But one place I know where such pleasures abound
That never the enemy's presence is found.
And could we accomplish one thing as we list,
The problem of time-killing ne'er would exist.
For here is the secret (I trust your discretion)—
To keep the Blue Pencil Club always in session.

MIDWESTERN COOPERATOR 1938 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS H75
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
X-PN 4827

The Midwestern Cooperator

Volume I Youngstown, Ohio, Sunday, 1938 Number 4

The N. A. P. A. at Cincinnati

By Robert Dunlap

Probably the most elaborate literary program ever attempted at a convention of the National Amateur Press Association was successfully presented at Hotel Gibson, Cincinnati, July 2-4, 1938. Not only was journalism discussed from almost every phase by experienced newspaper people, but poetry as well was given quite pronounced attention. Amateur affairs were not forgotten, for an interesting forum was conducted to exchange and comment upon ideas, both new and old.

A luncheon to honor Past President William Dowdell, now city editor of a daily paper in Cincinnati, was the first of many features. Mr. Dowdell served very capably as the toastmaster. Hon. J. G. Stewart, mayor of the city, made a brief address of welcome. Mayor Stewart traced journalism in the Cincinnati area, pointing out that many of the "greats" in this profession lived hereabout. He stressed the fact that Cincinnati had always enjoyed a foremost position in the field of journalism. Mr. Dowdell, in introducing him, lauded his attitude toward the press. The principal speaker at this affair was Miss George Elliston, special writer for the Cincinnati **Times-Star**, recently returned from a world tour, who spoke on journalism and what to expect when one engages in it, illustrating her points by many amusing anecdotes, both those occurring during her trip and at other times. These talks were broadcast from the floor by WKRC.

Later Hon. Alfred Cohen, 78 years old, former state senator, traced the development of amateur journalism since his time, about 1880. He mentioned his own activity, which was considerable, for he published a paper as prominent as **The Californian** today.

The best event of the convention took place the second

(Continued on page four)

X-PN 4827

The Midwestern Cooperator

Volume II Youngstown, Ohio, Autumn, 1938 Number 1

APR 29 1944

How to Reject Manuscripts

By Joseph Gudonis

Every editor who accepts manuscripts for publication from amateur writers has a great responsibility. Most amateur editors believe this responsibility consists in accepting every kind of manuscript sent them, be it well written or something that reads like the work of a tot in a kindergarten class. Such belief is all wrong. Editors should promptly return badly written, unusable material.

Just rejecting a manuscript because it is poor will not help either the amateur editor or writer. In most cases, the creator of the rejected manuscript will become sore, sending nothing more to the editor who did the rejecting, and perhaps eventually drop out of the amateur press association, branding such associations as valueless to struggling writers.

What to do? Simply this: When you reject a manuscript, tell why you reject it—you could not understand what the writer was driving at; his sentences were poorly constructed; his thoughts vaguely expressed; the subject was too deep for your readers; the article too rambling, and so forth. In short, pretend you are an English teacher who is correcting and grading class assignments. If the rejected piece has possibilities, tell its writer how he or she should rewrite the piece if he would like to see it appear in your publication or in any other editor's magazine. Treating manuscripts in this manner will help the amateur to discover his writing faults, which in turn will bring you, the editor, better manuscripts later.

It is not necessary to write a long letter, going into detail with each rejection, unless you have the time and inclination to do so. Some-

(Continued on page four)

#77

The Midwestern Cooperator

Volume I Youngstown, Ohio, Winter, 1938 Number 2

TEN BELLS AND ALL IS NOT WELL

By Harold D. Ellis

(From NAPA Manuscript Bureau)

One of the pet peeves of this writer is the habit some people have of misusing the designation "bells" in connection with time. For example, they say, "I'll see you at six bells," when they mean they will see me at six o'clock. Six o'clock is not six bells; it is four bells. Four o'clock is not four bells; it is eight bells. Occasionally a seaman will say ten bells when they mean ten o'clock. This is particularly distressing to me because there isn't, and never was any such time as ten bells, or eleven bells, or twelve bells. There are only eight bells.

Ship's time is divided into periods of four hours each, commencing at four o'clock, eight o'clock, and twelve o'clock. Starting at four-thirty, eight-thirty, or twelve-thirty, one bell is struck to announce the passing of each half hour. Consequenly, one bell is four-thirty, eight-thirty, or twelve-thirty, as the case may be. Two bells is five o'clock, nine o'clock, or one o'clock. Three bells is five-thirty, nine-thirty, or one-thirty, and so on, until, at the end of the four hour period, eight bells is struck to designate eight o'clock, twelve o'clock, and four o'clock. The procedure then starts again with one bell.

The ship's bell is a large bell, usually struck by hand, that is, by a cord attached to the clapper inside the bell. To readily determine the number of bells struck, they are broken into series of two strokes. Thus, seven bells, which would indicate seven-thirty, eleven-thirty, or three-thirty,

(Continued on Page Four)

X-PN 4827 MIDGET STAR 1938
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
COPY GIFT

¶ The Midget Star

Free with every purchase-

Guest Editorial by Robert Bates

It is hard, in these days of high-powered advertising, to find many advertisers who don't put forth those magic words - "Free with every purchase----". What a hidden appeal those words hold.

Dad gets a $1.00 watch with his shaving outfit; Mom gets a sewing machine with her new dress if she'll only write a statement about said garment and if she does not rate the prize, she'll get a nice toothbrush anyway; Brother gets a football with his suit; Sister gets a secret gift with her purchase of some new cosmetic.

It's a great policy -- no one can resist the word Free". The country goes mad over something that is "Free". Every advertiser is taking up this method of selling and you can be sure that if you are planning to be joined in wedlock in the near future, Woopoo Soap will equip your home for only 10,000 wrappers and Glub's Dog Biscuits will feed you for a year if you'll send them only 5,000 boxtops. You are all set. The world is free you know---maybe.

MOSAICS 5-38

#79

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

* * * *

X-PN 4827

****
M O S A I X
NO. 4 AUGUST 1938
****

#31
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SEP 29 1944

CONCERNING MOSAICS' FUTURE

This, if my plans dinna gang as aft agley as in the past, is the last mimeographed MOSY. After an interval which I think will be a month, and will therefore as likely as not be a year, MOSY will reincarnate in a decent letterpress format.

It is not without a sigh that I give the crank of the mimeo machine a final twirl before putting it away on the shelf for good. I had hoped to make a lady out of that machine, and am not yet convinced that the lass is incorrigible, but the time has come when I must choose between amateur journalism and a permanent job of playing nursemaid to a bit of paraffined tissue stretched over an inky cylinder. Amateur journalism has been my besetting vice for five long years, during which I have struggled valiantly but vainly to "go to press" on such unorthodox processes as blueprint paper, linoleum prints, hectograph, and mimeo. Henceforth amateur PRESS journalism is my dish, just as it is relished by 95% of amateurdom.

But no slam is intended against the mimeo process in general, or any other

X-PN 4827

#1

THE MINSTREL

An amateur publication in the interests of amateur journalism by

ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest St., West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. I July, 1938 No. 1

APR 29 1944

It is hardly in the interest of a. j. or of anything else, to tear down.

Numerous journals make the above captioned declaration and then proceed to indulge in lampooning and personalities that destroy friendship, particularly before and after the convention periods. Few publications get out an editorial which is quite necessary that the aims of the editor may be determined and is about the only medium one has of expressing thoughts which for various reasons cannot be placed through the manuscript bureau.

Freedom of publishing one's very fixed views should be denied no man providing, of course, he refrains from indignified remarks. Tolerence of races and cults is always imperative for one who aspires to journalism or politics. I have in mind two or three deplorable instances within our ranks where friendships have been severed by intolerence and mud slinging. We are fully as temperamental as the Hollywood crowd, divorced from many things, but our animal natures, however, "The Minstrel" recognizes the rights of all men and insists on its own. If its fledgling attempt to sing is merely a squawk, it begs your indulgence.

X-PN 4827

#32

THE MINSTREL

An amateur publication in the interests of amateur journalism by
ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. I August, 1938 No. 2

APR 29 1944

VERSIFICATION

That a poet must stand abuse from that part of the public unfamiliar with his art, none can deny. He pays with his reputation for the crude and crazy writings of the rhymester and all other ink slingers of rhymed filth to foolishness. It is all charged up to the poet who is a martyr to the cause of letters.

His entire output, that is all of his songs cannot be called true poetry for the reason some are bound to be better than others. Things true, full and complete, can hardly be made more so, but can be made more nearly so. He usually has but one masterpiece.

We have not the qualifications necessary for an intelligent discussion of his status but we do know the right and wrong of poetry, what it is and what it is not, yet even with that knowledge frequently write in a questionable vein as do all poets. You have observed the question frequently asked. "What is poetry?" Even the Boston Post asked it, notwithstanding their powerful battery of elongated craniums and foreheads reaching to the back of their necks.

Perhaps we cannot write it and perhaps few can but we are sincere in our efforts and know what it's all about. We know plenty intelligent men in high authority who cannot be induced to glance at a verse. They will tell you "I know

The Library of Congress
Central Serial Record
Received
JAN 21 1943

THE MINSTREL

An amateur publication in the interests of amateur journalism by
ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. I September, 1938 No. 3

EDITORIAL

There would seem to have been plenty hammered into us by our good friend Mr. Edkins and his associates to warrant an expectancy of improvement. These men of the old school have been over the road and know its pitfalls. Their advice is free and their only interest is in setting us right which should be a welcome contribution to our art.

Little improvement can be detected notwithstanding an effort shows up as prominently as a fib in a lie detector. It is an easy matter to assist the committee in raising our own standards by selecting a theme of a corrective nature and continually dwell on it in our editorials, until the offender sits up and takes notice.

There are plenty of clean cut fertile brains, some of whom are capable of high class work when they get down to brass tacks. Then, too, there are plenty of "The trouble is" and "What we need" element who get us nowhere by their horseplay. We need nothing, brother, other than to listen to good sound advice and try to discourage things that keep us in the rut. Improvement comes from friendly criticism. We cannot expect praise for slovenly work.

First of all we should strive to be one large happy family, cutting out petty jealousies and mud slinging. No matter

THE MINSTREL

...By...
ALBERT CHAPIN
11 Hillcrest Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. I October, 1938 No. 4

APR 29 1944

EDITORIAL

Just why an author writing for his own paper should be a target for abuse by small time would-be critics is not plain. Nobody has a better right to state his views in his own way than he who foots the bills and that is what originality demands.

Doubtless the author makes no pretense of possessing even the first requisites of prose writing, yet has some fixed ideas which he feels at liberty to get out of his system and actually expects it to draw comment as well as kindly debate. If you don't agree it is not unusual since there are no identical twins of thought in the human race. Nobody is exempt from faulty judgment. It will creep out from the President down and void the best laid plans of mice and men. The truly wise will admit defeat unless he is of the calibre of a Doctor Johnson who, capable of arguing either side, would as gladly argue the wrong as the right for the thrill in the combat of brains. However, such arguments within our ranks can and should be impersonal for there is no dignity in holding one up to open contempt and nobody ever reached popular acclaim by knocking the other fellow. It would seem better to refer to "The western editor" rather than "John Smith."

An attempt to sustain your argument by quoting from noted authors means you can be swayed and lack the stamina

X-PN 4827 #35

THE MINSTREL

...By...
ALBERT CHAPIN
11 Hillcrest Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

JAN 21 1943

Vol. I November, 1938 No. 5

VERSIFICATION

(Continued from August Minstrel)

Word hunting is a grand sport. Before one attempts writing why not become familiar with a new word each day? Look up its meaning and see how rich a vocabulary can be made. Many words properly used in prose would never be tolerated in verse and their triteness may be one reason. It has been said that a poem is an entertainment (like a circus or prize fight). Our opinion of true verse is that it is a continual prayer, never answered. It is an organic thing, not merely a pleasurable excitation, or a raw evocation of feeling, but a portion of life, organized into meaning. With spiritual insight it vitalizes and expands our spiritual apprehension. It lifts from the unknown some portion of man's adventure between two silences. It is a spiritual discovery, in imperishable form, of our consciousness of the world. It effects us simultaneously at various levels of consciousness, from our response to rhythm to associated symbols.

A short poem is preferable to a long one. A certain element of the public consider them dry reading, which, we presume, is because of their inability to distinguish true verse from crude jingles and homely folk lore, on which they are "fed up." Good verse demands expression, unity, sub-

X-FN 4827

THE MINSTREL

...By...
ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. I December, 1938 No. 6

THE MINSTREL

wishes its readers all the joys
and happiness of
the season.

A Merry Christmas
to All

X-PN 4827

#57

The Christmas Manettism

The Library of Congress
Photo Service
APR 29 1944

1938

1938

X-PN 4827

#88

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

SPRING NUMBER

Vol. 2 March 21, 1938 No. 2

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO LIBRARY
1964

FISHIN' TIME'S HERE AGAIN

I just can't get away from that feeling that hits a feller along about now. I caught it when a youngster, and its been with me ever since. I'd just like to roll up my britches to my knees, with one gallus strap, an old straw hat, about half gone, and my heart as light as a feather with not a care in the world, as I once did and with that fishin' pole and a handful of bait in a can or either my pocket, just about the time the sun is hanging herself on banners of gold in the eastern sky, and set out down the country road towards the mouth of Pine Creek, where I used to catch 'em.

There the banks of the Kentucky narrowed together and the willows and sycamores shook hands across the stream, and on the green bank 'side that deep hole spend the rest of the day fishin and sleepin, and sleepin and fishin until the day had lazily rolled away and master Bull Frog came out on the rock to call to his neighbors up and down the Kentucky and seeing me would say in his bass droll voice, "Go Home, Go Home, Go Home."

Let the feller walk up Wall Street —let him see that 102 story building—carry him to roaring Niagra—or sit him down in the city of the Golden West or let him roam in the beauties of the seas of the South —what are these compared to the joy of a fisherman. Give me one bite as I sit dreaming on the bank at the Mouth of Pine with my big toe buried in the sand, and the dreams of of long ago and you can have the rest of the world. What a thrill as the bass strikes his hook and wakes him from that doze and how the fishing pole bends, and then that jerk and the splash of the water, then high into the air we bring him out—but alas he breaks loose and back into the river and gone like an arrow.

But give me back those days again just for a while anyway—let me fish on the bank at the Mouth of Pine as I did long ago and in the evening with pole across my shoulder and a string of perch, bass and cat—let me go home and watch mother as she greases the skillet and get a whiff of the frying of fish as they brown in the gravy—well let the rest of the world go by.

#39

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

SUMMER NUMBER

Vol. 2 June 21, 1938 No. 3

IN OLD VIRGINIA

By D. B. Hollyfield

After the winter's rush and roar
In Old Virginia,
These Bold Camp hills are green once more
In Old Virginia;
The green is mixed with red and white,
And other tints help cheer the sight,
From morning until late at night
In Old Virginia.

The dogwood and sarvis want a white bed
In Old Virginia,
While the redbud and maple prefer it red
In Old Virginia;
So with nature's freaks and frills,
It brings back lustre to these Bold Camp hills,
And swells one's heart with noble thrills
In Old Virginia.

Oh, these hills! These Bold Camp hills!
In Old Virginia,
Are the source of many beautiful rills
In Old Virginia;
They are noble and serene,
Which converge in one grand theme,
And form our scenic Bold Camp stream
In Old Virginia.

There isn't a country in this world
Like Old Virginia;
No land more beautiful ever unfurled
Than Old Virginia;
Her gorgeous mountains on her crest;
Her creeks and rivers on her breast;
There's Pound and Bold Camp with the rest
In Old Virginia.

#90

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

FALL NUMBER

Vol. 2 September 21, 1938 No. 4

BEAUTY

— By —

Mrs. E. L. Burnap
N. Leominister, Mass.

Beauty round us everywhere
In the sky, in the air,
In each flower, scented sweet
In the people that we meet.
In a baby's happy smile,
Innocent, and free from guile.

Every little drop of dew
Is a jewel, bright and new.
Shining in the morning sun,
When the day is just begun.
On each tiny twig and blade,
In the sunshine and in the shade.

Through the long day, here and there
We may find it every where.
In the petals of a flower,
In a swift and sudden shower.
In the trees and bushes tall,
Growing by the garden wall.

Beauty in the sky so clear
When the evening shades are here;
In the moonlight's silver ray,
Shining down at close of day.
With a soft and steady light
And the stars so wondrous bright.

Look around you, everyone,
At the setting of the sun;
When the golden sun at noon
Lets our hearts in merry tune!
When the long bright day has passed
Thoughts of beauty still will last.

ONCE MORE

— By —

Florence Grow Proctor
East Princeton, Mass.

Once more I would like to stay
In an old time farm house, gabled and grey,
And slumber near apple orchards in fragrant bloom
When robins are singing at break of dav.

Once more I would like to stray
to its pebbled deeps,
By a gypsying, hill-side brook and play:
Just to wade and splash, and dip,
As it dashes along its winding way.

Once more—I would like to "Lay
Me down" on its velvety bank and pray —
With violets beneath my cheek,
and dream the old,
Sweet dreams I dreamt, when I was young and gay.

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

WINTER NUMBER

Vol. 3 December 21, 1938 No. 1

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEED"

At this time of the year, when the pages of the old book are about finished, and we look to the turning of a new leaf, when the spirit of brotherly love and Christmas fellowship prevail, we are made to wonder about the world's greatest need and what it is.

The answer was given by the Princes of heaven, when they burst the bonds of the invisibility in which they were shrouded in order to tell the Shepherds that were watching the flock in the hill country of Judea many centuries ago. They came on a great purpose—the greatest event in the world's history had just taken place in Bethlehem not far distant—and these angels came to explain the significance of that event. It was a joyful night—and what a glory shone around those hills when they broke forth with their choral "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will to all men." The Christ was the world's greatest need.

No wonder today there is so much general dissatisfaction over the world. Armies on the march. People being persecuted. Nations arming and the unrest and apathy everywhere. People have turned away from that simple faith and that angelic song of old: "Peace on Earth and Good Will to All Men."

At Christmas time these things are brought to our mind. It means much to us and oh that we could keep this spirit of fellowship and brotherly love that prevails at this season all the year, how much better we would be. But we soon forget.

At this season of the year we all try to walk on the sunny side of life and we do our best to brighten the sphere in which we live—this is the Christmas spirit—this is the life of the Christ—He lived that we might live and gave His life that we might live more abundantly. Christmas time finds us at our best. It finds us trying to make our folks—our family and everybody happy—it finds us serving others instead of ourselves.

Could this Christmas spirit go on into the New Year and be lived by us all every day—could all the people of the world live and love as they do at their Christmas time—there would be no more wars—and that peace which we need—which the world needs would follow—that peace which can only come from the Saviour of the world. If the Christ could enter into our lives and this spirit of good will of the Christmas time stay with us then how true today would be the midnight cheer of that angelic host when it sang nearly 20 centuries ago in the hill country of Judea to those honest and good hearted shepherds "On Earth Peace and Good Will to all Men".

X-PN 4827

#92

PURSELL'S

MUCH ADO

AN AMATEUR JOURNAL

Published by John D. Pursell, member National Amateur Press Association, at 4120 Botanical Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Volume 4 | Spring, 1938 | Number 1

THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY CHICAGO

APR 29 1944

A COLOSSAL RACKET

Book Review by the Editor

THE OUTSTANDING fact in the world's life today is that while financially we have hard times—times in which most of us cannot afford things—the visible abundance at our disposal in the world's actual wealth of supplies is greater than it ever has been in human history! Producing power and resources are ample for satisfying all human needs. The real things we require can be produced in practically unlimited abundance. The compulsion to go without which is now imposed upon us is not the natural compulsion of scarcity. Hard times are in no way related to the physical reality of things. They are financial hard times!

Do not, I beg of you, shy off from the consideration of "finance", in the delusion that it is a complex subject on which the plain man is incapable of coming to any informed conclusion. At bottom it is quite primitively simple. The fundamental truth is that the existing system of "finance" in its relation to the cycle of actual human life and activity is absolutely artificial—a mere trick of accounting to permit the levying of tribute by those adding nothing to the true wealth of the world; in fact, the most barefaced fraud ever perpetrated upon a trusting humanity.

The unnatural Frankenstein of debt which "finance" has rolled up against producing humanity, by a mere bookkeeping subterfuge, has become so burdensome that we are unable to pay tribute in interest and sustain ourselves at comfortable standards of living.

In early times, natural resources were fashioned to fit man's need by individual effort. The product of one individual barely sufficed to supply his own wants. With multiplication of producing power [illegible] individual need, surplus could be bartered to other producers, thus obtaining products not within the scope of partly specialized efforts by one individual producer. With multiplication of production and the specialization that followed, barter became physically impossible and money—a token of existing goods or services—became an absolute necessity.

The first or infantile period of money naturally saw it fashioned from gold, silver, or other material of "intrinsic" value, and the delusion that money was a product or merchandise of intrinsic value in itself had its beginning. It was probably more acceptable to the suspicious producer when parting with his surplus than a less impressive token of the actual goods delivered.

We have come a long way from childish metallic money, which was merely an extension of the primitive barter system. Bank credit now serves in the larger portion of business transactions, and metallic money is relegated to small duties—car fare and other items of convenience. Bank notes, merely printed promises to pay in money, largely supplanted metallic money; and, continuing the development, "bank credit" arose until it is now the main basis for financial transactions. In England, for example, during one twelve-month period, the actual ratio of money, that is, currency transactions to bank credit transfers was less than 1 to 100.

The delusion persists that a banker receives money on deposit from depositors and lends it to other clients

X-PN 4827 #93

THE MOCKING BIRD

* FEBRUARY 1939 *

Some evenings when the sun is low
I love to watch the river flow
Down to the sea, and wish and wish
That I could catch some lovely fish
And bring them home for Dad to cook.
But I can't catch no fish you see--
Cause I aint got no hook
Or line with me.

X-PN 4827

#74

THE MOCKING BIRD

APRIL 1939

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

A mocking bird sat on a limb,
And everything looked Jake to him.
He read the little paper and he laughed with glee,
"Some very good stuff in here," said he.

"If those amateur critics dont cower in shame,
Well! Bennie old boy you are not to blame
And before this paper comes to an end,
I hope you will give them as good as they send."

X-P# 3827

#75

THE MOCKING BIRD

JUNE 1939

SHEEP

When strangers pass the sheepfold on the hill
They always stop to call the silly things
And baa and bleat at them, as people will,
To imitate their plaintive bletherings.

Slowly the trusting ewes come trotting over,
And tiny-footed little black-nosed lambs
Nuzzle against the fence for gifts of clover
Or rub contentedly against their dams.

Setting their little knock-kneed legs with care,
They crowd and listen to each bleating taunt
And twiddle their big ears, and blink and stare.
And wonder what these silly people want.

GERALD RAFFERTY

X-PN 4827

#96

THE MOCKING BIRD
SEPTEMBER 1939

OΛ

WE SAW THE WORLDS FAIR

And as Genevive Blue says, "It was almost wonderful".

We also saw Tobacco Road, Pins and Needles, and attended Fred Allen's and Ask it Basket broadcasts. Although we were at the Hotel Imperial for about 4 weeks, we didn't meet up with any A. J. 'ers with the exception of Bill Haywood who proved to be a very pleasant guy, although as he wouldn't let us buy him a dinner or a drink, it was rather difficult to show our appreciation.

So after a month at Hendersonville N. C. we are back home again wading through a two months accumulation of mail and hope to be straightened out shortly. « Thanking Ira Swindall Jr. for "The Legend of Johnson Grass" the funnist poem we have read in a long time. « Mr, Truman Spencer doesn't like our White Birches "All knee deep in the snow". We were referring to ours and not the birches knees And incidentally we wish to thank the N. A. P. A. judges for awarding us Honorable Mention for our poem White Birches in Laureate Competition. « Tom Torres criticisms in May United Amateur were mild as milk. Wonder who put the clamps on him?. » Sorry we didn't meet up with Bill Northrop while in New York but he got around about 3 weeks late. » We are eagerly looking forward to Bob Kundes Foto Journal when, and if, as we purchased a new Leica camera while in New York.

Page 4 please-

X-PN 4827 MIDWESTERN COOPERATOR THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The Midwestern Cooperator

Volume II Youngstown, Ohio, Spring, 1939 Number 3

COPY GIFT

Freedom

By James Morton

If "freedom" is a mere giving way to unrestrained appetite, there is little to be said for it. A person is a plain fool who lets himself become the helpless slave of a mere titillation of the palate or of any other organ of sensation. Even a harmless or indifferent appetite may be a hellish thing, if it becomes a master. It does not matter whether the boss is called liquor or tobacco, coffee or candy, sex indulgence or love of speed. Kept in its own place, as a subordinate accessory to the business of living, enjoyed in moderation at fitting times and places, where no unpleasant sensation is forced on others by the indulgence, and where no more valuable or important element in life is sacrificed by the time and energy expended on the physical pleasure, and no undermining of health or vigor occasioned by it—any of these may be innocent and even beneficial. But when the craving becomes morbid, and insistently compels indulgence everywhere and always, regardless of consequences to self or to others, there is a comple surrender of the prerogatives of manhood or womanhood and actual degradation to something lower in the scale of being. Even a universal or almost universal addiction cannot alter this inevitable effect; nor can it be sneered away, since nature's laws are self-enforcing and undeviating

If, however, freedom is a conscious breaking away from restraints which never were justified, or which have ceased to fit the actual conditions of the present, it carries only good omens for the future. Nudism, for example, which I have advocated unqualifiedly for many years, even though seemingly almost alone, represents a rational recognition of the rights of a healthy body and of a hygien-

(Continued on page four)

Ref-1

#78

The Midwestern Cooperator

Volume II Youngstown, Ohio, Summer, 1939 Number 4

APR 29 1944

AN OLD-TIMER RETURNS

By Raymond J. Jeffreys

I was thrilled recently, when I spoke at an Odd Fellows' father and son banquet in Youngstown, to learn that there was an amateur journalist in the audience—John Burns Schlarb. Mr. Schlarb kindly asked me to write a few words of greeting to my old friends in a. j. I am more than happy to do this, but so much has happened since my a. j. days that I can't possibly bring the events up to date in the short space that I care to impose upon the pages of the fine Midwestern Cooperator.

Even though I have been inactive in a. j. since the World War, I have always received my bundle of papers regularly and have followed the old-timers and watched the newcomers develop. Many times I have wished that I were back in the "swim," in the greatest hobby in the world. Friends made there last forever.

Mr. Schlarb has suggested that I tell you what I have been doing since dropping out of sight from the world of amateur journalism; but I will not do more than briefly outline the kick I have been getting out of life, in the words of the old sage who said "better a day of grand and glorious living than an eon of mere existence."

During my a. j. days and while in college, I dreamed of being a lawyer . . . . Then came the war. Two years of flying in France gave me the urge for the adventursome life of a foreign correspondent. Following the war came a year of difficult battling to stick to the job for a college degree. That won I started a colorful career in the newspaper and advertising field. This took me into the offices of a number of newspapers, after which came a chain of my own

(Continued on page four)

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The Midwestern Cooperator

Volume II Youngstown, Ohio, Summer, 1939 Number 4

AN OLD-TIMER RETURNS

By Raymond J. Jeffreys

I was thrilled recently, when I spoke at an Odd Fellows' father and son banquet in Youngstown, to learn that there was an amateur journalist in the audience—John Burns Schlarb. Mr. Schlarb kindly asked me to write a few words of greeting to my old friends in a. j. I am more than happy to do this, but so much has happened since my a. j. days that I can't possibly bring the events up to date in the short space that I care to impose upon the pages of the fine Midwestern Cooperator.

Even though I have been inactive in a. j. since the World War, I have always received my bundle of papers regularly and have followed the old-timers and watched the newcomers develop. Many times I have wished that I were back in the "swim," in the greatest hobby in the world. Friends made there last forever.

Mr. Schlarb has suggested that I tell you what I have been doing since dropping out of sight from the world of amateur journalism; but I will not do more than briefly outline the kick I have been getting out of life, in the words of the old sage who said "better a day of grand and glorious living than an eon of mere existence."

During my a. j. days and while in college, I dreamed of being a lawyer . . . . Then came the war. Two years of flying in France gave me the urge for the adventursome life of a foreign correspondent. Following the war came a year of difficult battling to stick to the job for a college degree. That won I started a colorful career in the newspaper and advertising field. This took me into the offices of a number of newspapers, after which came a chain of my own

(Continued on page four)

X-H 1 1 1 :
H100

The Midwestern Cooperator

Youngstown, Ohio Autumn, 1939 Whole Number 9

TEXAS DESERT
APR 29 1944

SKYWARD THEY MOUNT

By GEORGE W. MACAULEY

It seems that only yesterday, amid golden October days with blue-hazed woods for the background, Presidents' Field was begun; yet those days are now five years away! Little pine trees which measured but in inches now rise to measurements in feet! Despite wind and weather, skyward mount the white pines until now the letters are so distinct that every visitor quickly grasps the letter scheme.

The tallest tree now tops seven feet with others close behind; and by 1942—when it is hoped another National convention can be held at the Field—some trees will have passed the ten-foot mark. Only three died this summer and each one either had a poor root system or had not been properly planted. As the water table of the Field is only about six feet below the surface of the ground, a tree seldom fails to grow after it has established a good start with a root system which takes about two years to develop.

The trees in Presidents' Field find, as they raise their heads above the Field, that they are not alone; for some nine thousand red pine, Scotch pine, Jack pine and Norway white spruce are marking their courses skyward across the fields. Some three or four thousand of these trees now await transplanting.

Last summer we greatly desired to get some bird's-eye views of Presidents' Field. Robie and Charles Macauley took a number of pictures of the farm in general, but only one picture caught part of the letter N. This was unfortunate and the work must be done over.

Only one amateur found his way to the Field this summer, in the person of Walter Goff who was impressed with the progress of the white pines which are writing N A P A to bright skies or dull skies and through rain or snow.

KEPN 45 $10

The Midwestern Cooperator

Volume II Youngstown, Ohio, Winter, 1939 Number 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS JUNIAL PERIODICAL
APR 23 1944

Golden Moments

By Pearl K. Morton

In Brooklyn my windows faced southeast, and every morning when it was not cloudy I'd have a sunrise just as I was busy getting ready for the office and preparing breakfast. Few of my friends who visited my room could understand why I had no curtains. They thought my room so bare without them, but I seldom had time in the morning to stand before the window and view a sunrise; and without curtains I could always catch a glimpse of the blazing sky as I hurried with my work, one eye on the clock. Sometimes as I ate a leisurely breakfast—no matter how much I hurried, I'd always eat leisurely—the sunrise would be so gorgeous that I'd stop reading my detective story just to watch the sky. I invariable read as I ate my meals for I can think of nothing more solitary than eating alone and just eating. My windows had a view of plenty of sky, some well-kept backyards and just a few roofs. Often I'd dislike leaving for work simply because the sun was still rising, or rather the sky was still showing brilliant tints ever changing to something even more beautiful. I've seen nothing prettier even when I went some trouble to get up early in the morning and go with friends to some hilltop to watch a sunrise.

In Paterson we get the bright sun in the front windows but a sunrise is not easy to watch even when we have time, on account of the buildings. But in the back the view is sufficiently unobstructed so we can get the sunsets. One Fourth of July we had particularly spectacular sunset. We had planned to take a trip somewhere, but after sweltering hot days we had awakened to a cool breeze and seemed so comfortable at home with a refrigerator stocked with plenty of lemonade and ice cream, and the cool breezes in every room that we just stay-

(Continued on page three)

MAINER 1939

#102

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

THE MAINER

"Be not simply good, be good for something"—Thoreau

Vol. I *Spring, 1939* *No. 1*

AN OLD SONG

Spring has arrived at last,
In all its welcome glory.
It seems far brighter than in the past,
Tho' still an old, old story.

And so I sing once more
The praises of immortal Spring;
It urges on me every year,
To sing and sing and sing.

Thru' the earth the trailing arbutus
And downy violet yellow,
Vie one another the first to greet
Warm Spring with a fond "Hello!"

The frogs from their muddy beds,
In pond and in the creek,
Send forth their bravest croakings
When first at Spring they peek.

—Charles A. Austin.

MAINER 1939

#103

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

THE MAINER

"Not failure but low aim is crime"—Lowell

Vol. I. *Autumn, 1939* *No. 3.*

MAINE

You're just a rugged, homespun State
  Perched on the nation's edge,
A stretch of of woods, of fields and lakes,
  And ocean-pounded ledge.
But rugged deeds and rugged men
  You've nurtured for your own;
Much good the world has harvested
  From broadcast seeds you've sown—
And so, we love you, rugged State,
  We love your smiling skies,
We love you for your deep-piled snows,
  Your jagged coast we prize.
We love you for the lofty seat
  You've reared 'neath heaven's dome;
But most of all, we love you, Maine,
  Because you're Maine—and Home.

—Lester Melcher Hart.

X-24 6027 #104

APR 29 1944

X-[illegible]

#105

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

X-PN 4827 #106

NO. 5 JANUARY 1939

APR 23 1939

☆

Here we are again out of limbo, popping up in your packet with a tour de farce of quirkumstances, notebook doodlings, wittischisms, and random hit-or-miscellanea of one word-wacky go-getter-rounder.

From a personal standpoint, 1938 was a great year for Mosy's editor. It brought a safe weathering of that awful just-out-of-college let down and a more or less smooth transition to a comfortable routine of time clocks, electrical engineering drafting, and paychecks.

From the correspondence and ayjay angle, 1938 was pretty much of a washout. Unsettled plans and a great deal of onerous long-range commuting on bus, train, and ferry undermined that activity completely. Unanswered letters have piled up. Some have been stalled along (horrid phrase! horrid practice!) with hastily scribbled postcards. Others

A-Pi 4827
H|07
The Library of Congress
Central Serial Record
Received
JAN 21 1943

THE MINSTREL

...By...
ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. I January, 1939 No. 7

Authorship as a Profession

It has been proven time and again that reward for literary endeavor is trifling. Solitary instances of prosperity occur here and there but for every prosperous author cited there are a hundred of equal power and genius suffering poverty and neglect.

Authors are associated with narrow lanes, broken down houses, obscure garrets, and gaping elbows. Genius and fortune seldom walk hand in hand. Dignity and importance come with honest literary effort; such authors playing the leading roles in the drama of life. To rely on the favor and gratitude of the public is false hope. Writers are looked upon with indifference and contempt by the world, and troubled by the sharp words of critics, but the same forces that destroy will build.

They constitute the poorly paid laughing stock from whom the broker, usurer, school-master and potential sweetheart turn away, prejudiced against men without brothers. In resenting unfair criticism, and in fairness to his sensitive nature it may be said many of his critics are quite lacking in the refinement of mind necessary to distinguish between the material and intellectual, for example, using linear measure for poetry and dry measure for books. Coleridge says:

(Continued on Third Page)

X-PN 4827

THE MINSTREL

...By...
ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. I February, 1939 No. 8

APR 29 1944

Editorial

We had written at some length on a theme for this editorial when along came the classy Christmas number of Conleur de Rose with "Timely Topics" by E. A. Edkins, something of paramount importance to all and should be thoroughly discussed from all angles to get the ideas of our entire outfit, hence, we tossed our article aside. We agree with Mr. Edkins and we can suggest no better way of correcting the evils that beset us than as he suggests.

To ignore the crude works of those who will not or cannot brace up and show some inclination to climb above their little world is censure enough, putting it squarely up to them to "step on it" if they would gain recognition.

There are those too, who are scholarly students of literature, hibernating the year round who will either show their product or suffer the consequenses when the year's check up is made of the entire year's literary activities in all its phases.

In the event Mr. Edkin's plan is adopted we would add one more "Merit" to the present number of awards since the new method of checking a year's output will be fair to everybody, then if anyone has a kick coming it will be because he failed to show his "goods." If the gentlemen named, Messrs. Spencer, Morton, Cole, and Moe were unable to

X-PN 4827

#109

THE MINSTREL

...By...

ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. I March, 1939 No. 9

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT OFFICE
DEC 29 1944

Rebuilding Borrowed Ideas

Borrowing is one of the fifty-seven varieties of necessary evils. It comes in labeled and unlabeled forms, so watch your step. One is appropriating another's writing, lock, stock and barrel and letting it rest right there above the thief's signature. The other is in borrowing an idea, rebuilding it and improving the original. The first is condemned, the latter condoned. Things originate from a single thought back somewhere and it would be hard to find anything man has not thought of. Inventions and ideas are synonomous.

We find life is too short for the thinker to more than demonstrate with his crude working model. The idea of a flying machine is centuries old. Had public opinion been opposed to a succession of thinkers carrying on from where the brothers left off, flying would have rested with a few moments flight at Kitty Hawk, N. C. Had Lake not borrowed the ideas of Jules Verne, the submarine would have gone no farther than a nice book of fiction.

Dark streets, oil lamps, candles, dirt roads, stage coach, pony express and unmounted couriers have been corrected by a succession of different individual thoughts. Within the memory of the older generation horses were used for motive power on tread-mills, sawing wood for locomotives and switching cars in freight yards as well as many other prosaic duties the tractor and boiler have replaced. Hand brakes were used on street cars and railroads until Westinghouse had an idea. Man is a creature with invisible eyes in the

#110

THE MINSTREL

...By...
ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. I April, 1939 No. 10

APR 29 1944

EDITORIAL

(LOVE)

Love is a subject as old as the hills. It is older. It was here before the hills and made them and it made the world. It is the master-key to the universe, unconquerable, and the one thing on earth which cannot be concealed, caged or cancelled. Nor can its wings be clipped or its lips sealed; prevailing in all things, with free access to every heart. Love made the good, the beautiful, homely, strong, weak, brave, timid, ugly, and savage. It is the author and creator of the world. If space permitted we could cite numerous instances where the propensities of animals acting independently of experience or instruction seemed like love, but you would say it is instinct. What then is instinct but an impulse woven into our fabric for our own good, and what is good and whence its source, but love? Take the kittens from the cat and she will round up a brood of baby skunks to fill the vacancy in her heart, just as we feel a vacancy in our own hearts when the patter of little feet is no longer heard.

The best example of passionate emotions as actually expressed to an individual in verse, which leaves fiction out of the picture, is Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portugese." They are marvelous! No mistake, but forty-eight sonnet sequences are too many to read with appreciation at one sitting.

Vol. I
JAN 21 1943 #11

THE MINSTREL

...By...
ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. I May-June, 1939 No. 11

The Rhymester

In spite of the fact discussion of poetry is a hackneyed theme, renewed interest seems to have been taken, which is as it should be for what will play into the hands of enemies of poetry quicker than a few stanzas of "something for the birds" and spoil an otherwise pleasing journal.

To add poor poetry or jingles to better balance a paper does great harm to both journal and poetry. The desire to see one's work in print will one day be the source of discomfort when the individual learns his mistakes. Once printed it stands against its author for all time. Scores of our members are only too pleased to revise a manuscript and give sound advice but our letterbox shows that those most interested in advancement are already capable of good work while the rhymesters are conspicuous by their absence.

Poetry, is a much abused word and is too frequently called "verse" the latter consisting of but a single line; several lines of which make a stanza or stave when regularly adjusted to each other. A hemistich is half a verse; a distich is a couplet---two verses. The word "verse" is derived from the Latin and signifies a turning. When we have finished a line (a verse) we turn to the opposite side of the page to commence another. The whole is poetry.

It is generally thought to consist in the harmonious ar-

This issue is the eleventh but covers one year, July 1938-June 1939.

#112

THE MINSTREL

. . . By . . .
ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest St., West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. II July-August, 1939 No. 1

APR 29 1944

BUREAU OF CRITICS

A group of gentlemen whose services are indespensible. Their importance cannot be over estimated. Only those who know the rules are capable of interpreting them or may qualify as critics. That is why we have specialists in handling certain things. One cannot be an expert in everything or many things. While the staffs of large publications are scholarly, it is no proof of excellence or even perfection that your poem was printed. A columnist will print from the works of the masters to the crudest effusion if it fits the occasion and harmonizes with his theme. To satisfy our mind in this respect we reviewed some contributions in a large newspaper and found a perfectly written sonnet by Coleridge only to be followed the next day by a particularly crude ballade (not ballad) and an equally faulty rondeau, another French form. "My Old Clay Pipe," the theme they wanted.

It is strange so many young poets will tackle the most difficult forms before they have mastered the simplest. Building from the top down. Doubtless the author took his cue from something published and just counted the lines presuming that was all there was to it. His ballade was composed of three octaves, the last labeled "L'Envoi," the heroic measure predominating yet several trochees were scattered about, destroying the beat. Just the opposite of

The Library of Congress
Serial Record
JAN 11 1943
#113

THE MINSTREL

. . . By . . .
ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest St., West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. II September-October-November, 1939 No. 1

STYLE

Style must not draw attention from thought but rather should be adapted to the capacity of our readers. Publications intended to reach all classes would actually reach them if we employed such ornament or could be understood by readers of limited knowledge.

The elegant style has its lofty place of course, which is in the drawing room of literature. Compare the words of Greek or Latin origin with their Anglo-Saxon equivalents and it will be seen what we mean. The general busy newspaper reading public is not so strong for elaborate treatise.

We do not favor slang although many new words are coined yearly, some having reached the high estate of the English classics and used in entrance examinations at our leading colleges. The world is not so large now but that somebody in far away Tibet may know what an oomph girl is.

We favor the plain writer because we like precision. Of numerous accidents it is said, "The car went out of control," when in reality we step on the gas and blame the car for not correcting our mistake.

This is an era of big doings, reflected in the use of bombastic expressions to cover inconsequential things; cheapening our choicest words by common usage, which are too

X-FN 482)
H114
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 3 1945
COPY
GIFT

Modern Amateur

VOL. 1 JANUARY, 1939 NO. 1

Issued monthly for the American Amateur Press Association by Clyde M. Borgers, Foxholm, N. D. The works herein printed will feature certain modernizations of spelling and word arrangement. All literature by Borgers.

ELUSIVE IDEAS

My thots ar forever behaving
Like radio-activ thingz
Sometimez when I think one iz cornerd
Away into space it springz.

I glimpst one for only a moment
But I luvd its lustrus sheen;
And now, a chunk of Einstein-Space
Haz sumhow slipt between.

So next time I get an idea
Which intregz me with magical spel
I wil caj it for futur exibit
In a foto-electric sel.

N. B. Einstein-Space is hard to see thru.

Fello amatoorz ar invited to quot me and I'l do the same to yu. Just giv me credit if yu do.

X-PN 4827 #115
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

Modern Amatoor

VOL. 1 FEBRUARY, 1939 NO. 2

COMPACT WRITING

Printers and typists frequently find themselves short of space in the line. Often this difficulty can be remedied by dropping silent letters from such words as "thought," "though," "science" and "wandered" in this way:- thot, tho, sience, wanderd. The saving in ink and space would permit saying mor or would leave room for mor artistic arrangment of the page. Many newspapers resort to this practice only occassionaly merely to finish a line here or there. It would seem better to maintain the same spelling of any such word thruout the article or news item in which it appears.

Another space saving device equally permissable is the joining of certain words such as: newsitem, inasmuch, asmuchas, hereorthere, and other words community separated with hyphens.

Stil mor space may be gained by resorting to simplified spelings in a few cases. The most suitable examples ar enough (enuf), tough (tuff or tuf), trough (trauf). As you wil notice this quickly runs into truble but you wil find certain simplified forms mor useful than others. 'Tuff' is to preferred to 'tuf' simply becauz we alredy hav the word 'tuffy' in everyday use. Another rich clas of words which may be redily shortend is the 'ck' group. Quick, trik, chek, etc. are unmistakeable and can be freely used. When the 'able' syllable occurs at the end of a line it can often be shortend, to 'abl'. A brief study of the Modern Amatoor wil show you many similar handy devices in use.

X-PN 4827 #116 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

Modern Amatoor

VOL. 1 MARCH, 1939 NO. 3

ABOUT PHONICS

When we go gnus hunting we often come up with giraffes and gazelles, and while picking poses among the phlox and peas we sometimes catch pneumonia. Considerabl effort has been spent to keep spelling in line with pronunciation. In my studies along this line I became curious as to why some of our words wer ever spelled as they now ar.

I finally decided that most of them wer originally spelled in phonetic fashion. Try it on this list: wheat; write; writ; wriggle; wright; night; tight. Be sure to sound every letter and the reason for the speling becomes plain We no longer pronounce words as our forfathersdid.

To our primitiv ansesto-s script writing looked like wriggling worms or snakes and so they applied a variation of "writhe" to the act of writing. Becauz it was long ago noted that mens memories played triks on them it became common to say "it is written" meaning "It is true" so that today we stil say "it is right" for the word "right" is only a variation of "wrighte".

I am sure that we owe such old terms as "wheel wrighte" to the honorable status that attached to the word "right". The names "Wainwrighte" and "Wrighte" had their begining in the same way.

The "gh" in so many of our words traces bak to the Angles and Saxons who took over England befor the coming of the Danes. It is akin to many modern Germany word forms and to the Scottish dialects. Loch for "lake" and nicht for "night" wil serv to illustrate the point.

'Twood seem wel to be careful about speling reforms.

X-PN 4827

#117 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

Modern Amatoor

VOL. 1 APRIL 1939 NO. 4

GIFT GIFT

REGARDING EMERSON

by Clyde M, Borgers

Literature should be revealed to all as both a rich relic of the past and as a fine tool for the present. Because the language is living he who writes for posterity is apt to inspire misunderstanding. The plays of Shakespeare with their awkward spellings and dramatic arrangement cannot long endure as literature but some prose or poetical versions may keep green and fresh the memory of things too rotten to keep (with due respect to B. S.)

With a spirit of reverence I therefor revise some of Emersons poems All the frustration of humanity seems to focus in this matchless expression of a wish for a retreat. A house by the road, out of the hustle and bustle, away from the striving worrying world. When has pathos been more majestic than in, "Good by, proud world, I'm going home." Or when was the leven of rest more gallant than in the line, "But now proud world, I'm going home." In fact it seems the poem is a glorius mingling of dignity and pathos.

GOING HOME

Goodby proud world, I'm going home;
Thou'rt not my friend and I'm not thine,
Tho mongst thy crowds I long did roam--
A river ark on ocean brine, long I'v been tossed like
driven foam
BUT NOW PROUD WORLD IM GOING HOME.
I'm going to my own hearth stone
bossomed in yon green hill alone
A secret nook in pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,
Where arches green the live-long day
Echo the blackbirds roundalay;
And vulgar feet have never trod,
A sacred spot to thot and God.
O when I'm safe in sylvan home,
I scorn the pride of Greece and Rome,
And when I'm stretched beneath the pines,
Where evening star so holy shines,
I mock at lore and pride of man,
At Sophist schools and learned clan,
For what are they in their conceit
When in the bush with God I meet?

It is not so much that Emerson was a careless workman as that he wished as to lay emphasis on the idea rather than its artistic clothes. Poe thot the idea in poetry was unimportant but he was probably wrong tho as a modern writer says,

Con't. on Next Page

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

Modern Amateur

Foxholm, N. D. Nov. 6, 1939

Dear fellow members:

When I started this journal I thot I had found a dependable printer but he seems to have failed me. Sickness perhaps excuses him but it is needful for me to look elsewhere for my printing. Therefore to round out thisseason's work I am mailing this to Pres. Kay, asking him to print and publish it in time for the next bundle.

It has seemed to me that there was condsiderable good quality literature in the last two years bundles. Most of the stuff was better than my own and I should like to make a booklet of it for sale to members and for their use in recruiting new members. I do not print anything myself, all I can do is select and arrange. I should like to have suggestions for title, votes on preferred items of literature, and about a dollar apiece from each one interested in the project.

I will have it printed on smooth (or slick) paper and bound in some suitable manner—it will not be a yearbook and I will insist that every bit of literature be in my estimation "good stuff". Unless there were lots of votes for it, none of my own material will appear in the booklet. I must put a deadline on this offer, so that if orders and interest do not warrant going ahead I can return your money. I guarantee to return the money if interest is not great enough to finance the booklet.

There will be no spelling reforms or the like in this booklet.

Fraternally,

CLYDE M. BORGERS
Foxholm, N. D.

Deadline: Jan. 1, 1940

MEMORABLE KNIGHTS

#119

September, 1939 Number 2

With this issue of MEMORABLE KNIGHTS we make our debut in the American Amateur Press Association. We have enjoyed five years in a. j. through the National, and hope that our American contacts may be as numerous and as pleasant. MEMORABLE KNIGHTS will not be a regular feature of our activity, but just a fill in between our regular issues of HAPPY DAZE, copy for which has gone to press with a story of the N.A.P.A. convention. We felt however, that we shouldn't wait any longer to get started in the A.A.P.A., so here we are!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

X-PN 4827

UNTOLD AND UNKNOWN

What is it that is nature's choice
I felt quite sure, her pick she'd voice.
Would it be spring and its fancy free,
Or summer and its reverie?

Fair and mighty ye olden tree
I ask, for you must wisened be
If it could be you had a choice
In which of these would you rejoice?

A stony silence greets my quest.
I further quirried of the bird at nest
Here I thought would be my ace,
My answer was a stare in space.

The bee took flight in quite alarm
The flowers doubted not my harm
Nature taught her class quite well
I now know they'll never tell.

APR 29 1944

Emil Tenyak

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

It seems to us that one weakness in the American Association is the tendency to give every editor a "pat on the back" so to speak. Going through the various papers we notice that most all of the comments about papers published are favorable. We all need good constructive criticism if we are to hope to improve our papers and style of writing. Every issue of the AMERICAN AMATEUR should contain a report from the Bureau of Critics. How about it?

X-PN 4827

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

SPRING NUMBER

Vol. 3 March 21, 1939 No. 2

HECKERMAN'S FRESH ROASTED PEANUTS

A boy is a boy when he is a boy and nothing else, and you can't make anything else out of him.

And what a life when a boy. Those jeans pants and brogan shoes with the brass toe and most times the pants were handed down from a grown-up brother, are never forgotten. One thing about those jeans pants, they were never worn out and were passed on down the line to the next oldest.

Well, I go back many years to a boy of some twelve summers more or less. Father was a country merchant and there I was the main clerk and especially on the candy side, stick candy, peppermint, horehound and many other varieties.

One summer day a traveling man with his leggins and derby, with his bulging saddle bags, astride one of the finest black horses, rode up and hitched in front of Father's store. He represented the Norton Grocery Company of Norton, Virginia, only thirty-five miles away, but it was a thousand in my imagination because there were no roads across the Pine and Indian Mountains. The train came up there, they said, and there was a depot, coal mines and coke ovens, which I dreamed that I would see some day and even go to Pikeville, which was fifty miles away.

The drummer displayed his samples, groceries, and candies and finally, what he said was peanuts, "Fresh Roasted Peanuts"! In order to make a sale he let father sample them, and being the chief clerk and especially on the candy side, I had to try them. Boy, there was nothing like them! And I tried two! He did not have many, but that was enough. He put down on the order blank: 1 cs. Heckerman's Fresh Roasted Peanuts. How long would it be until they'd get here?

Meantime, R. H. Holbrook, the wagoner, was digging a ditch around the backside of my father's field and that evening he was informed of the trip to Norton and that he had better get ready for the trip the next day. R. H. hired my brother and me to finish the ditch and offered us one dollar each if we had it finished when he returned. Next morning he pulled out for Norton with old John and Beck while brother and I, at sunrise, were digging in the backside of father's field. How we worked! Four days and we were finished by the mid-afternoon of the fourth day. I watched up Bottomfork Road with great anticipation for the wagon, for I knew it would contain the case of "Heckerman's Fresh Roasted Peanuts!"

About sundown, R. H. came in sight and drove down the rocky road to the platform of my father's store. The wagon was heavily loaded with sugar, coffee, canned goods, salt and a barrel of flour but my eyes were searching for one familiar sign, which I found plainly printed on a box, in the back end of the wagon, "Heckerman's Fresh Roasted Peanuts!" They were here! The goods were all unloaded and how I worked to get them in the store, and finally, in went that case of peanuts.

R. H. soon learned that the ditch

(Continued on Page 72)

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
#121

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

MOUNTAIN TRAILS

SUMMER NUMBER

Vol. 3 June 21, 1939 No. 3

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST

"Go West Young Man. Go West", these were the words of Horace Greely of many years ago, but it has not made much difference in what way our Kentucky mountain boys went for usually they have been highly successful in the different fields of endeavor. For instance, last month in Denver, Colorado, the paths of two Kentucky mountaineers crossed. Both were seeking the mayorship of that great city. Both are from the East Kentucky hills. One boy from Paintsville, Johnson County and the other from Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky.

Denver, Colorado became the scene of a Kentucky feud but it was not settled with bullets but with ballots and the air was not filled with hot lead but with the eloquence that was displaved by these two Kentucky Mountaineers.

Benjamin F. Stapleton was born at Paintsville, Johnson County, Kentucky. November 12. 1873. He attended the public schools there and later the National Normal University at Lebanon, Ohio. He taught for a few years, studied law and moved to Denver where he began the practice of his life's work. He enlisted in the Spanish-American War and saw service in the Philippines.

After the war he returned to Denver and was elected Magistrate and then appointed Postmaster in 1923 and was elected Mayor of Denver in 1931. He was elected State Auditor and in 1935 he was chosen Mayor again.

He was not only successful in politics but fortune smiled on him in the oil fields which enabled him to accumulate large holdings and thus Benjamin F. Stapleton was a candidate for re-election for Mayor of Denver.

Pitted against him was Guy Martin, prominent business man of South Denver. He was born at Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky in 1895 and at the age of 21 he heard the call and with his wife and two children home-steaded on the plains of Colorado. For a year he lived in a dug-out against the side of a hill before he had accumulated enough money to build himself a cabin.

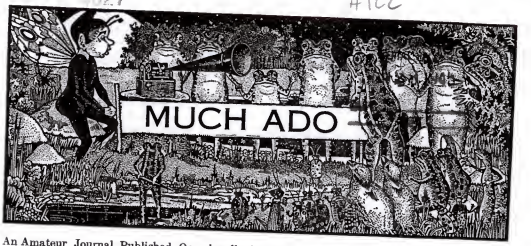
His first employment was in a general store as clerk about thirty miles from his homestead. Then he went down to Denver leaving his family at Akron, where he had formerly worked until he was able to provide a home for them.

Being broke, a park bench in down town Denver was his hotel and sleeping quarters for several days until he got a job at a lumber yard stacking lumber. Sticking to his work, he was successful and soon started a small concern of his own and which is out-standing today in south Denver, as "The Guy Martin Lumber Company" which he owns exclusively and which is a flourishing business.

For several years he has been interested in the municipal govern-

(Continued on page 76)

#122



An Amateur Journal Published Occasionally by John D. Pursell, Member of the National and American Amateur Press Associations, at 4120 Botanical Avenue, Saint Louis, Missouri.

Volume 5 Summer 1939 Number 1

COMMENT AND REVIEW

A critical review of the papers of the past year reveals a select few truly good journals, several poor ones, and a great many in between. I will deal here only with a few of those which appeared most frequently. Papers which have been received since June 15 have been disregarded in this review.

Eisegeesis proves more attractive than the usual mimeographed publication. The frequent change in format, however, becomes rather disconcerting to any reader who desires to keep his papers in a permanent file. The editor, B. J. Smith, states that he has entered a.j. for all the fun he can get from the hobby, and that he enjoys experimenting. Surely no amateur would deny him the pleasure of trying various sizes, but one suggestion would be to publish journals of different formats under different names.

Mr. Smith's mimeographing is fair. The drawings deserve particular commendation. Of them all, only two or three are poorly done. Those on the first few pages of the December number look especially difficult to reproduce by mimeograph; yet they are the clearest. This notwithstanding the fact that in other respects the duplicating of the same issue is by all odds the poorest. The ink on several pages is uneven, resulting in difficult reading.

The contents of any single number of *Eisegeesis* run largely to one thing, but over the year they find a fair balance. Amateur news and comment and both poetry and prose contributions are represented. For some unexplained reason the November 15 issue which I received contained, inside the cover, one sheet labelled "page 8" bearing a poem on one side and blank on the reverse. I still wonder what happened to the other pages.

In his article on "The Forces of the Anti-Christ," Mr. Smith shows a reasonably clear understanding of communism, fascism and democracy. He argues, convincingly enough, that we must strengthen democracy if we are to retain it. So far, so good; but he fails to outline a satisfactory method for doing this. He recommends selective breeding; suggests propaganda for the promotion of democracy, and maintains that the public service motive must replace the profit motive. Fine; but how shall these things be done? This remains the crux of the whole situation.

During the greater part of the year Albert Chapin produced a monthly paper, *The Minstrel*, which immediately took a place among the leading amateur journals. Although plain, it is attractive, and the contents are well written.

X-PN-4827

The Monthly Citizen

#123
JUL 26 1945

ONLY ONE ISM IN AMERICA—AMERICANISM

Vol. 1 July-August, 1940 No. 2

COPY

PRINTING—A DEFENSE WEAPON

While nerve-paralyzing Stukas and life-demolishing tanks are loosened in a ruthless blitzkrieg by inhuman aggressors, traitorous characters within the invaded countries sneak up the defenders.

These traitorous characters constitute what has come to be known as the fifth column.

Against a possible threat to our country by Stukas, and submarines, and tanks, the nation is now being prepared. The nation is now forging a sword to meet the sword.

Against the activities of the fifth column; however, the lowly stick and the keyboard can be made useful.

Printers everywhere can and should to the best of their ability, use their craft and equipment to rededicate their communities repeatedly to the principles of Americanism and the blessings of democracy.

They should also make an effort to refute the propaganda of the isms, and to tear away the false fabric of distortions and lies, with which the isms seek to enmesh us. Con't on page four 4

X-PN 4827 #174 THE LIBRARY

The Monthly Citizen

ONLY ONE ISM IN AMERICA—AMERICANISM

Vol. 1 September, 1940 No. 4

What to Write ?

by Wayne Williams

Norman Levine once wrote me——"Where do get your ideas for articles ?" Now, I'm no Bard of Avon or Thornton Wilder, but I'd like to pass my ideas to you members. Writing is not the easiest game in the world, and subjects for manuscripts are often hard to find. First of all, look about you . . . pick some individual, then build your plot around him With living persons for your subjects, the words will flow more easily since you have something vital and interesting to work on. Perhaps the plot is a product of the imagination; perhaps it isn't, but, in all respects, the imagination is evident in different types of writing. For material such as biographical essays etc., you work with facts. However, when dealing with short stories or "surprise ending" articles, USE YOUR IMAGINATION !

And now, some food-for-thought subjects. Why not write an article on your most embarrassing moment ? This type of manuscript is always in demand.

Linton Clark, editor of THE AMERICAN

(Please see page four)

#125

The Monthly Critic

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

Only one ism in America—Americanism

SEPTEMBER
1940

Volume One Number Three

X-PN 4827 H126
THE LIBRARY OF
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1949

THE MONTHLY CITIZEN
Published monthly by
WILLIAM MATTESON
44 Clinton Street Taunton, Massachusetts

Editor...William Matteson
Associate Editor...Charles Hoye

Presenting...

by Charles Hoye

As an active member of the AAPA, I take the privilege of introducing to the circles of amateur journalism William Matteson, who prefers to be called Bill. He is 16 years old and is a Junior at Taunton High School. His past attempts at publishing have been *The Citizen*, and *See*, a mimeographed monthly. While in his Sophomore year at T.H.S. he gained honors by publishing *Home Rumor* for his homeroom. Matteson is a promising member for the AAPA, and I sincerely hope you will all welcome him heartily. *Charlie*

Due to lack of time and a hasty decision to publish a June issue we were unable to make it any larger.

X-PN 4827 #127

THE MOCKING BIRD

JANUARY 1940

— IN WINTER —

When all the Northern Girls and Boys
Are having fun on skiis;
And skimming round on ice skates
Like a bunch of lively fleas.

I am sitting 'neath a palm tree
With the sunshine on my hair:
Do I wish that I was with them?-
GEE! I'm glad I aint up there.

X-PN 4827

#123

THE
: MOCKING BIRD :

MARCH 1940

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW SO SOFT AND WHITE.
FELL OUT OF THE SKY MOST ALL LAST NIGHT
AND THE NORTHERN FOLKS WHO HAVE SEEN ENOUGH
ARE RACING DOWN TO FLORIDA
TO GET RID OF THE STUFF.

X-DD 1327

#179

- THE MOCKING BIRD -

JULY 1940

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

A MOCKING BIRD SAT IN A TREE
JUST OUTSIDE MY HOUSE:
AND READ THE A. J. COMMENTS
THAT BABCOCK IS A LOUSE.
BABCOCK'S A PROCRASTINATOR.
BABCOCK IS A BUM.
BABCOCK OUGHT TO BE IN JAIL'
BOY! IS THAT GUY DUMB.
BABCOOCK IS A BELCHER:
HE SHOULD BE IN - WELL
YET IN SPITE OF WHAT THEY SAY.
BAB' I THINK YOU'RE SWELL.

X-PN 4827

古 120

THE MOCKING BIRD

DECEMBER 1940

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

A HOT DOG ON THE BEACH.

X-PN 4827

#131

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1940
COPY
GIFT

MICROS

July 1, 1940
Vol. 1 No. 1

X-PN 4827 #132 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

THE MICHIGAN JOURNALIST

OFFICIAL NEWS BULLETIN OF THE
MICHIGAN AMATEUR JOURNALISTS CHAPTER
Affiliated with the American Amateur Press Association

★ AROUND THE STATE ★

NEWS AND NOTES FROM MICHIGAN

Although the MAJORS have had a serious setback in their chapter activity, the present outlook again appears bright and rosy. Every member hopes to resume active publishing schedules for the winter season and our new members have many promising plans. .. One of the best MAJOR prospects discovered is Don Aumann of Center Line. His new journal should be a standout in size and quality from advance information reaching our quarters. Don just passed the twenty one mark and is now eligible for the "draft" which makes him wonder if he should volunteer his services for detense immediately. This new member is interested in all press work, corresponding, collecting and sports. Watch Aumann in the AAPA! . . Bob Grzeskowiak, our mail carrier member in Alpena, almost bought a press recently. We hope he gets into the grind soon for with his ideas and plans, his journal would boost Michigan stock upward. . Hank Vinkemulder with TYPE HIGH will again make an appearance. His home town of Grand Rapids may be the scene of the first annual MAJOR Convention this summer. . Erich Werner and Bob Kunde outlined a complete working program for the MAJOR Chapter during their first meeting at the Milwaukee convention. A recruiting campaign was later launched when Erich visit-

(Continued on page 4)

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The METROPOLITAN AMATEUR

Published quarterly by the Metropolitan Chapter of the American Amateur Press Association under a rotating editorship. The 250 copies of this number edited and printed by William Haywood, 2986 Briggs Ave., New York, N. Y. Type set and printed by hand.

NO. 1 JANUARY, 1940

THE YOUTH OF MAN

By Edgar Allan Martin
2 Broad St., Manchester, Conn.

DR. CLIFTON GRAY switched off his flashlight. It should have been pitch-night in the cavern, but instead it was dim, diffused with a soft haze that filled every point with an ethereal distinctness as fragile as the early South Pacific morning outside.

The balanced rock was just as they had found it

X-PN 4827

#54

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1949

The Metropolitan Amateur

VOL. I. SUMMER, 1940. NO. 2.

This "Dying" World

By Dorothy Joan Cantfil

We are a dying race gasping for its last breath in the coils of a dying world. Many times of late have I heard this said. And so, until a few nights ago, did I myself think. Then, weary of listening to reports of man's inhumanity to man, I tuned my radio, instead, to a symphony. It was Beethaven.

And as I listened to the great swell of that music, which seemed to wash me clean, I was suddenly amazed by something I had long known and never before realzed: This music which lifts man from the world of blood and fear and hatred he has created for himself into the eternal realm of beauty was composed in a period and a world which many men must have considered "dying." The full realization of this fact came to me as the assurance of health must come to one who had thought himself incurably ill. I knew then that man was not dying, but coming to birth; that those dreams for which one loved him were not the delirium of a distorted and degenerate mind, but the most vital and enduring trait of a species still in its childhood.

X-PN 4827 H135 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 8 1945

The METROPOLITAN AMATEUR

Vol. I Autumn, 1940 No. 3

The M.Y.O.B. Plan

By P. W. Miller

In these days of alphabetical agencies and brain trusts, the government seems to have tried nearly every method short of war to restore America's lost prosperity. Before aligning us with the God of Mars and his easy methods of liquidating both the unemployed and a large part of the population, the suggestion is hereby offered that the New Deal revert to the old system of "M.Y.O.B." (mind your own business).

It is the business of our government to continue to seek a solution to our unique situation of want in the midst of plenty; NOT to concern itself with European power politics.

It is the Administration's business to cultivate and retain friendly relations with all other countries, so we may profit by their trade; NOT to dictate to other peoples the kind of government they should have.

It is up to the President, as chief executive, to see that the neutrality laws passed by Congress are enforced;

(Continued on Page 9)

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
#136

METEOR

Vol. I November, 1940 No. 2

Foreign Correspondence

By Robert E. Wyckoff, 456 Pearl St., Grafton, W. Va.

Among the many hobbies carried on by the people all over the world, probably the one most directly aiding world wide friendship is foreign correspondence.

This hobby is directly dependent upon the United States Postal System and its efficiency. Constant improvements which are being made rather regularly are speeding up the mail delivery. This affects the delivery not only within the United States but also all over the world to a certain extent. Even with mordern improvements it takes many days and in some cases as much as several months for mail delivery to certain parts of the world.

The names and addresses of boys and girls abroad can be obtained from any one of a number of agencies. Some charge a small sum for this service while others give it free.

After the address is obtained by one interested in foreign correspondence the next step is to write an

(Continued on Page 4)

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
#137
28 1945

METEOR

Vol. I December, 1940 No. 3

TOLERANT

Be tolerant. The press associations should not fight each other. As a good "American" I wish each member could join one or both of the other associations. This, I think, would boost our association. We must remember that our purpose is not to boost any association but to boost journalism. If we are afraid of the others it is because we have a weakness. The way to strengthen that weakness is to be tolerant.

The religion of the Pilgrims died.

We don't boost Texans because of the locality but because of the proximity to Houston. HOUSTON in '41!

Ralph Brandt has withdrawn from the race.

X-PN 4927 #138

MY TOWN

by- Dick Page

SYRACUSE Isn't a big place but it cannot be determined as small either. It has a population of about 206,000--206,000 real, human, common ''folks''.

Syracuse hasn't a very historical background. A Jesuit missionary discovered salt here, after which a salt center sprang up. Syracuse became known as the "Salt City'', but that industry has since been abolished.

The home of over 500 major industries, Syracuse is located near beautiful Lake Onondaga in the heart of New York State.

DEC. - JAN. 1960-61

4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD #139
JUN 28 1945
CUR.
GIFT

X-F N
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT
#140

MASAKA

まさか雑誌

December of 1940

X-PN 4827

#141 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

GIFT

THE MAINER

"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new"-Milton

VOL. II. SPRING, 1940 NO. 1.

Dear Reader:

Another year has come our way
With all its problems, day to day;
With all its smiles and tears and frowns
And sadly tott'ring empty crowns.
For overseas our friends in need
Are braving futile strife indeed.
They cannot share our laughter gay;
They can but die each fatal day.

So let us hope with heart and soul
That soon the clouds of war will roll
Away, and bring dear peace once more,
To all our friends on foreign shore.
That is the wish, dear reader friend,
"The Mainer" does sincerely send
Upon the birth of this new year—
Good luck to you and hearty cheer!

—Ye Ed: Charles A. Austin.

X-PN
#142
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1940

THE MAINER

"HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR"-EMERSON

VOL. II. SUMMER, 1940 NO. 2.

Campfire Song

Tune: "Cornell"

When the golden sun has tumbled
  Over Patrick's gray,
And the hermit thrush's calling
  Softly melts away.
When we gather by the great oak,
  Guarding on the hill,
Then the campfire through the darkness
  Shines a beacon still.

When we've left the magic circle,
  After many a song,
And the bugle's warning tent call
  Tells that day is done,
When the call of taps has sounded
  And the camp is still,
Still the campfire growing dimmer
  Shines upon the hill.

—(See Editorial for Explanation)

X-PN 4827

#143

THE MAINER

Dirigo—"I direct"—State motto of Maine

VOL. II. AUTUMN, 1940 NO. 3.

Chapel On The Sea-Cliff

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS TRIAL BINDING
APR 29 1944

Let us sing while God in Heaven
Of our small cares sets us free:
While the cold winds drift, a-mourning,
O'er the wild and frosty sea.

Let us din the waves that clamor
On the shore from noon to noon.
Din the sighing and the roaring
Of the waves beneath the moon.

Let us sing: the skies are lowering,
Black with anger, gray with pain;
And the brittle lightning flashes
Where the clouds are thick with rain.

Sing! about us lie the empty
Graves of those who died at sea.
God have mercy on their souls, and
On all poor humanity.

—*Dorothy E. Jacobs.*

4827

#144

THE MAINER

"Our Best Thoughts Come From Others"

VOL. II WINTER, 1940-41 NO. 4.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

"MAINE"

The pure air, the woods and the mountains,
  The hills and the valleys explain
The lure that is old and is endless:
  The tug at the heartstrings, of Maine.

The winds that blow, and the freedom,
  The surf, and its surging refrain;
The deer, the bears and the fishing - - -
  The sport and adventure of Maine.

The far dim house in the valley,
  The miles that are lost to a train;
The calm, the strong and the quiet,
  Real people - - they live in Maine.

And if God should grant one blessing,
  One would chuck the city's strain
And find the peace and the manhood
  That grow in the mountains of Maine.

- - - E. I. Collins

X-PN 4827

#145

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

MAD RIVER DRIFTWOOD

NUMBER ONE DECEMBER 1940

Isn't it funny what makes a new amateur journal start? Or is it? Figuratively, the amateur becomes pregnant with suggestion, or pollenizes, or what not, takes notions, and a new publication is born.

Helm C. Spink, old timer from Lakewood, O., was down here one day in November, and we took him out to Adner Botkin's house under the hill, where eleven of us talked about Amateur Journalism and the coming Cleveland Convention. My fingers began to itch, and MAD RIVER DRIFTWOOD preened its wings and took to the field.

Mrs. Botkin, besides being an expert with the dinner, writes folk stories of the hill people in the south. Assisting her in arranging the dinner was Alice Kyle, one of the sweetest of poets.

X-PN 4827 #146

MINT JULEP

Vol. 1 - No. 1 * April, 1940

APR 29 1944

We'll See You In LOUISVILLE In July Of 1941

NATION'S GLAMOUR STATE EXTENDS INVITATION TO UNITED AMATEURS FOR "1941" CONVENTION

The country can't seem to agree on whether it'll be "Roosevelt or Dewey in 1941," and we suppose that in a democracy such a division of opinion is a sign of healthiness. But, with the presumptiousness of a newcomer, we believe that opinion should be solidly united for "Louisville in 1941."

Centrally located, our Louisville offers a convention site made to order for national gatherings.

Louisville, Gateway to the South, was the landing field for the customs and traditions of the "Old South" that left Georgia with "The Wind." Combining southern gracious living with Yankee enterprise, we believe that Louisville is quite a contrast to cities in other sections. Come to Old Kentucky and see yourself the things you have heard about the nation's "Glamour State." Give the Louisville Chapter of the United a chance to show you Kentucky hospitality in its most hospitable form. Get on the bandwagon for "Louisville in 1941."

YE EDS

Christened Clement Edward Campbell, I am oldest by ten minutes in a family of four. Contrary to reports from Ed Reed, I am nineteen. My twin brother, Bill, and I were born in Portsmouth, Va., and were brought to Louisville before we knew how sea food tasted. Born of Kentucky parents and reared (Page 2)

X-PN 4827

#147

THE MINT JULEP

APR 29 1944

Vol. 1 - No. 2 * May, 1940

MISSISSIPPI EDITOR REBUKES CRITIC OF KENTUCKY BLUEGRASS

To imagine that in the length and breadth of this great land a man exists who could be so ill-advised as to say that the bluegrass of Minnesota could even be mentioned in the same breath with the Kentucky variety defies belief. Such a man (name withheld) has even gone so far as to say Minnesota surpassed Kentucky as a grower of lush bluegrass! We had intended to ignore the matter, but when the editor of a paper in Jackson, Mississippi, rebukes with vigor such slanderous remarks, and since we find we are so fully in agreement with his editorial, we reprint it below.

"We can't believe a word of it and right here is where we rush to the rescue and defy a slanderer of the fair name of the state of our forbears.

"There is no bluegrass better than Kentucky bluegrass.

"There are no women more beautiful than Kentucky women.

"There are no horses faster than horses of old Kentucky.

"There is no whiskey better than Kentucky whiskey.

"There are no colonels more militant than Kentucky colonels.

"There is no ham more luscious than Kentucky ham cured in the curling smoke of a slow, hickory wood fire.

"There are no mint beds more luxuriant than the mint beds of Kentucky.

"There is no tobacco better than the tobacco of Kentucky.

"And all that goes, no matter who may doubt or dispute. We are ready at any moment to fight a duel on the subject.

X-PN 4827

#148

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 1945

COPY GIFT

Modern Amateur

Foxholm, N. D. -:- -:- -:- -:- January, 1940

The Gardener Ham Makes His Mark

Lo, I am the man with the hoe
My motions are steady and slow,
My eyes are turned down to the earth
And my toil does not drive me to mirth,
But my mind is seeking alway
To turn irksome labor to play.

O the taylor, whose name I forgot,
Who slew seven flies at a swat
And the hero with jaw-bone for blade
Who bragged of the slaughter he made,
And David with thousands of slain
Have glory that by mine must wane.

The army from dragon-tooth seeds
Is nought to the Host of the weeds—
Yet I with a sharpened hoe-blade
Thru the hosts of uprisers did wade
Cutting a wearying lane
And turned and attacked them again.

Behind me the millions lie dead
With each stroke the hundreds are sped
And at night I rest from my toil
Too weary to gather the spoil.

'Tis a notable victory, what?
Where now is the "seven per swat,"
And the thousand men killed with a bone?
Even David by me is outshown!

So rank not the person too low
Who goes to the war with a hoe
For I would have all the world know
That I am "the man with the hoe."

—CLYDE M. BORGERS

Farm Problem

There are too many FARM PLANS. Nearly everbody seems satisfied that we have to do something for the farmer. Yet it seems to me that all PLANS so far proposed can only DO for the farmer. Farm relief will only relieve the farmer of his farm. Instead of proposing another plan I should like to show why this is so.

Farming is a business requiring that the farmer must plan his own work and manage his own affairs. It is only natural that a large number of us are not able to boss ourselves. It is a hard fact that lots of people would live better as slaves. Since slavery is not permitted to them as a way out we have to either find some other kind of relief or change the jobs of such people. That is a man who needs a boss should in most cases quit farming.

Instead of working in harmony with these natural tendencies our legislatures like to "keep the farmer on the farm." So they pass moratoriums, and extend redemption periods and wonder why they can't collect taxes and why the country is always hard up.

Now if every man who cannot boss himself efficiently were working for someone else the chances are he would be earning a bigger net income than he can earn on the farm. In the same way many folks who could farm would do so if they had a better chance—which chance would be provided if more of the residents of farms who are not farmers were to seek other work.

(Over)

X-PN 4827 #149 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD COPY GIFT

Modern Amatoor

Second 1940 Number

Printed by George H. Kay, Little Falls, Minn.

To Be Understood

When Wisdom makes your heart rejoice
Or Truth needs to be sung
Speak not to men in babbling voice,
Or Pentacostal tongue.

Confucius Say:

In disseminating knowledge by the printed word legibility is matter of first importance. Illegible printing should not be inflicted on eye of public. Better for prestige of printer that he conserve energy and not print it in first place.

Voter's Guide

The common citizen seeking good government will best serve his interests at the polls by voting for GOOD capable men, regardless of party. He will usually do well not to vote for persons unknown to him; or whose reputations do not inspire his faith. Voting the straight ticket is almost invariably a sin, since it serves the party interests but not the interests of the citizen.

No party has all the men of honor, or dishonor, and probably no ticket is entirely devoid of good men. BUT it is a matter of common observation that we have our periods of good government when the chief executive is very much at odds with the majority of the legislative body. The cry of the parties that such a situation ties the hands of the Governor or the President as the case may be is (happily) true.

This being the case, it is clear that the citizen owes it to himself to scratch the ticket.

Many people will disagree with me on what constitutes good government —feeling perhaps that administrations that "do things" are better than those which are hampered and hamstrung by powerful opposition. However, what

Modern Amatoor

Third 1940 Number

Published by Clyde M. Borgers, Foxholm, North Dakota

Printed by George H. Kay, Little Falls, Minnesota

To give you an idea of that amateur booklet here are samples of the type of literature which I wish to put in it.

TREND OF THE TIMES

Primitive men crept from his crude hut in fear
And wondered at the speed of the free, timid deer.

But ages pass. Now man has broken him a steed;
And with the frightened deer keeps pace o'er grassy mead;
And in his boat, with sail unfurled, he skims the inlet's tide,
The while, with longing eye, he scans the ocean wide.

More ages pass. Now man, with giant iron steed,
Rushes from sea to sea with tireless speed;
And far above the clouds, with silvery pinions bright.
He challenges the eagle and o'ertakes him in his flight.

And yet these are but trifles—man's victories in speed—
For Justice, Peace, and Liberty are still the world's great needs.

—JULIA C. COONS

A BROKEN THUMB

By Norman Hathaway

Joe hated Louie, this was certain—and why not? Hadn't Louie taken his girl away? Hadn't Louie caused him to lose his promotion just as he was going to receive it? Oh, there were plenty of reasons.

Joe drove truck No. 2 for Allied Gas Company, and Louie drove truck No. 4. Every Tuesday, Louie had a run to Corinth, a small town about 400 miles from Chicago. It was a non-stop "flight" and this fact prompted Joe's revenge.

It was Monday night, just about 2 p. m., that a slinking figure crept furtively into the garage of the AGC, and sneaked up to truck No. 4. He immediately went around to the back—a snap was heard, and Joe had clipped the chain that hung from the end of the truck. He had wisely not cut it clear through but had left just a bit of iron so that it would break the instance it hit a bump on the road.

The next day, Joe watched the tail end of truck No. 4 disappear down the street. He let out a loud laugh; 200 miles and he'd blow sky high!

"Whatcher laughing about?"

Joe whirled—and gasped. "Louie! I thought you was driving today!"

"Naw," he exhibited a bandaged finger, "I busted my thumb yesterday cranking the truck. The boss wouldn't let me drive today, but sent your kid brother instead."

X-PN 4827

#151

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

COPY ____ GIFT

Modern Amatoor

NUMBER FOUR 1940

Edited and Published by CLYDE M. BORGERS, Foxholm, North Dakota

Printed by George H. Kay, Little Falls, Minnesota

BORGER'S REVIEW

THE NOVEMBER 1940 BUNDLE

THE HI-LIGHTS—proper size. In this issue "Watch that Corpse" almost became a story. "Listen Carefully" was not only well written, but it was well worth writing.

THE POPULAR SIZE

BAY STATE AMATEUR—a club organ and properly independent but the others, COMMENTARY, THE GRAPEVINE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL, METEOR, and THE TURNER INQUIRER ought to be one booklet. They should have a stiff cover like the one on TOPIX, which should be printed by one of the group and each of the others should furnish his four pages. There is nothing to prevent the cover printer printing plenty on the cover. The last one in line should include an index and staple the thing together.

"Argonne Has Him Now" would have been a poem if the last stanza had come first. It would have been 'poetry' even tho lame in structure. There is an element of knowing your story—and an ability to recognize the dramatic quite aside from rhyme, rhetoric, etc.

Two sheet magazines should be stapled. THE GRAPEVINE contained an article of some value—"Mixing of Colored Printing Ink." "All for the Best" was a too true story.

"Deserted Tracks" is good enuf rhyme but doesn't jerk any tears. The "Argonne" poem came close to being ***literature*** in spite of poor workmanship on the part of the poet.

ODD SIZES

"P. S. to War", by Francis S. Caliva, was literature but has the weakness of not being in a paper or having a date.

THE AMPERSAND is always in a class by itself and never a pariah. I always remember that in it appeared that

(Continued on page 4)

A Song of Dusk

The dusk, the dew and the daisies,
  The scent of hay new mown,
The crickets cry and the fading sky,
  With shadows overgrown.

The dusk, the dew and the daisies,
  The call of the cows that wait
By the farmyard bars and the light of stars,
  Calm and serene as fate.

The dusk, the dew and the daisies,
  A silence soft and sweet,
The soothing balm of a summer's calm
  And a glad day made complete.

The dusk, the dew and the daisies,
  The oder of the roses white,
And of roses red that blend and wed
  On the threshold of the night.

The dusk, the dew and the daisies,
  And two in a twilight roam;
Who are speaking less with their lips than eyes
  And blessing the scented gloam.

The dusk, the dew and the daisies,
  And Nature's soul in prayer,
Moving the leaves of patient trees
  And stirring the evening air!

—ARTHUR GOODENOUGH

X-PN 4827

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

EARLY SPRING NUMBER

Vol. 4 March 1, 1940 No. 3

APR 22 1940

MY FAMILY

(Continued from page 89 last Issue)

Spring of 1885 found my father and mother with their only child firmly settled on Thornton Creek. Father went to work. No grass ever grew under his feet. During the winter he cleared the hillsides and in the spring went to farming for all there was in it, planting more than twenty-five acres of the hillsides. He raised several hundred bushels of corn.

In the fall he went back to teaching. Schools then were only three to five months and this gave him plenty of time to clear and crop on the farm. He raised cattle, hogs and sheep and with with some profit from them, he managed to get ahead. He soon bought more land adjacent to his farm and in a few years owned all of Dicks Branch, which was nearly a mile long. This gave him a good farm. He soon built a new log building at the mouth of the branch consisting of two stories with some six rooms. It sat on the rise. perhaps 200 or more feet from the country road which passed up and down with Thornton Creek and the house was forty feet higher up than the creek, with a nice lawn and a small bottom between the house and road. The place looked very spacious and was very attractive for that day.

Father soon had the Evans Postoffice established. It was named for himself, as that was his given name. Here the mail came twice a week and usually daily papers then were a week behind. Mails then coming from outside cities came by way of train to Stonega, Virginia, where it was handled by horseback to Whitesburg and then redispatched and then going out from Sergent to Evans. The New York World was one daily paper that father early subscribed for, together with the Louisville Herald.

As the years roll along, the family increased. On February 20, 1886, the oldest boy of the family was born and father christened him James Gillespie Blaine after the famous statesman who came within a few hundred votes defeating Cleveland for the presidency. The readers will remember Ingersoll's famous speech nominating Blaine for the presidency whom he termed the "Plumed Knight." Father always admired Blaine, and so named his first son for him, and again July the 31st, 1889, another daughter came into the family and she was named for her grandmother on her mothers side, her name being Rettie Ann and so with a family of three children, my parents were kept very busy making, as the old saying went, "every end meet."

(Continued in Summer Number)

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

SUMMER NUMBER

Vol. 4 JUNE 21, 1940 No. 4

Kentucky Amateurs Organize K.A.P.A. At Richmond

April the 14th, 1940 marked a new day and the beginning of a new era with Kentucky Amateur Journalists. Some thirty members of the Kentucky group of the U. A. P. A. met at Richmond, Kentucky, for the purpose of getting better acquainted and to further the cause of the Association.

After the program had been carried out, a round table discussion followed in which it was suggested that a Kentucky Amateur Press Association be organized and this suggestion carried unanimously. Buddy Johnson, one of the young Louisville group, was selected as president of the association with Miss Lois Colley of Richmond as secretary and Ed Tevis, also of that city, as mailing manager for the Kentucky Amateur papers.

"This is the beginning of a new day in amateur journalism", spoke Ed Reed, who was chairman of the meeting and who was highly pleased with the meeting. Richmond was again selected as the meeting place for the annual get together in 1941 and the date was set for the 12th and 13th days of April.

Miss Lois Colley was registrar for the occasion and her office was located in the beautiful Student Union Building. Registration began about eleven o'clock and it was about that time that the Louisville group, consisting of some fifteen members, arrived. Following the registration, luncheon was served in the Blue Room of the Student Union Building. After the luncheon, the editor of the M. T. served as toastmaster and introduced Ed Reed who spoke briefly and introduced the Louisville group. Following this M. E. White, Atta Wise and others spoke of their interest in their favorite hobby. Speakers for the meeting were W. L. Keene, professor of English at Eastern State Teacher's College, James A. Miller, Acting Editor of the Richmond Register, Sam Beckley, Publicity Director at Eastern and Miss Agnes Finneran, Editor of the Eastern Progress. All the speaches were interesting and appreciated by the amateur group.

Edward Reed, Editor of the Amatutor and an active Louisville member of the UAPA, presided at the meeting which was an all-around success. Much interest and enthusiasm was manifested. Let every member look forward to next year's get together and also work for the 1941 convention of the national group to be held in Louisville!

"The Mountain Trails is different. It is the only amateur journal of its kind—and comes from the heart of the Kentucky hills."

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

AUTUMN NUMBER

Vol. 4 SEPT. 21, 1940 No5.

APR 29 1944

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL --- THERE'S A WAY"

Carl Standifer

"It can't be done," so they said when Carl Standifer made up his mind to go to high school and college. Carl Standifer was a youngster of about 14 years of age when he finished the grades at the Forks of Cowan and received his eighth grade diploma. Carl lived up on a little mountain farm up Cowan Creek, about five miles from the county high school. His father was among the best citizens but, not being so well off in worldly goods and not being able to find work near home, there being no mines or anything doing except a little farming and gardening, he could not help Carl much, but this did not discourage his son.

Carl had an ambition to go higher. It was about five miles from his home near the Mouth of Cowan Creek to the Whitesburg High School. There was not much of a road from his home to the high school and so school buses did not go his way. So, there was only one way for Carl to attend high school and that was to walk and this he did through the rain, snow and cold weather as well as the warm, when in May, 1936, he had covered his first goal.

It was a great day when Carl left the high school with that diploma. It had been four years of hard work. He had done odd jobs around town for folks to help buy his clothes and books. "I am going higher!" he said as he went home.

"I do not see how you can do it," said the neighbor folk around. Carl Standifer was not the kind of a boy to give up. During the summer of 1936 he wrote every college he could think of and made several trips to where he thought he could work his way through and was turned down at many places but he was not discouraged.

It was late autumn when I met Carl one day on the street in Whitesburg with a bundle under his arm, his eyes beaming like fire and a smile all over his face. He said, "Well, I reckon I am going to college." "Where in the world are you going to college?" I asked.

(Continued on Page 2.)

#155

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

FOR THE WINTER OF 1940

Vol. 5 DEC. 21, 1940 No. 1

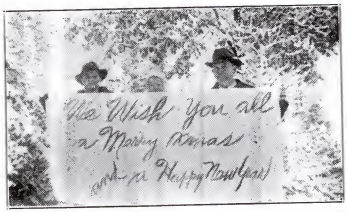
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

AND AT THIS

CHRISTMAS OF

1940

HOW THANKFUL WE ARE THAT WE CAN SAY:



And that it is from the bottom of our hearts.

MR. and MRS. G; BENNETT ADAMS

Ronald Newton and the Kids

X-PN 4827 #156 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

METEOR

VOL. 2 MID-SPRING ISSUE, 1941 NO. 4

FORBIDDEN FOOD

There has been a constant unrest all over Europe ever since the German Blitzbrieg swept over that continent of old, cultured civilization. This unrest has not been wholly based upon the fear of looseing any or all of the freedoms which most people acquainted with self-government like to talk so freely about. It has been caused to a great extent by actual need of life sustaining foods which are and have been becoming more and more scarce in the counqured countries now under the hand of German military control.

If verbial action would do any good as far as actual starvation is concerned the people of European countries should be able to live on the sympathy that is present for them here in the United States. Since that isn't the case there must be some form of action taken before it becomes too late to do any good;--or would it actually help if we sent food to Europe?

Many well informed people are ready to argue both for and against the shipping of any sort of food to any

X-PM 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

COPY GIFT

METEOR

Vol. 2 Summer, 1941 No. 5

Let's Toughen Up!

By Robert E. Wyckoff

Several months ago when the reports from the first draftee examinations began to be analyzed many of us were more than a little surprised to notice that a great number of draitees failed their physical tests. Why? Had the younger generation became weaker and wiser as had long been claimed? We didn't want to admit it but it looked like we should have to when the bare facts were laid before us. The youth of today were trully weaker than they were in the past!

There are several reasons for this. The most significant being the fact that at the time the majority of the young men now being inducted into the armed forces were growing up there existed a time of great need, a depression. In fact one of the worst we have ever had and one which we are only now getting over by artificial means. This disasterous era was caused by the aftermat of the World War which made all nations strive to build up tariff

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

GIFT

METEOR

Vol. 2 | Autumn, 1941 | No. 7

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Having been a member of the AAPA for nearly two years during which time I have been active in the capacity of both a writer and co-editor, have founded methods for the improvement of the association in a fiancial manner, and, I believe, been a typical member, I now have encountered or developed the desire for an office in the association.

After careful consideration I have decided to run for one of the five directorship positions. In connection with this office I do not intend to make any definite promises but I would favor the adoption of plans for the attaining of revenue other than from the contribution method. It must be remembered that the raising of this revenue must not be such methods that would tend to make the AAPA semi-professional because if this association is to serve its' purpose it must be strictly *amateur*. I know that contribting has kept many associations going and would probably con-

X-PN 4827

#159

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

METEOR

Vol. 2 Mid-Autumn, 1941 No. 8

RIGHT CHURCH

No matter what your sins are, what your desires of heaven are or how you fear hell, there is a denomination of religion that suits your case. It might be argued therefore that every one should belong to some church. In picking your church you have about 500 choices and can consider every phase of the sinful situation and the need of reformation.

After you have selected a denomination do not fall into error by saying some one else is in the wrong church. His sins may be different to yours and hopes of a blissful future greater, or he may have a greater fear of the bottomless pit. It may be the right church for him. Although the same church would be the wrong one for you.

#160

The Melting Pot

Member of the U. A. P. A. A.

Irma Gwin, Publisher, 2081 47, Avenue, San Frisco, Cal.

Summer 1941

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1941

Deduction

What is a snowflake?
Art's great masterpiece.
What is a red rose?
Love, sans surcease.
What is a cloud?
An angel's pure breath.
What is this life?
Preparation for "death".
What is death?
A reward for Earth's strife;
The true beginning
Of the ultimate life!

Irma A. Gwin.

X-PN 4827

#161

The Melting Pot

Member of the U. A. P. A. A.

Irma Gwin, Pub'sr., 2081, 47 Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

June 1941

June In Nineteen-Forty

APR 2 1944

June, the month of brides!
The month when roses reign;
June, the month of love--
Will it ever be so again?

June! The irony of it!
Instead of love and brides,
Death and terror and torture,
While a vicious war lord rides.

Paris, lovely Paris--
Bride of all the world,
Now wears a veil of blood and smoke,
While 'round her, bombs are hurled!

June on an English countryside,
Known as earth's friendliest spot--
June in nineteen.forty
What havoc has Man wrought?

JAPN 4827

#162

The Melting Pot

Member of the U. A. P. A. A.

Irma Gwin, Pub'sr., 2081, 47 Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

June 1941

June In Nineteen-Forty

June, the month of brides!
The month when roses reign;
June, the month of love--
Will it ever be so again?

June! The irony of it!
Instead of love and brides,
Death and terror and torture,
While a vicious war lord rides.

Paris, lovely Paris--
Bride of all the world,
Now wears a veil of blood and smoke,
While 'round her, bombs are hurled!

June on an English countryside,
Known as earth's friendliest spot--
June in nineteen.forty
What havoc has Man wrought?

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
TRIAL PROOF
APR 29 1944
[redacted]

X-PN 4827

#163

The Melting Pot

Member of the U. A. P. A. A.

Irma Gwin, Publisher, 2081 47, Avenue, San Frisco, Cal.

Summer 1941

Deduction

CA LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD APR 20 1944

What is a snowflake?
Art's great masterpiece.
What is a red rose?
Love, sans surcease.
What is a cloud?
An angel's pure breath.
What is this life?
Preparation for "death".
What is death?
A reward for Earth's strife;
The true beginning
Of the ultimate life!

Irma A. Gwin.

X-PN 4827

#164

The Melting Pot

Entire contents written and published by

Irma Gwin, 2081 - 47th Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

Summer 1941

LIBRARY
CURRENT
SERIAL RECORD

APR 29 1944

Humility

A mountain peak,
A tree, some snow,
A clear blue sky
With soft pink glow.

A cloud floats by,
By power unseen,
The sun sinks down,
With a golden sheen.

Trifling you say,
But friend of mine,
Could we build these
We would be divine.

Library of Congress
Serial Record
Received
JAN 21 1943 #165

The Minstrel

MAY, 1941

BUDS

The hellish wrath of men engulfs the earth
While swelling buds through tiny cracks are peeping
As heavenly warmth again gives life new birth
And gay perennials sprout – no longer sleeping.
Their mission love, through summer's golden hours;
No wrath or hate can dwell in hearts of flowers.

We have discussed poetry, humor and art but here is a little more, my meat and your poison.

Humor, they say, should be spontaneous, which means "Generated or produced without human effort." Since the written word involves labor, that's out. Some dislike Irish, English, German and Negro jokes. We have yet to hear a joke told by any member of a race involving his own. Jokes come from joke-smiths who sit up late nights producing their stuff as soon as anybody or anything takes the popular fancy. They are mongrels or monkeys and most of their product is putrid.

There is no need of a joke-smith for there is humor all around us. It even chisels in on tragedy. Take our poem, "Buds," in this issue for example; we wrote it in the streetcar on our way to the office and as soon as we reached that burean which boasts of heavy brains we asked our trusty stenographer to type it that we might see how it looked in print; if it looked like a poem,

X-DN 1022
3166
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

MASAKA

FEBRUARY 1941

まさか雜誌

X-PN 4021

#167

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 26 1945
COPY
GIFT

Masaka

NUMBER EIGHT

MAY OF 1941

PN 4827

#168

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

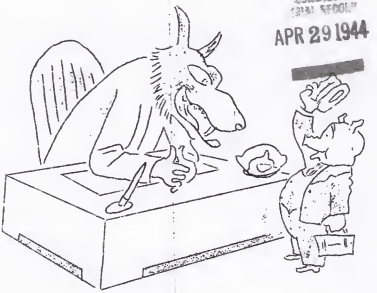
JUN 2 1989

COPY
GIFT

#169

The Mint Julep

BUSINESS
APR 29 1944



BIG BUSINESS

VOL. 2 ... 1ST QUARTER - 1941 ... NO. 1

X-PN 4827

#170

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 8 1945

MODERN AMATOOR

NUMBER ONE, 1941

Published by Clyde M. Borgers, Foxholm, N. D. for the AAPA and printed by R.F. Spain, Mail Order Printer, Windfall, Indiana.

STATEMENT OF PURPOSE

I propose to use this year of my membership to introduce myself and this locality to the far flung fraternity which is the American Amateur Press Association. Altho I will use many reprints and will revise some stuff and quote my fellows often there will be little use sending me material - - - - I roll my own However, next issue I plan to propose a pooling of resources in order that many members of this club shall combine their talents and products under a worthy name. My proposal last year for a book fell flat so this should go over big.

NOTE:- All ye AAPA's who have literary works of mine please use or return - - - I'll pay postage.

CLYDE'S CAREER (Strictly Private)

- First Installment -

Oft as I sit alone
Dreaming of many things
My fancy takes to wings
'Mong days long flown.

Memories dear they are
Yet with each dawning day
Farther each fades away
Dims like a star.

—Written by Clyde M. Borgers, sometime in 1924.

This is not the first time I have tried to write my diary but it seems the most successful for I have not given up yet. I fear that I must write my very best (if I am to publish this) unless I become famous, for then I could sell a biography of myself written by Jacob A. Riis. Read his eulogy of T. R. if you don't think so.

The only time I remember riding in a baby buggy was impressed on me by a colt which jumped over the buggy and in passing kicked me over one eye. For a long time I knew which eye - - now I don't even know that.

A few other of my early experiences are stamped on my brain and taken together may explain much. The next important injury to my head happened when a flat iron landed point first just above my left ear. I have often wondered since if the colt sprained it's ankle. (In the light of this read on at your own risk.)

They tell me the century was not quite eight years old when I arrived and the stork almost left me for Santa Claus to bring. Those who should know say I lifted up my voice and wept bitterly and frequently for some years, but this sad period of my life washed out its memory for me.

(Continued on next page)

X-P
H171
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

Modern Amatoor

NUMBER THREE, 1941

Published by Clyde M. Borgers, Foxholm, N. D. for the AAPA.
Printed by R. F. Spain, Mail Order Printer, Windfall, Indiana.

POETIC PROSE

By CLYDE BORGERS

SOME of our self-styled modern poets frequently burst into print deriding rhyme and verse as bonds and shackles of the great poetic urge. Altho I knew that "rhyming verse" ranged from the sublime to the sublimely ridiculous, I could not see the point; at first. I used to say, "Let's leave to Nash the dishing out of literary hash," but recently it came to me what these "artists" were really driving at. I think that now I know.

The art need not be anchored to the measured beat to which dance tunes are set . . . but in a way is the same Art tho rolling free on some far broader base. The tempo of its music may itself have more of pleasant variation than our modern experiment in music, (known as swing).

At the same time it is improper for the "Artists" to insist that every imbecile who cannot put his thoughts in prose, is by consequence a worthy poet. A poem in my estimation is more than a string of broken sentences arranged in something like the old familiar form . . . it is more than the weird expression of a hazy notion . . . or the hazy expression of a good idea. And it goes without saying that a poem should convey ideas, and not merely string together words from the dictionary.

Since I call myself a poet and believe I would be lacking in the literary skill could I not write in fact what lesser artisans merely try to write . . . I set myself the task of giving you a demonstration. This is it. This article is worthy prose . . . but by a little breaking up of sentences to lines the thing could pass as modern poetry. Devoid of verse it has a crude sort of rhyme . . . which it does not strictly keep and has as well what most such "poems" lack . . a good idea . . which I think is rather well expressed; and lacking which almost nothing should be ever said or written. An obvious defect as recasting shows is that as "poetry" this literary gem takes up an altogether undeserved amount of space.

X-PN 4827 X-PN 4827 H172
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 28 1945

Modern Amatoor

Edited and Published by CLYDE M. BORGERS, Foxholm, North Dakota

Printed by George H. [illegible]

Number Three — November, 1941

TOPICS

By Clyde M. Borgers

Not everyone realizes that the most interesting things which serve as subject matter for serious discussion are those things which are nearest to our hearts.

One of our members writes caustically an article on the "Witnesses" and another protests vehemently against the manner of the "attack". But in the objection a point is raised I cannot overlook. Presumably we are not to discuss without approval the religious opinion of others.

Now it so happens that I regard it a matter of greatest importance to people (especially writers) to form opinions about matters religious. And I hold they should hear many viewpoints and form their *own* conclusions without feeling bound to embrace the views or doctrines of others.

It is good for one to know sometimes that some of his notions are held in contempt by others—else how could he keep a proper perspective. Few of us are angels to any but ourselves, and we'd be almost certain to develop warped views if only our worshippers approached us.

Democracy presupposes that conflicting opinions will be freely aired—in fact, Democracy, as I regard it, requires that all important differences be kept in view. The fundamental issue today—the world over—is whether the opposition shall be given a just hearing or whether it shall be stifled to let the rulers claim that harmony exists.

It is not because the ruler can do a better job if he hears no adverse voices, but rather that his blunders will not be so publicly branded for what they are. We all know how he feels.

History no doubt shows many examples of the wisdom of consideration for a lesser man's advice—but almost any of us can call to mind the boss who reversed himself when a wiser subordinate explained an error. The best boss knows how to use the superior wisdom of his employees—in fact that is one reason for being able men; they know or can do something which is beyond their employer.

So in the matter of AAPA topics I say: no topic should be wholly barred—but if anyone sets out to say that we should treat with reverence all that comes to us as "religion" then he is bound to demand that so-called religious folk treat with reverence the views of their opposition. Especially should he insist that any religious radio program should do as it would be done by.

The fact is that no church which seeks converts has ever practiced the golden rule. Many concede that their converts shall share in heaven according to the life they lead on earth, but are unwilling to admit that other folks have an equal right to disagree with their notion of what is the "right way of life." Each church claims

(*Continued on page 4*)

4027

An Amateur Journal of The Cumberlands--Spiced With The Flavor of The Hill Country

FOR THE SPRING OF 1941

Vol. 5 MARCH. 21, 1941 No. 2

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
APR 29 1944

The Beautiful Student Union Building, Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College Richmond; Where Kentucky Amateur Press Group Will Meet April 6th.

1174

The Moving Finger

GOVERNMENT DOCUMENTS CENTRAL REC
APR 29 1944

Volume 1 Cleveland, Monday, July 7, 1941 Number 4

M'CARTHY OUT IN

Bernice Resigns as Secretary in Mid-Term---Jane Chosen Unanimously to Succeed Her---Editorial Award Given to Ed Cole But Committee's Report Is Thrown Out

Edkins Does Unto Brodie as Wesson Done Unto Edkins

Perhaps it was a lapsa linguae, but Ernie Edkins showed on Saturday night that he holds no hard feelings for Sheldon Wesson. In his comments on Warren J. Brodie, he committed the same breach of the laws of libel which inspired two 850 word letters to Wesson in June.

Ernie has complained because the Brooklyn Bozo had intimated that he was in possession of information which, if revealed, "would detract from Mr. Edkins' standing in the NAPA." The Salzedo Sage complained that this indefinite wording left entirely too much to the imagination.

At the banquet E. A. turned to Brodie and said: "If I were to undertake in all seriousness to expose the criminal career of this old scissorbill, his gray hairs would go down in dishonor to the grave."

Tony Moitoret rode herd on the moan-

(Continued on Back Page)

Jane A. McCarthy was elected secretary of the NAPA to complete the term of her niece Bernice at the final session of the sixty-sixth convention yesterday morning. The latter's resignation because of other duties had been forecast by the livewire Moving Finger news staff.

Other action included adoption of a resolution instructing President Trainer to appoint a committee to confer on an inter-association laureate contest; adoption of the seventh and rejection of the sixth proposal to amend the constitution; appointment of Ed Cole to draft a new constitution; tabling of the Turnepseed-Dunlap resolution donating the NAPA to the non-publishing writers, and asking the committee on editorial award to do a better job of its report placing Cole at the top of the heap.

Ernest Edkins proposed that laureate awards be divided into two or more classes, for the encouragement of our younger members, and that they be not called laureates.

When President Telschow read part of a personal letter from George W.

(Continued on Back Page)

#175

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

A FEW THOUGHTS

Being a new boy in the "A.A.P.A." I am very likely to make a lot of mistakes but please overlook them. I've been a printer's devil and an editor at the same time quite a mixture; isn't it? But what else did it

X-FN 4827

#176

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1990
COPY GIFT

THE MONTHLY HERALD

DECEMBER

X-PN 4827

#177

The Morning Bird

November 1942

PLAINT OF A RED CROSS WORKER

WITH FINGERS ALL TATTERED AND TORN
AND HER ELBOWS COVERED WITH DIRT,
POOR LITTLE MARY, SITS STITCHING
AND SINGING THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

AH WELL FOR THE FISHERMAN'S BOY,
AS HE SHOUTS WITH HIS SISTER AT PLAY;
"WHY DO I STITCH ON THIS LOUSY SHIRT
WHEN I MIGHT BE AT A MATINEE?"

I THINK WHILE I'M DOING THIS WORK,
OH WHY DID I PROMISE THOSE LADIES?
AS THE DARKNESS FADES INTO THE MURK
I WISH THE DAMN THING WAS IN HADES.

X-PN 4827

The Library of Congress
Central Serial Record
Received

#175

Vol. 4 October 1942 No. 3

NEW TREASURER

Jane McCarthy, 402 Second Avenue, Asbury Park, N. J., has been appointed to finish Sheldon Wesson's term of office as Treasurer. Sheldon will be in the service soon, but in what branch is still a mystery.

SERVICE ROSTER

Listed in this Mailer are the names and addresses that I have of men in the service. There may be others in addition to Ralph Babcock who still retain their home address for mailings - in which cases I do not have the camp address.

NEW MEMBERS

Mrs. Ida Finley -- 902 South Grand Avenue
Lyons, Kansas
Mrs. Grace Phillips - 372 Olentangy Street
Columbus, Ohio
Philip Spira (Reinstatement) 2036 E. 86 St.
Cleveland, Ohio

X-PN 4827

#179

VOL. 4 November, 1942 NO. 4

Christmas will mean an extra burden on the faithful postmen next month, so mostly in consideration of them (and a little for myself) the mailing deadline will be December 31st instead of the 25th. Speaking of Christmas makes me realize that this is my only chance to wish all of you a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

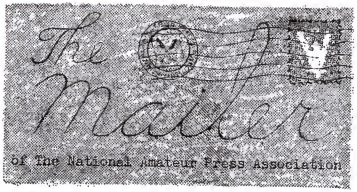
* * *

My Dad (one of my advisors on this job) is feeling sorry for the postoffice and our mailman - who, Dad claims, has to use a shovel to deliver some of the packages with. Seriously, though, some of the packages arrive in almost tatters and the fact that I ever receive them is a credit to the post office department. Please wrap them in heavy paper, and use plenty of heavy cord to keep them together.

* * *

To prove that a flirt has a practical (though usually called mercenary) side, I'm including a report of the Mailing Bureau's financial status in The Mailer this month.

#180



Vol. 4 December 1942 No. 5

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
DEC 29 1942

THANKS ...

Like everyone else this year, I dreamed of a white Christmas. Cleveland weather failed me but my friends in A.J. with their cards didn't. It was a strange assortment. Never before have money, changes of address and personal notes come to me via Christmas cards. Opening them was an adventure. A personal Thank-you to all who remembered me.

AND MORE THANKS ...

Last month, The Mailer published a financial report. This month it's thanks to B. Franklin Moss and Herbert Hauser for their generous checks, helping to cover expenses.

PUBLISHERS, NOTE ...

The mailing list has been decreased and next month (deadline January 25) publishers need only send 300 copies of their papers. Reason -- delinquent members were removed from the list.

X-PN 4827 H 131

Moneymaker Junior

SIXTH YEAR NOVEMBER, 1942 6,000 COPIES

An Independent Paper Published by
LEWIS MAIL SERVICE, 828 Carpenter Avenue
Oak Park, Ill.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 20 1944

639 639

ADVERTISING RATES

Classified ads—2c a word. Minimum 30 cents. Display ads—75c per column inch (about 40 words).

Three insertions of same ad (either classified or display) for the price of two.

Forms for December issue close Nov. 21.

MAILERS—25 or 50 copies of Moneymaker Junior send free, for mailing in your big mails and opportunity packets, if requested.

OUR ADVERTISERS — We believe all our advertisers are honest, however we assume no responsibility for their statements. Should you have any disputes with them, notify us, and we will try to adjust them to your satisfaction. We do not knowingly print dishonest ads in this paper.

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to this paper and a big 8x9 inch envelope each month full of the latest moneymaking opportunities, ad - sheets, magazines and bargain offers for only a dime. You'll get all the newest offers every month. Moneymaker Junior, 828 Carpenter, Oak Park, Ill.

Classified OPPORTUNITIES

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MAKE WAR MONEY by mail. Send two 1½c stamps for information. A. W. J. Terborg, 490 McDonough St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SELL BY MAIL—Big Profits. Full particulars, including magazine, 10c. Mailers, 730 W. Gift St., Peoria, Ill.

I MAKE A GOOD LIVING from my home, selling Greeting Cards by Mail. You could do likewise. 25c brings complete instructions. Dunbar, Middlebush, N. J.

OPEN A CUT-RATE DRUG STORE By Mail—Complete instructions, all supply sources etc., 10c. Dixie Mail Service, Box 67-J, King, N. C.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

At Any Bank or Postoffice

SELL BOOKS BY MAIL — Deal direct with publishers. Imprints furnished. All kinds of books. Big profits. Details, 10c. Dixie Mailers, Box 67J, King, N. C.

BEAT THE High Cost of Living by starting a "Co-Operating Buying Club." A practical and profitable idea. Get details free. Spare Time Industries, Box M, Middlebush, N. J.

WHERE TO SELL Weeds, bugs, postmarks, unusual photos, used stamps, snapshots, new ideas, inventions, bright sayings, music, books, recipes, misprints, etc. Rush 25c for big list of Markets for the Unusual. B & B, Box 1436, Long Beach, Calif.

PROFITABLE MAIL ORDER TIPS — For established dealers and beginners. Dime (refundable) brings valuable suggestions. Lewis Volchok. 1908-B Gerard Ave., New York City.
(Above inquiries, 50c per 100)

SPARETIME OPPORTUNITIES—Copies of 6 moneymaking magazines, several co-publishing offers, moneymaking ideas, home work offers, etc., sent for stamp. Include dime if you want copy of my 52-page opportunity magazine. Loren Hollenberg, Roseville, Ill.

Printed in U. S. A.

WHEN ANSWERING THE ADS
Please Mention This Paper and the Mailer named below

THOMAS J. PRICELIUS
[illegible] Street
Brooklyn, New York

#182

The MOUNTAINEER

Published by Rib Mountain Branch 215, N.A.L.C.

M. H. Krenz, Editor

BRANCH OFFICERS

President

Werner A. Zastrow

Vice President

John H. Huckbody

Secretary and Treasurer

Marvin H. Krenz

Sergeant at Arms

Raymond O. Marks

APR 29 1944

Scribe

Raymond C. Schulz

VOLUME II, NO. I MARCH-APRIL 1942

THE MASCOT

Volume 4 JANUARY 1943 Number 1

MASCOT TOY O

Official Mascot of M.A.P.A.

X-PN 4827

#134

THE MOCKING BIRD

FEBRUARY 1943

o BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER o

APR 23 1944

"YOU ARE OLD, UNCLE BENNIE" THE MOCKING BIRD SAID
AS HE ROCKED HIMSELF UP IN A TREE;
"AND INSTEAD OF SPENDING YOUR MORNINGS IN BED
WHY DONT YOU GET BUSY LIKE ME?"

"WHEN I WAS A YOUNG GUY" SAID BENNIE,
"I USED TO JUMP UP LIKE A LARK
BUT NOW THAT I'M OLD AND MY BONES HAVE GOT STIFF
I NEVER GET UP UNTIL DARK."

"AND I DID TRY TO PUBLISH MY PAPER EACH MONTH'
BUT NOW THAT MY FEET HAVE GOT SORE.
I USUALLY SIT AT MY DESK AND SAY HELL-
I REALLY CANT HURRY NO MORE."

X-PN 4827

#155

The Monasticon

MOODS OF A MEDIEVALIST

NUMBER ONE
MAY, 1943

Deposition

Be Reasonable, Officer. We Can Explain Everything

SOME MEN scribble subpoenas; others elude them; still others have subpoenas thrust upon them. Ours came by office mail. Innocently we unrumpled it. It ran (rhymed and relentless) as follows: "Dear Cliff: All arrangements are settled. I don't work the 18th of May. You're expected to come by the palpitant Penn to the dust of my dull typograpical den, there to pass a poetical day. There's an excellent train at 9:20 and others at 9:35, 10:10 and 10:40. I mention no more, as it's noon and not midnight you're coming before, and I'm hoping you'll plan to arrive by the earliest possible choo-choo. If you don't I shall probably shoot you." It was signed: The Bilious Bull.

Note particularly the Duma-like authority of the thing:

Song for the Seeing Blind

Tricked with a gift of sight,
I stumble through the light,
Bewildered by the gleam
On this earth-anchored dream.
So dazzled are my eyes
By glints of Paradise
Still gold-bright in the grace
Of flower, cloud and face,
My lashes lift, afraid
Lest they forsake the Maker for
the made.

But you whose eyes lie dark
Save for the shielded spark
Of soul-sight, you are led
Unsnared, unswayed,
Past every lure to Him
Whose *fiat lux* could brim
The gulfed abyss of gloom
With incandescent bloom,
Yet in whose purest sight
Not even Heaven's burnished
floor is bright.

X-PN 4827

THE MINSTREL

. . . By . . .

ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest St., W. Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. 11 March-April, 1943 No. 4

THE MINSTREL, as its name implies, is a songster. It sings of goodness whether prose or poetry and songs are usually good anyway. What we have to say in this article or editorial (whichever you wish to call it) could be said in fifty words, but in order that it may sink in and achieve its aim, a little detail is in order.

Proof! THE PROFESSIONAL PRESS HAS PRINTED reports to the effect that the wife of the late Houdini, the magician, had made a pact to get in touch with him after his death.

She is quoted as having said that she kept a light burning above his picture for ten years and had held a number of seances in connection therewith with absolutely no revelations coming from the spirit world.

This, she claims, has caused her to renounce her belief in another life after death, or in other words, the hereafter, Heaven.

She says that when death comes it means the final curtain and that's the end of us, since no proof of a future life has ever been established.

It is indeed unfortunate that she, at this time of world upheaval, felt free to make sucha statement to the public press, and more unfortunate that the press failed to recognize the effect publicity would have on a multitude of luke warm christians the world over who

X-PN 4827

#187

An Amateur Magazine yclept Masaka, Being ye May mcmxliii Issue and No. xi.

X-PN 4827

#138

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

COPY
GIFT

The Monthly Herald

Vol. 5 No. 3 July 1943 Monthly or Bust!

Co-operation

We should all try to do our own work well to help America win the war because the United States as a group of people depends upon the support of each citizen.

I ran across this poem which shows the dependence of the group upon the individual and visa versa:

Dean Rea

"Now this is the law of the jungle
As old and as true as the sky,
And the wolf that keeps it will prosper,
But the wolf that breaks it must die
As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk,
So the law runneth forward and back,
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf,
And the strenght of the Wolf is the Pact."

Anon.

X-PN 4827 #187

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

The Monthly Herald

Vol. 5, No. 5. 1943 September

CONDEMNED

by Kenneth Henchen

His face grew pale and his body shuddered as his name was called. He had heard the pleading cries and painful shouts of those whose names were called before. He walked steathily toward the door, as others around him quailed with fear.

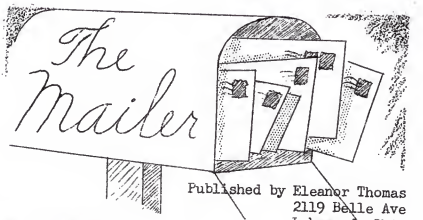
There was a sudden pause at the door, where two faces showing scornful hate, quickly bound a blindfold around his eyes. All turned black. Suddenly a strong arm shoved him ruthlessly into a corridor. The door shut. Again there were shrieking cries of pain as the remaining comrades waited tensely for their name to be called.

-------Another Freshman was being initiated.

Courtesy of the Manuscript Bureau

X-PN 482

#190



Published by Eleanor Thomas
2119 Belle Ave
Lakewood, Ohio

Mailing Manager
Of the National Amateur Press Association

Vol. 4 January 25, 1943 No. 6

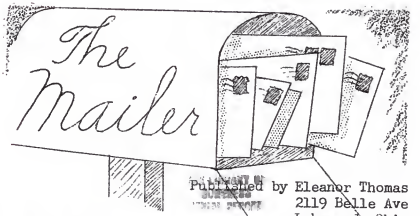
THE BUNDLE GOES OUT

Do any of you ever wonder what becomes of your papers after you send them on to me? Here is the usual procedure — though it may vary according to my mood.

Your package arrives. It is taken upstairs, and put on the shelf of the large library table I use as a desk. I rarely open the package immediately, (there are exceptions, of course), though I do honestly try to acknowledge receipt of it plus any money you send. The week-end before mailing-time, I write the Mailer copy and give it to Helen Adam, who is in complete charge of it from that point on. During the week, I manage to make out the labels and get them on the envelopes.

Since the bundles are always mailed on a Saturday or Sunday - for the sake of convenience - I usually "stuff" them on Friday night. I take one

#191



Published by Eleanor Thomas
2119 Belle Ave
Lakewood, Ohio

Mailing Manager
Of the National Amateur Press Association

APR 29 1944

Vol. 4 January 25, 1943 No. 6

THE BUNDLE GOES OUT

Do any of you ever wonder what becomes of your papers after you send them on to me? Here is the usual procedure — though it may vary according to my mood.

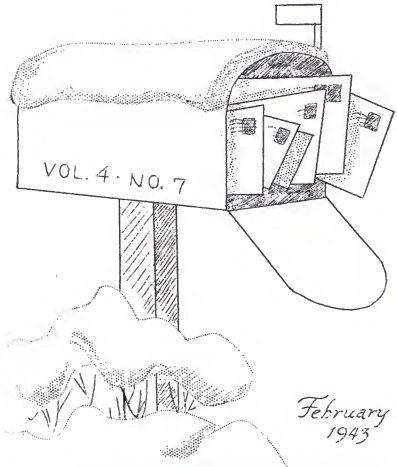
Your package arrives. It is taken upstairs, and put on the shelf of the large library table I use as a desk. I rarely open the package immediately, (there are exceptions, of course), though I do honestly try to acknowledge receipt of it plus any money you send. The week-end before mailing-time, I write the Mailer copy and give it to Helen Adam, who is in complete charge of it from that point on. During the week, I manage to make out the labels and get them on the envelopes.

Since the bundles are always mailed on a Saturday or Sunday - for the sake of convenience - I usually "stuff" them on Friday night. I take one

X-PN 4827

#192

The Mailer

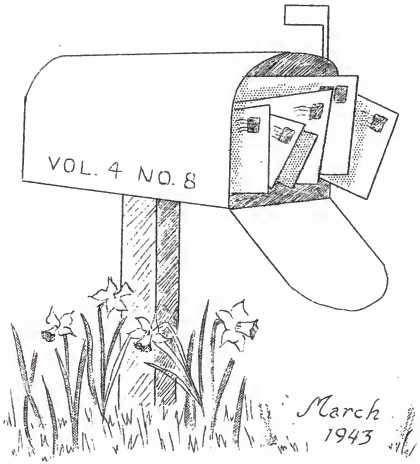


February 1943

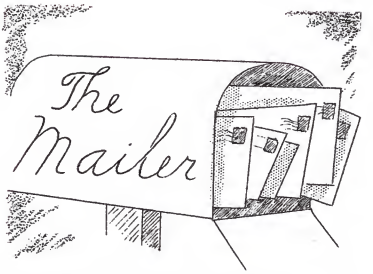
OF THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

#193

The Mailer



H194



Vol. 4 April - 1943 No. 9

The Mailer has been on vacation! Shortly after getting settled in Evanston, I started east. There were a few days in Cleveland, a longer time in New York, and now this is being written from Vermont.

New York was really an exciting experience! I saw Vondy several times, and on a shopping spree - (this is something all the girls can envy me) - Vondy helped me choose my Easter bonnet.

Then I attended a Blue Pencil Club meeting at the Haggertys' home. With Tillie wielding the gavel, the meeting was kept very orderly (Conapans take note) and each member read an essay on "Memories." Many memories were recalled. Mrs. Pearl Morton, who won the vote of the evening for prose, wrote about the dear days when one could buy any and all foods. Mr. Deming's poem written supposedly twenty-five years hence,

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE MAILER

Vol. 5 *August 20th, 1943* *No. 1*

Change Of Address

Cpl. Chas. A. Austin
31045410
64th Bomb Squardon (H)
43 Bomb Group
APO 929 c-o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

Alfred Babcock
121 Burnside Ave.
Cranford, N. J.

Lt. Ralph Babcock
1524 N. 6th St.
Waco, Texas

Virginia Baker
1084 26th St.
Ogden, Utah

Miss Betty Bird
218 S. Union
Stafford Kaansas

Russe Bohr
R#3,
Pottstown, Penn.

Irwin O. Brandt
409 Sweitzer St.
Greenville, Ohio

Bebe Matilda Cady
717 N. State St.
Howell, Mich.

George S. Connell
828 N. W. 9th Ave.
Miami - 36 - Fla.

Pvt. Frank P. Early
Co. A-39th Sig Constn. Btn.
Camp Swift, Texas

J. L. Frisbie
U. S. 2 T S (OGU)
Barracks L 2
Sampson, N. Y.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
#176
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

THE MAILER

Vol. 5 *September 30th, 1943* *No. 2*

Change Of Address

Virginia Baker, 809 20th St., Ogden, Utah

Benjamin Chesney, 3252 N. St., N. W., Washington 7, D. C.

E. A. Edkins, 4313 Salzedo St., Coral Gables, Fla.

Pfc. Richard K. Gaskins, 809 20th St., Ogden, Utah

Lawrence R. Giles, 3157 Monroe St., Ogden, Utah

Mrs. Jean C. Hayes, 252 Sunnyside Drive, San Leandro, Calif.

Bob Holman, 125 E. Market St., Mahoney City. Pa.

Mrs. Elsie M. Holman, 125 E. Market St., Mahoney City, Pa.

Cpl. Chas. Hoye, 444th Engr. Base Depot Co., APO 514, C-o Postmaster, N. Y. C.

Raymond J. Jeffreys, 775 E. Main St., Columbus 5, Ohio

#1197
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

The Mailer

Vol. 5 *October 25th, 1943* *No. 3*

Change Of Address

Mrs. Marguerite Boyer, Canal Winchester, Ohio

Charles E. Burpee, 1057 S. Normandie Ave., Los Angeles, California

Rupert H. Englefield, 1112 E. High St., Springfield, Ohio

Edgar M. Hayes, 252 Sunnyside Dr., San Leandro, Calif.

Jeffrey H. Jennings, 1084 Amsterdam Ave., New York 25, N. Y.

Bayard Oxtoby, 125 N. Gilbert, Iowa City, Iowa

Emilie Schweigl, 194-33 111 Road, St. Albans 12, N. Y.

Pfc Sheldon Wesson, Co. G, 3205 SCSO, Syracuse University, N. Y.

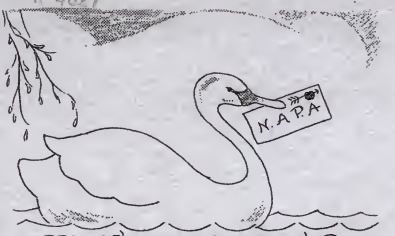
New Members

Elmer C. Crowell, 509 S. Harris Ave., Columbus 4, Ohio

Jeanette DeVore, 2673 E. 127 St., Cleveland 20, Ohio

X-PN 4827

#198



THE MAILER

- of the National Amateur Press Association -

- SWAN SONG -

So that everybody will get the next bundle before the convention, please send your papers (325 copies) in time to reach me by June 18th.

Because of the short space of time between this mailing and the next, this probably is my last Mailer. So I'll use this one to tell all of you that it hardly seems possible that my job is nearly done; that it has been fun (and some work) doing it; that I appreciate your tolerance for mistakes I have made; that I've enjoyed your letters and cards; and that I now feel equipped to hire out as a professional "stuffer," "label sticker" and "stamp licker."

Except for my report to the convention (where I'll be seeing you!) my work is almost completed. The cards are up to date and ready to be handed over to the next mailer. I have a few left-over papers, which I'll be glad to send to anyone who wants them.

#199
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JAN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

The Monthly Herald

Monthly or Bust

Vol. 6 No. 1 January 1944

Busted Five Straight Years

"The Monthly Herald" was six years old January the third. It never has appeared in the monthly bundle twelve months out of a year in any of the years gone by.

Mr. Brandt is now printing "The Herald" for us, and unless we go bankrupt or cease to exist "The Herald" will become a monthly.

Articles, poetry, or editorals are more than welcome. Any new or inactive member who would like to get started in A. J. feel free to send us material. In case you feel like dropping us a line, do so, and we'll return the favor.

—The Editor.

X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
COPYRIGHT GIFT

The Monthly Herald

Vol. 6 No. 2 | February | 1944

WORDS

Words are wonderful things,
Sometimes full of strings;
Sometimes brighten a lonely life,
Sometimes cut like a knife.

A gentle word spoken,
Will cheer a heart that is broken;
A kind word is a good deed
Spoken to someone in need.

So watch your words today
And all along your way,
Use only words that will cheer
To everyone far and near.

—Edith Roeth.

X-PN 4827

#701

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

COPY

The Monthly Herald

March AAPA 1944

THE FIRST WHISPER

Out of the bleak, cold earth today
A little head came peeping,
Announcing tidings of the joy
That I will soon be reaping.

The first frail and lovely blossom
Seemed to say in accents low:
"Won't you pause for just a moment,
Look at me before you go?"

—Norman Quillman

A-PN COPY

#202

The ... CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN - 8 1945
COPY

The Monthly Herald

Volume 6 Number 7 July 1944 Sparta, Mo.

EDITORIAL

The "Herald" would be eight pages large each month if ye editor could secure material. The manuscript bureau has co-operated excellently, but I hate to bother old man Jackson all the time. Hope Paul overlooks this page.

Ed Wall is running for President, and Irwin O. Brandt is running for Mailer in the coming election. Let's elect them! A vote for ye editor would be appreciated. I'm running for --2B MayB-- a Director.

THE MONTHLY HERALD

Sparta, Missouri August. . .1944

X-PN 4827

The Minstrel

By
ALBERT CHAPIN, 11 Hillcrest Street,
West Roxbury, Mass.

Vol. 2 April-May, 1944 No. 5

Amateur Journalism

That is what we call our hobby. Nobody can deny that it is "amateur" but as for "journalism" much of it reads more like teen age "chinning." We would not call a man an amateur yachtman who worked on a mudscow or who was remotely associated with the water. Neither are writers journalists whose capacity goes no deeper than flinging mud at each other in print.

As chroniclers of events, newspaper work, etc., we are failures. We have duly selected capable critics perfectly able to properly function if we refrain from taking the work out of their hands. We all know that John Doe is an expert printer and a capable writer. Let it go at that and not keep harping on the qualifications of certain members as though there no official critics or no other members. It is perfectly evident that some of our printers are shy on suitable themes hence

#355

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE MISSOURIAN

December,
1944

Volume I *Numbers 2 & 3*

H 306
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

mimeaprint!

"The Magazine Newspaper"

Edited,Published and Mimeographed by Ray C. Higgs,813 Eastern Ave.;Connersville,Indiana. Member of UAPAA and AAPA. Circulation 700 Copies.Contents Entered For Laureate Awards.

Volume One. September 1944 Number One.

YOUR EDITOR By R.HIGGS

X-PN 4827

#807

MASAKA

12

X-PN 4827

#208

13

Masaka

4209

No. 4 *The Marionette* January

APR 29 1944

OH! MY HEART!

Eunice McKee

The glamor girls and pretty boys who exude charms for the "moom pitchers" have grasshopper minds if they are really like magazines and newspapers would have us believe. Their emphasized ego drives them toward keeping in the public eye. The crazier their antics, the crazier some fans become over them. If a star thinks divorce will cause her mail to increase, she will rush to Reno, shed crocodile tears to the judge, and wail: "Incompatability is the cause of it all!" Jean Harlow tried to be original and accused her last husband of reading in bed.

What an Adamless Eden Hollywood must be! There aren't enough husbands to go around, so the stars swap. Off with the old, on with the new; the more the merrier! Gloria Swanson marries, and marries, and marries, and marries to stay in the limelight. It's surprising she hasn't selected the fifth victim. The only way Gloria can act is to act as though she's in love with her newest husband.

Gene Raymond recently lamented: "I've never been in love because no girl has ever given me the chance to be." Poor little Gene. The girls fall all over his "Lincoln Memorial shoulders." Flappers suffocate him with high-powered, sizzling, open adoration, and Genie doesn't like that. The meanies. He

No. 5 *The Marionette* February

Three of a Kind

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
APR 20 1944

Patrice Doidge

A young man walked up the great brick steps of the Wellington mansion and gave the bell two sharp rings. In a moment footsteps were heard in the hall and the massive door swung back.

"Good evening," he said to the man across the threshhold, "is Mr. Wellington at home?"

"No, sir, he is not at home now," the latter replied. "Whom shall I say called?"

"Oh, Conroy, Stephen Conroy. I believe I'll wait for him though. I'm just passing through here on my way east, and I want to see him before my train leaves.

"But Mr. Wellington won't be back for quite some time, sir."

"Oh, that's all right. I have plenty of time. I'll just wait in the library." Obstinate fellows, these butlers, Steven thought to himself as he opened the library door.

But when the door closed behind him, Steven noticed a young woman standing looking out of a window on the far side of the room.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Steve said. The woman turned around with a start.

"I didn't mean to intrude," he went on. "I came to wait for Mr. Wellington. My name is Conroy. Oh, you must be Mrs. Wellington. Jim has spoken of you so often."

"Why, yes," she replied. "You'll have to excuse me. I was just going out."

"Forgive me for bothering you," Steve said. I'll come back later. Good evening, Mrs. Wellington."

NO. 6 *The Marionette* MARCH

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD 1946

SPRING

It is spring when the soul awakens to the full realization of the joyousness in life, as the tiny seed nestled in the heart of the flower blossoms forth in gladness with the call of spring.

Spring is not only a season for beginning the year; it is also a revelation of the soul that past mistakes and failures may be forgotten, a time to begin anew, to build and work towards higher hopes. When a certain something within us lifts us to that high consciousness in which external things can have no power over us, the past is forgotten and we look to the future for bigger and finer things, it is spring. We enter a new world of happiness and perfect harmony. We have a new sense of satisfaction and joy. We are free from all limitation or bondage.

Although there is an inclination to become discouraged and depressed, we must rise above all doubt and uncertainty. Worry sometimes becomes a habit, and each time we allow our minds to be given to a destructive thought, we find ourselves more given to the practice.

New ideas of a more perfect life must fill our minds, lifting us above thoughts of sorrow or depression. We must have faith and courage to look toward the future and build toward one ultimate goal.

#212
PR 29 194

NO. 7 *The Marionette* APRIL

REPORT CARDS, THE CURSE TO MODERN CIVILIZATION
(Or Why Young Girls Leave Home)

Few are able to conceive the vast moral and psychological influence of the report card. Not only does this monthly tale-bearer inflict a most abhoring sense of superiority upon those gloating individuals who apparently have nothing better to do than study; but also does it suppress their pleasure-loving instincts, dulls them mentally, and wrecks the theatre manager's business; for who is not aware of poor Jack's sad plight resulting from overwork and no play? Moreover, this dreaded decree oftimes develops an inferiority complex in the would-be honor students not so adept in that gentle art of apple-polishing, which is in itself a highly specialized type of study, requiring utmost foresight, consideration, and concentrated analysis. What conscientious individual wants to be made conspicuous by this dire yet existing situation? What self-respecting citizen wants to have this oppressive summing-up flouted invariably before him at the slightest mention of the special preview in town tonight or perhaps Bill's new car?

And so I urge you, Fellow Sufferers, to right this deplorable state of affairs by recognizing your responsibility, your obligation as members of that vast group of Suppressed Report Card Receivers to defeat that merciless enemy of the younger generation, that desperate despot, that violent wrecker of happy homes, U. Marcus Lowe, by voting "no" at the poles next Tuesday!

* * *

The man who is anybody and who does anything is surely going to be criticized, vilified, and misunderstood. This is part of the penalty for greatness, and every great man understands it; and understands, too, that it is no proof of greatness. The final proof of greatness lies in being able to endure contumely without resentment.—Elbert Hubbard.

X-PN 1982T H213

THE MAILER

Vol. 5 *January 25th, 1944* *No. 5*

Change of Address

Frances T. Laney, 637½ So. Bixel, Los Angeles 14, Calif.

Sesta T. Matheison, 29 Collingwood, Apt. 202, Detroit 2, Michigan

Ted Payer, 13606 Bartlett Ave., Cleveland 20, Ohio

Ernest M. Pittaro, 1831 Radcliff Ave., Bronx, New York, N. Y.

J. Derek Pugsley, 80 Castle Knock Rd., Toronto 12, Canada

New Members

Jack Thompson, Baltimore Ave., Albertville, Ala.

Karl F. Westerman, 21 Station St., Carnegie, Pa.

Thomas B. Whitbread, West Cummington, Mass.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

#214

AAPA

MAILER

Hastily ran off for the AAPA by Gordon K. Rouze, Imperial, Nebraska who serves as Mailer. February 15th, 1944. Volume one and Number two. Feb. Mailing

JANUARY REPORT

160 Bundles @4½¢	$7.20
4 recruit bundles @4½¢	.18
8 overseas @15¢	1.20
1,000 envelopes	6.58
450 recruit bundles @1½¢	6.75
postage due on 4 returned bun.	.18

Receipts-

Charles Hoye	$ .50
Wesson	1.00
Riddle	1.00
Babcock	.50
Rouze	1.00

Bundles returned; correct address ??

Joe Anderson; Vera Byers; Lt. C.C.-Madsen

--

Address cahnged; sent on request

Mike Phelan; Joseph Simon, Jr; Sidney Cohen; James Lamanna.

MAY THIS BE A WARNING!! From now on, no paper will be mailed if it is not folded to a size that will fit into the 6½x9½ mailing envelopes. I have enough to do without having to fold half the papers so they go in the envelopes. ROUZE

****

THINGS WE WERE GLAD TO SEE IN THIS BUNDLE--Bob Smith back with another AT RANDOM***New Member Ray Higgs with two issues of his paper***The first issue of Jack Gunderman's paper off his new press***Same with Les Boyer's ECHO*** Another YANKEE KANGROO***Bill Groveman's interesting SNAFU***Another***APC NEWS***Johnnie's GLOBEL THOUGHTS Another good GATOR GROWL***Live-wire Clint Folin's POTPURI***and other papers if they get here in time fo the mailing.

AAPA

NAMES IN THE NEWS

CRAWFORD STEELE has been sent to the South Pacific and wanrs all his mail sent to his home address--1717 Myrtle Street, Sioux City, Ia.

***

KEN WEISER, former member and editor of PENGUIN and HAVEN HERALD, has rejoined and plans to have a paper off his 5x8 soon. Ken is Manuscript Manager for the National.

****

DEAN REA and LES BOYER are going to co-publish a paper to be called THE MISSOURIAN. It will be 6 pages, two columns quarterly.

***

President Wesson has announced the appointment of Raymond Higdon, good friend of Ed Wall, to the office of Secretary. While we have nothing against Higdon and will co-operate with him fully, it seems that three are others in our association who are more deserving and have proven themselves more qualified then this new member of about 8 months and who in this time has done nothing in the way of activity. But Mrs. President has corresponded with him and Wall, and in her opinion, he is the one to replace Kay. Well....

***

BOB MANEY has been moved again, this time to Louisiana. Writes Bob, "The O.O. and GI AJ make me want to go AWOL back to the printshop to pound out a little paper with my wabbit running around it again. He sure needs the exercise." Bob is Lt. Maney, now.

***

CLINT FOLIN, live wire ajayer, is going to be sent to a three-month X-Ray school soon. Look for his picture in next CHUMS.

***

APR 1 1927

V 5

THE MAILER

Vol. 5 May 25, 1944 No. 7

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Cpl. Helen Adam, Hq. A A A T C, Camp Edwards, Mass.
Robin Denton, Upper Capilano, N. Vancouver, B. C.
Francis T. Laney, 834 W. 11th St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Jack McMenamin, 2229–40th Ave., Oakland, Calif.
Merle Sheldrick, 2029 E. 71st St., Cleveland, Ohio
Mrs. Sheldon Wesson, 117 College St., Harrisburg, Mass.

NEW MEMBERS

Joe Boissinot, Middlebore, Manitoba, Canada
Allen Crandall, R. R # 4, Manhattan, Kansas
Helen Whiting Ferreyra, Homestead, Fla.
Charles Hargis, Jr., Box 319, Flat Rock, Mich.

RE-INSTATEMENTS

Ted Payer, S S Wm. A. Paine, Marine P. O., Sault St. Marie, Mich.
Valmah T. Price, 427 S. Olive St., Los Angeles, Cal.
E. J. Sharbatz, 15439 Baylis, Detroit, Mich.

X-PN 4827

#-216

THE MAILER

Vol. 6 July, 1944 No. 1

Published for the N. A. P. A. by Guy Miller, Mailing Manager, The Ohio Masonic Home, Springfield, Ohio. Legal Advisor: Jeffrey Jennings, 1084 Amsterdam Ave., New York, New York.

Change of Address

John W. Bond, 4051 STA 9 B U, Stinson Field, San Antonio, Texas

Kenneth Hammel, P. O. Box 1264, Hutchinson, Kansas

a-c Jack Ragsdale, 3rd A. F. Repl. Depot, Barksdale Fld., La.

Merle Sheldrick, 6312 Linwood, Cleveland

Lt. Burton J. Smith (Address sent upon request)

New Members

Mrs. Wm. P. H. Bacon, 15 Meadow Ave., Bronxville, 8, N. Y.

Sue Moitoret, 3033 Tenth Ave. West, Seattle, 99, Wash.

Harold O. Belknap, 620 Skinner Bldg., Seattle, 1, Wash.

Richard Branch, 28 Forest Drive, Bloomfield, N. J.

Earl R. Stanyon, 7 Cottage Road, Wyckoff, N. J.

Corp. Wes W. Morgan, APO 37, c-o P. M., San Francisco

Reinstatements

Mrs. Helen C. Heins, 16 Winant Ave., Ridgefield Park, N. J.

Joseph J. Gudonis, 1014 Melon St., Philadelphia, 23, Pa.

Airilyn Haag Sharpe, 855 Larchlea Dr., Birmingham, Mich.

Wm. F. Bland, 1184 Clifton Blvd., Lakewood 7, Ohio

Ted Schirm, 235 So. 4th St., Brooklyn, New York

Geo. Edw. Fitz, P. O. Box 765, Boston, 2, Mass.

NOTE: Servicemen's Overseas Addresses listed in The Mailer are not sufficient for mailing. Complete Addresses will be sent upon request.

X-FN 4827

#217

THE MAILER

Vol. 6 September, 1944 No. 3

Published for the N. A. P. A. by GUY MILLER, MAILING MANAGER, with the assistance of M. T. DAVENPORT, THE OHIO MASONIC HOME, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Sylvia Crane, Pomeroy Hall, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

Bob Northup, Station Hospital, Ft. Jackson, S.C.

O/C Sheldon Wesson, 912 - 2nd Ave., Columbus, Ga.

Gordon Rouze, 1425 R. St., Lincoln, Nebr.

Albert H. Pedrick, R. F. D. #1, Box 306, Grants Pass, Oregon

Jack McMenamin, 137 Pike St., Chabot Acres, Vallejo, Calif.

Glen Bamber, RM/K93R, London, W.C.1, England

Bernice C. McCarthy, Apt. 3, 710 Sixth Ave. Asbury Park, N. J. (See page 4)

#218

THE MAILER

Vol. 6 October, 1944 No. 4

Published for the N. A. P. A. by Guy Miller, Mailing Manager, with the assistance of M. T. Davenport, The Ohio Masonic Home, Springfield, Ohio.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Pfc. Jerry Chmelicek, Section A Base Unit, 2110 A.A.F., Bainbridge Army Air Field, Bainbridge,Ga.

Nita Gerner Smith, 120 East 34th St., New York 16, New York.

Bill Groveman is now overseas.

NEW MEMBERS

Alford L. Green, 266 Eureka St., Wyandotte, Mich.

MAILING DATES

November 20
December 15

Please try to mail your publications so they will reach the mailer at least a day before the mailing date.

#219

THE MAILER

Vol. 6 November, 1944 No. 5

Published for the N. A. P. A. by GUY MILLER, MAILING MANAGER, with the assistance of M. T. DAVENPORT, THE OHIO MASONIC HOME, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Beecher Ogden, 240 Babylon Turnpike, Roosevelt, New York.
Sesta Matheison, Abington Apts., 700 Seward, Detroit, 2, Michigan.
Paul J. Campbell, 1710 N. 31st St., East St.Louis, Illinois.
Roger Rush, 3311 Kingsland Ave., Oakland,2,Calif.
Mrs. Billie M. Dottloff, Annex Apts., 808½ East Genesee Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

NEW MEMBERS

Rev. H. M. Sell, Box 385, Exeter, Calif.
Oscar Reum, No. 7, South Dearborn St., Room 1648 Chicago, Ill.

MAILING DATES

Although the mailing date for December has been announced as the 15th, in answer to requests, we which to announce that if a sufficient amount of material is received before that date we shall mail earlier. Try to mail your publication to

#220

THE MAILER

- N. A. P. A. -

Vol. 6 December, 1944 No. 6

Carl Miller, Mailing Manager, The Ohio Masonic Home, Springfield, Ohio.

X-PN 4827 #221

Mad River Driftwood

Number 6 Springfield, Ohio June 1944

X-PN METEOR #222
Vol. I AUGUST 1940 No. I

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

PATRIOTISM

By Wilbert E. Hauff

Have you ever had the experience of seeing a man fail to remove his hat and rise when our national anthem is being played, or the flag is passing by? I have. The mere thought of it still brings a lump to my throat. How anyone can be so negligent and unpatriotic is more than I can imagine.

A friend of mine related an incident to me that he had seen happen in a western city, which was having a celebration. During the celebration the band played, "The Star Spangled Banner". An out-of-town business caller, who was standing directly in front of an elderly gentleman, forgot to remove his hat either intentionally or absent-mindedly. The elderly gentleman, who carried in his hand a walking stick, had undoubtedly been among the pioneers and early settlers of this Western country.

(Continued on Page 4)

"THE MIDGET"
"THE BEST IN THE WEST"
No. 1 AUGUST Vol. I

H77J
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 1945
COPY
GIFT

Edited and published
by
G.F.Schroeder
Imperial, Nebraska.

In the last bundle I took great noti
n the white elephant, although it looked pink
o me. I liked the paper very well and found ou
ght a bit about coins in the coin colum.

In the next election I would vote fo
William Groveman for mailing Manager in 1941. I
liked most of all about geting the bundles out
about the first of each month. I also liked whe
he will buy a mimeograph and get out a last minu
news sheet. ---------- Editor

X-PN 4827

#224

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

The Monthly Herald

Vol. 6, No. 11 AAPA November

JUN 23 1945

COPY GIFT

NOAH'S ARK

NOAH'S Ark has long been forgotten and men knew it only as the Bible teaches them.

One day in 1942 a Russian plane was flying over a series of mountains. The route on which the plane was flying was very seldom traveled because of weather. But it so happened that this plane saw a building shaped object on top of a mountain.

The pilot reported it when he landed and a party of men were sent in search of this unknown object. It took them three months to reach it. It turned out to be shaped as Noah's Ark and had the same dimensions as the Ark.

The icy weather had preserved it all these years.

It will be moved after the war to some institute or museum for further examination.

H 285

Issue 2 March-1945

THE FIRST ....

Well, AGAers, here she be-- TH KINGSMEN. It's nothing fancy, we admit, but still we're quite proud of it: this is as far as we know, the 1st Canadian journal to appear in the bundles. Also, ye ed thinks that he is the first & one & only Canadian AGAfan. So drop us a line; let us know what you think....

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 6 1986

The MINSTREL

Issue I March-1945

PRESENTING....

Well, AAFAers, here she be-- THE MINSTREL. It's nothing fancy, we admit, but still we're quite proud of it; this is as far as we know, the 1st Canadian journal to appear in the bundles. Also, ye ed thinks that he is the first ' one & only Canadian AAFAian. So drop us a line; let us know what you think....

#277
THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
DEPT.
GIFT

X-PN 4827

A228

The Monthly Herald

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

REFLECTIONS

By Vivian C. Swindall

It's funny how your life can completely change and yet upon your return to familiar surroundings and faces, you feel as if you've never been away and as if nothing ever happened.

Here I've been a WAVE, wife, and a mother-to-be all within ten months, and now that I'm back in New York and working at my old job, I feel as if I were still the same person I was last September.

The transition from a civilian to a WAVE was much harder than the one back to civiilan again. I had worn Navy blue for so long that the first thing I did, being a true woman, was to buy the reddest, gayest skirt I could find,

(Next to last page, please)

PN 4627
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 22 1965

The Missouri Girl Gazette

VOL. 1 FEBRUARY ISSUE 1

Introduction

It is the sincere wish of the editor to bring you something just a little bit different in the way of amateur journals. By way of our title---this is a publication to be written only by female ajayists.

We hope to bring you in future issues: articles, poems, short essays, and other material to be of interest to both HIM and HER, however, but written solely by prominent, and some not so prominent, 'lady' AAPAians.

So if you like our efforts, won't you let us know? Our motto: Originality Plus! We had time to secure only one girl-guest this issue, but can promise you interesting material next time.

Thank You!

As a comparatively new member of this grand organization, I'd like to express my appreciation and gratitude to the many new friends I've made. Your kindness & help will always be remembered.

Ray A. Albert has asked me to say how much pleasure and fun I get out of publishing. It isn't hard to say that, you fellow ajayers who have been just 'thinking' about publishing a paper. Get on that thinking cap now! Find out for yourself how much enjoyment you can get out of your membership. I know!

#230

THE MAILER

Vol. 6 March, 1945 No. 9

Published for the N. A. P. A. by GUY MILLER, MAILING MANAGER, with the assistance of M. T. DAVENPORT, THE OHIO MASONIC HOME, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Nita Gerner Smith, c/o Mrs. Piercy, New York, 16
Frederick Kastner, 442 Madison Street, Carlstadt, New Jersey.
Robert Telschow, 57 May St., Hawthorne, N.J.
H. M. Sell, 3212 East ith St., Long Beach, Calif.
1st Lt. E. Hirst Mendenhall, Box 64, Columbia, Missouri.

NEW MEMBERS

Miss Dorothy Brandon, 145 east Ave., Coronado, Calif.
Stephen Karp, 75 Manhattan Ave., Brooklyn 6, N.Y.
Edgar Thompson, 806 State Ave., Alpena, Mich.

Mailing Dates

May 25
June 15

Try to have your papers reach us at least two days before the mailing date.

A-PN 4827 #231 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD NOV 24 1986 GIFT

The Monthly Herald

Seventh year *Ozark, Missouri* *Number Thirty*

And Then?

- By Mother -

How forcibly the old saying "Time and tide wait for no man" came to me recently when Dean mentioned that it would soon be seven years since he had launched forth on his career of Amateur Journalism.

Yes, seven years ago this spring during the abundant strawberry season which we have in the Ozarks, we told Dean he might have the money from all the berries he sold to buy a hectograph. Already he was dreaming of printing; in fact he had put out several editions, having printed them by hand. Before long an order was sent for the hectograph and other supplies. How busy the family was assembling material, proof reading, and putting out copies which were sold to neighbors at three cents a copy.

Four years ago Dean's father, sympathetic with youth's ambitions, contacted the editor of the county newspaper and arranged for Dean to work as an apprentice during the summer vacation. The following year the hectograph grew into a full sized press. Meanwhile the apprentice has grown into a dependable

and able printer. From this press and printer comes "The Monthly Herald" as you now know it!

You parents and older people may wonder why we are so in sympathy with Amateur Journalism? Help a child to find the work which he or she most enjoys doing, then encourage him in preparing himself for that work and one will have happy, contented children. happy homes, and a better America!

#232

Vol. 6- - - - - - - - - - June, 1945 - - - - - - - - -

THE MAILER

Vol. VII July, 1945 No. One

Change Of Address

Thomas B. and Thomas F. Whitbread, 84 Sunset Avenue, Amhurst, Mass.

Carol, Dora, and Felix Moitoret, 1521 E. 97th Street, Seattle 5, Washington.

Lt. Hirst Mendenhall, 2901 Forest Avenue, Independence, Missouri.

Guy Miller, 34 Idlewood Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio.

Jack R. Ragsdale. 305 Bomb Group, 364 Sqdn. APO 557, C-o Postmaster New York, N. Y.

Neal R. Peirce, The North Woods, Mirror Lake P.O., New Hampshire.

Victor and Rowena Moitoret, USNavTraCen (Comm), 17 Quincy St., Cambridge 38, Mass.

New Members

(No names received.)

Reinstatements

(No names received.)

X-PN 4827

#22

THE MAILER

Vol. VII October 1945 No. Four

Change Of Address

Bessie Jane Bergen, 2327 Hooker St., Denver 11. Colo.

Tobi Oxtoby, 2'4½ N. Lynn, Iowa City, Iowa

Victor E. Bacon, 8221 Page Ave., St. Louis 14, Mo.

Robert Telschow, General Delivery, Main P. O., Daytona Beach, Florida

Sgt. Charlie Hoye, Student Detach, Biarritz Army University, Term 2, APO 772, C/o PM, New York, N.Y.

Pearl A. Franklin, General Delivery, Biloxi, Miss.

* * *

New Members

Judson W. Compton, C/o Boy Scouts of America, U. S. National Bank Building, Eugene, Oregon

Leland M. Hawes, Jr., Thonotesassa, Florida

Lawrence W. Hoffman, 3034 East 91st St., Seattle 5, Washington

Mrs. Neva Dell Hunter, 211 Fredrick St. (Art Center) Detroit 2, Michigan

X-PN 4827

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD MAY 8 1946

THE MAILER

GIFT

Vol. VII December, 1945 No. Six

Change of Address

Robert Telschow, 3 Weber Court, Daytona Beach, Florida

W/C Burton Crane, PRO, GHQ, AFPAC, Adv. Ech., APO 500, San Francisco, Calif.

Larry Giles, 775 Healy St., Ogden, Utah

Pvt. Gordon Rouze, Hq & Hq Co, RD—MCD, San Diego 41, Calif.

New Members

Mrs. B. Franklin Moss, 994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

News and Notes

By Ye Ed, The Mailer

Bill Groveman will be discharged in January and instructs that his home address, William H. Groveman, 623 Central Avenue, Cedarhurst, New York, be used on all mail.

Bob Dunlop is back home.

X-PN 4827

Mish Mash

A Frantic-Prolific Publication

Volume 2 SEPTEMBER 1946 Number 2 (5)

Home Made Guage Pins

Guage pins for a platen printing press can be made from ordinary banding iron such as is used to reinforce wooden packingcases and boxes. Short lengths of the iron are cut and shaped at the ends as indicated in the illustration, after which they are inserted in slits cut in the draw sheet where they are held by drops of sealing wax. A "shoofly" cut in the draw sheet in front of each pin will aid in sliding card stock against the pins.

Reprinted by permission of Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Discharged Maid: "It's glad I am to shake the dust of this place orf me feet!"

Mistress: (coldly) "Oh, so you had noticed it."

From a British cartoon

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
MAY 15 1946
Copy

#237

Michigan MADHOUSE

Vol. 1 No. 1 April 20, 1946

Flat Rock Besieged by Amateurs

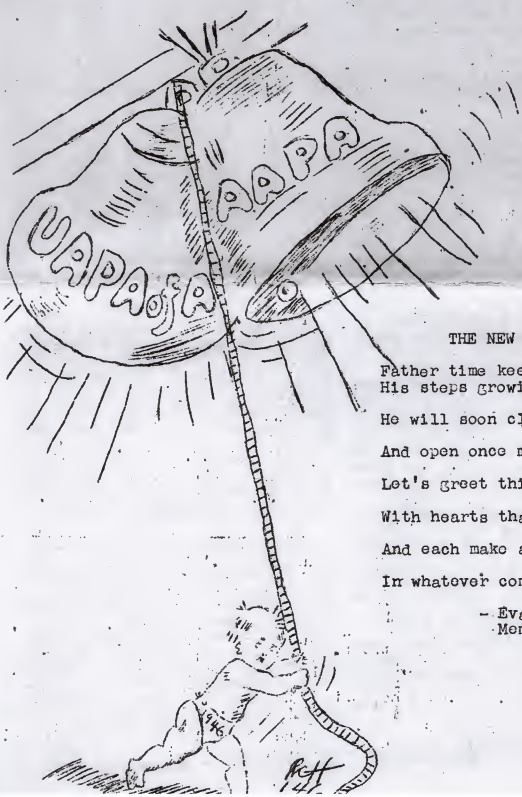
Flat Rock, Michigan had its population temporarily increased by six Saturday, April 20, 1946. The increase was effected by Bill Smith's invitation to all Michigan amateur press association members, asking them to attend a meeting at his home and plan the reformation of a Michigan Amateur Press Association. Many wanted to come, but only a few could.

Those who came were Mr. and Mrs. Matheison (Detroit), Pat Pittman and Pam Marsh (Grosse Ile), and Bob North (Jackson). Don North, Bob's brother, came along for the trip, and took in the town.

We discussed each other's publications until lunchtime. Afterwards we started on this concoction. It was tough at first, but we finally got underway. Everybody wrote a little,

#238

MIMEO - PRINT



THE NEW YEAR

Father time keeps marching on
His steps growing feeble but true.
He will soon close the door on the old year,
And open once more to the new.

Let's greet this new year with laughter,
With hearts that are happy and gay.
And each make a vow to do our part,
In whatever comes our way.

- Eva Jane Clevenger.
Member A.A.A.A.

X-PN 4827

MEMORANDUM

L. V. HELJESON, BOX 263, SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO, *Publisher*

SPRING, 1946 MEMBER—UAPA

In Search of an Ivory Tower

A WARNING against reading and talking about writing instead of writing is given in a lecture written for a correspondence course by Mary Heaton Vorse. She fails to warn against the time that can be wasted looking for the proper atmosphere in which to write.

Some people claim they do their writing at odd moments while warming the baby's bottle, waiting for a train in the LaSalle Street Station, or in a non-brick foxhole. There are also the over-worked farm wives on bleak middlewestern prairies who scribble beautiful poems on the backs of old envelopes while cooking a meal for a crew of silo-fillers. These people are fortunate, but I am not among them. I must have proper, orderly atmosphere in which to write.

When I was still in grade school I wrote letters and essays for a young folks page in a farm paper. Some of them were printed and I won a few prizes. While in high school I branched out and received ten dollars from the St. Paul Pioneer Press for what I would now consider a very corny essay on John Greenleaf Whittier. I sent some hints on selling books and stationery (I have never sold either) to a Canadian trade magazine which paid off in books. Then, as a senior in high school, I entered a short story in a national contest for high school students, conducted by Scholastic Magazine, and won first prize. Those events, plus the fact that my family and friends said I had big eyes and a bigger imagination, made me think I was a writer.

Obviously, a writer must have a study. I started working as soon as I graduated from high school and some of my first earnings went to outfit my rather small bedroom accordingly. Soon I had all the requisites for writing: desk, chair, desk lamp, blotter pad, letter opener, fountain pen, paper clips, white paper, kraft envelopes, portable typewriter, alphabetical file, postal scales, and dictionary. With my usual passion for order everything had a place, and was always in place.

During the next six years my total output consisted of a short story published in a "Graduate" number of the Scholastic; a few poems in a magazine published by a mutual admiration group, otherwise known as the state's poetry society; and a few issues of the Commentator, edited jointly with another member of the United Amateur Press Association (the "of America" branch). I have explanations, of course. Those years were occupied with my first two jobs, and with the novice's usual eagerness for hard work. Further, my room was not a cloister. It was easy to be distracted by the sound of the radio below, or by curiosity if someone came in whose voice I didn't recognize, or by the scent of coffee which sent me dashing downstairs to be certain the family didn't have a snack without me.

If I ever live alone, I thought, I will do a great deal of writing.

Autumn, 1933, and through the mysteries of Civil Service I became a timekeeper in a timber stand improvement

THE MASSAKER

Vol. 1 May 19, 1946 No. 1

GREAT LAKES PRESS CLUB

An important chapter in the history of amateur journalism was made Sunday, May 19, when sixteen enthusiasts met at the Matheison apartment in the Motor City and organized a group to be called the Great Lakes Press Club. William K. Smith (Flat Rock), Mailing Manager of the N.A.P.A. and editor of his home-town newspaper, The East Side News, was elected President. Robert North (Jackson), editor of the North Star was named Vice-President of the Club, with Pat Pittman and Pam Marsh (Grosse Ile) serving as Secretary and Treasurer, respectively. Pat and Pam are teen-age printers who also have a press and publish a local paper.

Bill Groveman and Guy Miller provided a welcome surprise by hitch-hiking from Ohio to attend the meeting. They arrived Saturday night and, with Bob McNee and the Matheisons, held an a.j. gab-fest until the wee hours--during which much of THE MASSAKER was concocted. Sleeves all rolled up--no printing press--hence, this will be run off on the only readily available equipment, a Multilith at Harry Ferguson, Inc.

In addition to those mentioned above, others who attended the meeting were Hugh and Ruth Smith, Flat Rock; Clyde Townsend, Pontiac; Norman Quillman, Capac; and Marietta Rudd, J. Winton-LeCompte, and H. C. Batton, of Detroit.

"Important business" included, of course, formulation of plans for entertaining the N.A.P.A. Convention in 1947.

Four states were represented at the meet--New York (Bill Groveman), Wisconsin (Bob McNee), Ohio (Guy Miller), and Michigan.

If Detroit could draw sixteen amateur journalists with four states represented, on a five-day notice, WHAT COULD WE DO IN A YEAR WITH A NATIONAL CONVENTION?

HUH?

X-PN 4827

"The Mainer"

"Have faith in what you do" — LIF motto

Vol. 3, No. 2 First 1946 Issue Whole No. 10

#241

DADDY KEYES' CANDY SHOP

It's a tiny story and a half building, gable ended to the principal street of a state of Maine village, tucked in between a blacksmith shop and a grocery store. Cleveland is President, and Daddy Keyes, the proprietor, has sold the same kinds of candy from behind the same counter during the many years since an earlier Democratic cloud darkened Republican Maine.

Nowadays Daddy Keyes is only a merchandiser of the products of city confectioners. But he still calls himself a candymaker, because in former years before his only son was scalded to death by an over-boiling candy kettle, candy was made in the little kitchen behind the shop.

Daddy Keyes is a gaunt, solemn, old man in a rusty Prince Albert. With his long scraggly beard he has stepped right out of a Cruikshank drawing. He comes to Last Day exercises at school because his only granddaughter is in our class, and we always respectfully address him as Mr. Keyes. We really esteem him highly, although we do refer to him as "old daddy."

The front door in the middle of his shop is flush with the sidewalk, and a bell tinkles as we go in. To the left is a shelf, some cupboards along the wall and a narrow window. To the right is another window showing a shelf in which are displayed fancy candy boxes. We remember that one summer a watermelon was

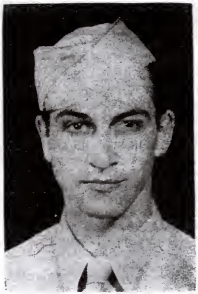
X-PN 4827 #242

THE MAINER

"With malice toward none, with charity for all"—Lincoln

VOL. 3 2ND 1946 ISSUE NO. 3

This is Us



You Asked For It! Best Wishes From Maine
From One "Who is Fool Enough to Want It"

(Quote Burton Crane in December National Amateur)

#243

MASS. ATTACK

Parry and Thrust by a Pinchitter for
LITERARY NEWSETTE, wound-licking in a corner.

No. 242 Boston, Mass. Aug. 17, 1946

BACK IN OHIO

I can never resist telegrams; that's why I am back in Ohio. In the Maine Line I mentioned a visit to Sebasco Estates; I was taken there to consider a job in the office; it was really a dream-job and only my Southern inclinations decided me against it. Toward the last of my Maine visit I served two weeks as the Law Librarian so the regular one could get married and in two days I was called to go to work at the Eastland Hotel, to come to Sebasco until the end of the season if I wouldn't take the job permanently, and finally, this telegram offering me an excellent job in my home town. As I say, I succumbed to the telegram.

Now I am receptionist in the handsomest offices in Springfield for the Buffalo-Springfield (Road) Roller Co. If any member feels the need of a road roller I can probably get you a discount.

Despite the fact I was away from home for three months except for a week in late June, Ellen hadn't forgotten me. She purrs at my touch, but her oblique glances indicate doubt of my staying.

ALL THIS, AND BEANS, TOO!

My best enemy, Vic Moitoret, has had some harsh words to say about New England's climate and once more I disagree with him. Even if it were as bad as he claims, the warm hospitality of the Massachusetts members (& our lone Maine member --Charlie's gone to Oklahoma) would over come anything. My reliance on it was so strong that when I suddenly descended on Boston early on the 13th I didn't worry about lacking a reservation as I knew they wouldn't let me be stranded. (Half-an-hour after reaching town I had a room in a lawyer's home, and was subsequently scolded by both the Babcocks and the Coles for not calling them first.)

It was drizzling, so I visited the big department stores (strictly as an observer altho later I did succumb to the lure of nylon and bought one pair to add to the six which I refuse to wear for fear of bleaching my suntan.) At five I met Ralph Babcock and went home with him to see the Hatbox (adorable) and renew acquaintance with RWB III who was pleased to accept my doting homage.

Next afternoon I went out to Cambridge and visited Harvard's museums: the Fogg Art Museum and the Peabody Natural History at which are exhibited unique glass flowers.

During the 1944 convention the "rubber-neck" buses were discontinued, so I made up for the sightseeing I missed then. Everyone knows our historic shrines so I'll not use up space repeating the roll; one evening I took the trip to Salem and Marblehead (it included a Shore Dinner at Marblehead, and no cracks please!) which let me keep my promise to Bill Groveman to see the painting "The Spirit of '76" (the heading is not an attempt to reproduce the picture, just the Spirit.) All I missed was Plymouth Rock but that just gives me an excuse to go back.

-over-

X-PN 4027

#244

X-PN 4827

THE MAINE LINE

It isn't, really; it's only a Branch Line of LITERARY NEWSETTE which is on a siding.

No. 241 Portland, Maine August 9, 1946

LOOK SOUTHWARD, AJAY

No one seems to have taken seriously my suspension of LitNews. Even though I am miles from my mimeo, and busily relaxing and enjoying the wonderful state of Maine contributions have pursued me. Two days ago I sent some to Dick Branch for the Mss. Bureau; then it occurred to me that Portland people are so grand that surely the stores are as cooperative as those at home; the result is that I'm using the Speed-O-Print of the Roberts' Office Supply and Buck Ajay Rides Again.

"Why?" has been the theme of first paragraphs of cards and postals following me here, but you know it's no good asking a woman why she does anything.

Maine, farthest north and east of our states is a fine vantage point from which to survey our land.

It is the ideal summer vacationland. There's something about the air that relaxes you; it increases your appetite---no remarks, please!--- and your capacity for restful sleeping. I'm secretly amused when the natives complain of the heat wave as the temperature reaches the 80's but that is not surprising considering that since I've been here it has hit the low forties. Bring coats when you come.

Clement F. Robinson is the NAPA's lone Portland representative and I have thoroughly enjoyed knowing him. He's a Yankee Superman, one of those human dynamos with a zest for life and a keen interest in everything. He is a busy man--but he has been permitted too much inactivity in ajay; his two recent booklets were outstanding contributions but now that I know him I realize that it is our loss not to have solicited short items as well. I read in proof his review of the book "Yankee Storekeeper" for a lawyers' journal) which should be printed in one of the ajay journals. My advice to ajay publishers who would like a contribution from CFR would be to assign him a definite subject.

#####

TERMINATED

Must my love for you be kept
    Burning deep inside,
Lest my very actions show
    A faltering of pride?

Now I dare not even send
    A single glance your way
For fear the yearning in my eyes
    My love for you betray.

You have gone, we both are free;
    A tortured year has passed;
But my heart would like to know
    How long does anguish last?
        -- Jeanne Laurette Sullivan

PORTLAND

In the show "A Stolen Life" which I saw while awaiting Dr. I. Q. this week, Bette Davis remarks "To a Yankee there is only one Portland. Portland, Maine." And the theatre resounded with pleased applause in which I joined.

There's something about Portland.... I think it is the attitude of the residents, because when you analyze facts my home town has it all over Portland in dozens of ways, except that it isn't on the ocean. The midwest is traditionally informal, but it certainly has not the genuine friendliness of this Yankee stronghold and from this day forward Portland can be certain of a booster in Ohio. If I like it so much why don't I live here? A cold-blooded creature like me? Mr. Robinson thinks the winters are really milder than those of Detroit or New York, for example, but I've been checking up.

Don't get me wrong about Portland, friendliness is not its only stock-in-trade. There is plenty to see here, and marvelous motor trips in all directions (except out to sea, silly!) Longfellow's Home (on Congress street) and his Birth-

-over-

THE MAILER

Vol. VII January, 1946 No. Seven

Change of Address

Ralph Babcock, 56 Dwight St., Brookline 46, Mass.

Jeanne L. Sullivan, Box 246, Caldwell, N. J.

New Members

Jim Vitus, 1212 High St., Eugene, Oregon

Howard J. Otto, R.F.D. 1, Perrington, Mich.

Betty Ausman, Cottey College, Nevada, Mo.

Phyllis Peterson, 116 E. 50th St., Seattle 5, Washington

Harold L. Frye, 600 W. West Street, Sturgis, Michigan

Sally Stroup, R.F.D. 1—Box 117, Boring, Oregon

Mrs. J. Trevor Pierce, Emlen Apts. Emlen St., Philadelphia 19, Pa.

Covie L. Long, Baileytown, Alabama

New member Covie L. Long owns a print shop, and is planning to print an amateur paper. We are looking forward to it.

3527 3/944

THE MAILER

Vol. VII February, 1946 No. Eight

Change of Address

Elizabeth J. O'Keefe, 420 E. High St., Springfield, Ohio

Airilyn H. Spitzer, 3186 Royal Blvd., Berkley, Michigan

Edgar A. Martin, Ens., U. S. Coast Guard, 441 Baker St., San Francisco, California

Ralph Babcock, 61 Rutland Street, Watertown, Mass.

New Members

A. van Werven, 83 Tolster, Amsterdam L, Holland

H. Eugene Burmeister, 319 S. Capitol St., Iowa City, Iowa

Jack Garretson, South Kent School, South Kent, Conn.

News and Notes

By Ye Ed, The Mailer

I am sorry the bundle is late this month,

X-PN 4827 #247

THE MAILER

Vol. VII March, 1946 No. Nine

New Members

Ed Wall, 508 Aragon Ave., Coral Gables 34, Florida

Mrs. Ruth L. Smith, 29345 Walnut Ave., Flat Rock, Michigan

News and Notes

By Ye Ed, The Mailer

Ed Harler is now stationed in Philadelphia and gets home every night.

Willametta reports that her Mother had a bad fall; but it only resulted in bruises. We hope she will have a speedy recovery.

We beg the pardon of Lawrence W. Hoffman for having his address incorrectly listed. His correct address is: 3034 East 91st Street, Seattle 5, Washington.

Ernest Pittaro says that his printing equipment is housed in a closet in his apartment, and that he must haul his press onto the kitchen table each time he wants to print something. We like this month's issue of the *Hoot Owl* very much. His incentive plan has

SERIAL 4827 #2443

THE MAILER

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD MAY 1946

Vol. VII April, 1946 No. Ten

New Members

Helen V. Wesson, 2214 Palisade Avenue, Weehawken, New Jersey

Change of Address

Ora E. Stark, 110 N. Florence Avenue, Monterey Park, California

Bernice McCarthy, Philadelphia Council Boy Scouts of America, 22nd and Winter Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

William H. Groveman, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Rev. John B. Schlarb, Edgemont, S. D.

Mr. Sheldon C. Wesson, Textile Branch ESS, GHQ, AFPAC, APO 500, San Francisco, California

News and Notes

By Ye Ed, The Mailer

When recruting a new member, please send his address to the mailer as soon as he joins, so that we may send him a bundle of

#249 X-PN 4827

The Mailer

Vol. VII June, 1946 Nos. 11-12

New Members

Mrs. Winfred V. Shattuck, 23716 Oakland Rd., Bay Village, Ohio

Bob North, 432 Wildwood Ave, Jackson, Michigan

Change of Address

Bernice C. McCarthey, 68 W. Rockland St., Philadelphia 44, Pa.

Edgar A. Martin, 2 Broad, Manchester, Conn.

Jack Garretson, 220 Winona St., Philadelphia 44, Pa.

Thomas B. Whitbread, 84 Sunset Ave., Amherst, Mass.

Bill Groveman, 623 Central Ave., Cedarhurst, N. Y.

Ed Wall, 633 South Miami Ave., Miami 36, Florida

Rowena Autry Moitoret, 1521 East 97th, Seattle 55, Washington

Lcdr. V. A. Moitoret, USN, Staff, Com Car Div Five, C/o Fleet P. O., San Francisco, California

X-PN 827

H250

The Mailer

Volume 8 July, 1946 Number 1

We welcome these New Members

Hazel Segal, 1806 67th Ave., Phila. 23, Pennsylvania.

Eva Otten, 1930 Grand Concourse, Bronx 57, New York.

John N. Castleman, Jr., P. O. Box 427, Blacksburg, Virginia.

Thomas Clark Davis, Jr., P. O. Box 404, Laceyville, Pennsylvania.

Harold Boutin, Jr., 12280 Laing Avenue, Detroit 24, Michigan.

Change of Address

Mrs. Eula B. Christian, 1911 Brown Avenue, Cleveland, Tennessee.

Willametta Turnepseed, 1 Deering Street, Portland 3, Maine.
NOTE: Do not send journals to this address; only personal correspondence. Do not use after Labor Day.

Jeffery Jennings, 163 Hicks Street, Brooklyn 2, New York.

Reinstatement

Grace Moss, 994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York.

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

All complaints about the mailing service should be addressed to:
Edwin C. Harler. Jr., 3021 North Warnock Street, Philadelphia 33, Pa.

Deadline for the August bundle is August 24. The 25th is a Sunday.

Mailing Bureau Monthly Financial Report

Willametta Turnepseed	1.00
Pat and Jeff Jennings	.36
Neal Peirce	.90
Bob North	.48
P-K Scribbler	1.00
Total	3.74

In Memoriam

Albert Chapin--Life Member--Mass.

Walter J. Daugherty--California.

Ernest A. Edkins--Florida.

In the July Bundle

The members of the Tokyo-wan A.P.A peer into their crystal balls and "foretell" the outcome of the 71s National A. P. A. Convention.

Vic Moitoret fires another Salvo: this time Vondy and Bellette are the targets.

LitNews 240, informs us that publ cation is temporarily suspended. From Maine come the following bit of information about our ex-prexy "I am feeling fine, appetite im proving. Signed C. M. Robinson."

Last month Bob North joined NAPA, this month we see two issues of h journal North Star.

Neal Peirce has another Smirks an Smears in the bundle. He tells a little of the "doings" at the Con vention.

H251

THE

Mailer

Volume 8 August, 1946 Number 2

New Member

George B. Young, 2042 Hughes Street, Amarillo, Texas.

Change of Address

Harold O. Belknap, 327 South La Salle St., Chicago 4, Ill.

Guy Miller, 510 West Pleasant, Springfield, Ohio.

Correction

John N. Castleman, Jr., should have been John Rolfe.

Special Note

Willametta is moving from Portland before Labor Day. Her address can be had from the Mailer for the asking.

Mailing Bureau Monthly Financial Report

July Balance.....		3.74
Burton Crane.....		15.00
Ernest Pittaro....		1.00
Eva Otten.....		.75
Thompson and Cady.		1.35
Helen C. Heins....		2.00
Newark Convention.		5.00
Alf Babcock.....		.50
Louise Lincoln....		.50
Bob Smith.....		1.00
Bob North.....		.45
Wma. Turnepseed...		.50
Harold Segal.....		2.00
John R. Castleman.		.50
Meyer S. Perlgut..		1.00
July bundle (15)..	11.32	
Envelopes (1000--for overseas mail)	8.50	
	19.82	35.29
August Balance....		15.47

Confabulation

First a word about the Mailing Bureau's upkeep. The Mailing Bureau is supported by contributions from the membership. Publishers sending journals through the bundle are requested to send fifteen cents for each pound, to the Mailer. This helps defray the cost of mailing.

It has been said what is second will be third. Wma. used this poem when she was Mailer; Guy Miller used it when he was Mailer, and I present it to you again.

I dearly love each member,
In high esteem I hold 'em,
But when they send their
papers in,
Why, for goshsakes, don't
they fold 'em?

Bundles have not been sent to some members--for various reasons. We want to correct this. If you know one of these, the Mailer would appreciate the name, or names, of the person, or persons, not receiving the bundles. Only with your help can the Mailing Bureau operate with greatest efficiency.

There wasn't enough room for my chit-chat in the last Mailer, therefore these late remarks are included herein.

Harlequin, a small journal, has much humor. Neatly printed by Ernie Pittaro for its editress, Eva Otten of New

(continued on page two)

THE Mailer

Volume 8 September, 1946 Number 3

New Members

Emerson Duerr, 3313 N. Summit Avenue, Milwaukee 11, Wis.

Marvin Sanford, 29-A Parker Ave., San Francisco 18, Calif.

Miriam H. Whintrop, 216 Dennison St., Highland Park, N. J.

Reinstatements

Haig Anlian, 327 Eighteenth St., Union City, N. J.

Earle Corwall, 827 W. 96th St., Los Angeles 44, California.

Billie R. Dettloff, 808 1/2 E. Genesee Ave., Annex Apts, Saginaw, Michigan

O. W. Hinrichs, 2759 A Street, Lincoln 2, Nebraska.

Mrs. Dora H. Moitoret, 1521 E. 97th St., Seattle 5, Wash.

Change of Address

Horace L. Lawson, 101 East Chicago St., Jonesville, Mich.

Robert Telschow, c/o General Delivery, Hawthorne, N. J.

Important

If you know the present address of any of the following persons, please contact the Mailer as soon as possible. Thank you.

Betty Ausman
William F. Dowdell
Mrs. Pat Gallant
James A. Moser

Correction

We are very pleased to report that Walter Daugherty is not dead as announced in the first issue of The Mailer.

Mailing Bureau Monthly Financial Report

August Balance....		15.47
Emerson Duerr.....		3.60
The Meers.....		2.00
Walt Dunkelberger.		1.00
Bill Smith.....		.50
Thompson and Cady.		1.35
C. A. Shattuck....		2.00
Bob North.....		.30
John Malarek.....		1.00
August Bundle (18)	16.58	
	16.58	27.22
September Balance		10.64

— G A B B A G —

(Serutan isn't the only thing you can spell backward.
--not an advt.)

C. W. "Tryout" Smith will celebrate his 94th birthday anniversary on October 24th. Let's make this a more joyful one for Mr. Smith by sending him a birthday card. And now, before you seal the envelope, why not slip a contribution for the C. W. "Tryout" Smith National Amatuer Trust Fund into it? Mr. Smith's address is: 408 Groveland St., Haverhill, Mass.

Make CWTSNATF grow!

Bob Telschow has returned to New Jersey. This gives the "AJ State" a total of thirty NAPA members.

(continued on page two)

RARE BOOK
OCT 29 1946
COLLECTION

THE MAILER

Volume 8 October, 1946 Number 4

New Members

Crystal Ashby, 1736 Page Ave., Suite 27, Cleveland, Ohio

Ernest Gross, 226 Livingston Ave., New Brunswick, N. J.

Myron D. Reamy, P. O. Box 174, St. George, Staten Is. 1, N.Y.

Eugene Bertram Willard, PO Box 224, Everett 49, Mass.

Barbara C. Wojtyszewski, Siena Heights College, Adrian, Mich.

Reinstatements

George Anderson, 94 Lucille Avenue, Dumont, New Jersey.

Mabel Forrer, 815 Sunset Ave., Springfield, Ohio.

Clifford J. Laube, 107-06 103d, Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Katherine N. Smith, 1065 Neil Avenue, Columbus 1, Ohio.

Mailing Bureau Monthly Financial Report

September Balance.		10.64
W. Turnepseed.....		.50
Contributions 45-6		7.00
Bob Smith.....		1.00
Lost Chord Advt. .		.25
A. G. Sharp.....		2.00
P-K Scribbler.....		1.05
Sept. bundle (13).	10.62	
	10.62	22.44
October Balance...		11.82

Nov. and Dec. Mailing Dates November 22 and December 13.

Changes of Address for October

Betty Ausman, 1117 University Avenue, Columbia, Missouri.

D. M Brandon, Hotel Lombard, 1015 Geary St., San Francisco, California.

Ken Kulzick, Fordham University, Box 291, New York 58, NY

Robert B. Mc Nee, 2076 Glynn Street, Detroit, Michigan.

Charles C. Macauley, c/o Kenyon College, Gambeir, Ohio.

Gorden Rouze, 328 S. 28th St., Lincoln, Nebraska.

Robert Telschow, 112 Maitland Avenue, Hawthorne, New Jersey.

Helen V. Wesson, c/o Sheldon Wesson, ESS Textiles, GHQ SCAP Tokyo, APO 500, San Francisco, California.

Sheldon Wesson, (see above).

Marjorie Whitlow, Box 202, Route 3, Ellensburg, Wash.

IMPORTANT

Please notify the Secretary and/or the Mailer of any change in your address.

Secretary--Guy Miller
510 W. Pleasant St.
Springfield, Ohio

Mailer----Edwin C. Harler, Jr.
3021 N. Warnock St.
Philadelphia 33, Pa.

#254

THE MAILER

Volume 8 December, 1946 Number 6

Season's

Greetings

#255

Jerrolyn Meers

May 15, 1947

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Meers

155 North Main Street Salt Lake City 3, Utah

INSIDE STORY INSIDE

The MAILER

Volume 8 January, 1947 Number 7

New Members

D. R. HIATT, Sr., P.O. Box 1000, Coalmont, Tennessee.
Ben HUSSEY, P.O. Box 591, Vicksburg, Mississippi.
Roger NORMAN, 254 East Exchange, Gobles, Michigan.

Reinstatement

W. Emory MOORE, 2018 Monterey Road, south Pasadena, California

Changes of Address

Albert E. BARNARD, 114 Park Ave., Bronxville 8, New York.
Judson W. COMPTON, General Delivery, Kalispell, Montana.
Leland M. HAWES, Jr., 822 South Orleans, Tampa, Florida.
Edgar A. MARTIN, 61 Vanbur, Glastonbury, Connecticut.

Addresses Wanted

William B. DOWDELL, Morris LANDSBERG and James A. MOSER.

Mailing Bureau
January Financial Report

Last month's balance			14	52
Bundle (21 pubs.)	16	17		
H. E. Burneister			2	48
Burton Crane			6	00
Margaret Gimpl				75
Warren Rosenberger				60
Harold Segal			2	00
George Thomson			1	00
Wma. Turnepseed				50
	16	17	27	85
This month's balance			11	68

The Mailer is mimeographed for NAPA by Edwin Harler, Jr., 3021 N. Warnock St., Phila. 33, Pa.

GAB BAG

Joe Gudonis is still anxious to get copies of the Ninth Neigh (No. 9) of his Lost Chord and he will pay $2 for the first copy received.

Attention publishers: If you send your journal thru the bundle, please send 330 copies to insure complete coverage of the membership. And please FOLD all journals.

If you mail privately add new members to your private mailing list. Help Vice-Prexy Babcock stimulate interest among the new members.

Have you contributed something to the National lately? A little of your time; a journal; a story or poem; or perhaps you'd like to make a contribution to your Mailing Bureau.

Several people have asked me when the E. H. Smith collection could be visited. The Library at the Franklin Institute is open from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday, Tues., Fri. and Sat.; from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. Wednesday and Thurs.; it is closed on Sunday.

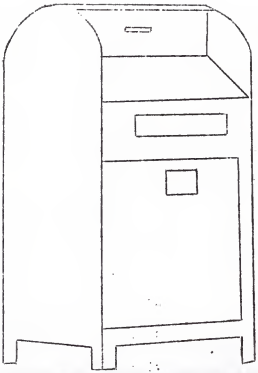
Neal Peirce wonders why some object to his political pep talks. Perhaps they see too much of it in their daily papers and hope for escape from politics in the hobby. Then, too, I hear some people are Democrats.

Please notify the Secretary and/or the Mailer of any change of address.

Two future mailing dates are: February 28 and March 28.

The January bundle welcomes two newcomers--The Pen and Teenster--and another issue of Campers which should interest everyone in the Association.

#257



THE MAILER

Volume 8 June, 1947 Number 12

"747 IS COMING SOON" HAS DOUBLE MEANING!

Contrary to the opinion held by some, "747 IS COMING SOON!" does not mean the number "747" is a good number to play.

The seven stands for the seventh month, or July; forty-seven stands for the year, 1947, which marks the celebration of the 72nd National Convention in Detroit, Michigan, on July 3, 4 and 5.

Thus we have covered the first meaning of this slogan.

The second is the news about the fourth issue of THE LIGHTHOUSE which is scheduled to appear the latter part of July. This post-convention, pre-anniversary issue will contain something of interest to almost the entire ajay population of the world.

Our July issue will feature a full two pages of the poems and art work of Eula Christian, as well as poems by other amateurs; an article, "Watch Out For the Villian," by John K. Wilson---a new member; a short story and our account of the 72nd National Convention--if we're able to attend.

To assure yourself of a copy, drop the editor (name and address on next page) a postal with your name and address.

MAILING BUREAU--FINANCIAL REPORT

Balance for April.....		8.93
April bundle (14 pubs.)	10.84	
May bundle (18 pubs.)..	16.44	
Ralph Babcock.....		1.00
Robert Carrier.....		1.00
Louise Lincoln.....		.60
Roy A. Lindberg.....		1.00
Elmer K. Lyon.....		.30
Sesta T. Matheison.....		1.00
A. F. Meserve.....		1.00
Beecher Ogden.....		1.00
P-K Scribbler		1.35
Warren S. Rosenberger..		.24
Harold Segal.....		2.00
Charles A. Shattuck....		3.00
Southern Calif. A. P.C.		2.00
Willametta Turnepseed..		3.50
C. W. Wood.....		1.00
	27.28	28.92
Balance for June.....		1.64

CHANGE of ADDRESS

Gordon K. ROUZE, Box 187,Imperial,Neb.

RESTORE to membership list life member: Mrs. John S. ZIEGLER, R.F.D.#1, Gates Mills, Ohio.
(Reports as of June 7, 1947.)

FUTURE MAILING DATE

The next mailing date will be July 25, 1947, and is subject to change by the newly appointed Mailer.

SUPPORT THE MAILING BUREAU.

X-PN 482 #258

Muggins Ink

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

VOL. 1 JUNE 1948 NO. 1

(Definition: Webster's unabridged 1946 edition)

mug'gins, *n.* (Origin doubtful)

1. A children's game at cards.
2. A variation of the game of dominoes in which the counts are made by five or some multiple of it.

THINGS WE FOUND HERE . . . RATS, MICE, SPIDERS enjoyed this basement sanctuary for many years. A dirty west window sagged on small, rusty hinges, but anxious eyes thrilled at southwest view of the Verdugos, and from the Sierra Madre range to the northwest, gentle breezes excited a canopy of webs tenaciously twanging messages from former owners of discarded things.

Litter, antiques, old books (some first editions), old trunks, wine bottles and jugs (empty), assorted rusty tools, automobile tires, an English saddle, rotten ancient linoleum taxed the rubbish truck on our route. (E. O. M. an increased bill came.)

NOW WE HAVE . . . following many months of work and play) . . . waterproof cement walls and three coats of paint, sheet rock overhead and sides, electric outlets, blue broadloom rug, desk, typewriter, steel filing cabinet, galley storage racks, shelves, type cases, slug cutter, broken stone (suffices at present) and rebuilt Chandler and Price 7 x 11 platen press. Now for a few more tables, drying racks and shelves.

Time runs out . . .
Thoughts drift by . . .

VOL. 1
AUGUST 1948
No. 2

Muggins Ink

An Amateur Publication

TIME runs out . . . thoughts drift by . . .
Our Convention ends to sine die!

" " " " "

"East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet."

—*Kipling*

OUR SEVENTY-THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION heeded not this counsel and we will not dwell on pleasant friendships (east and west) and interesting convention sessions at great length as recordings were taken under the supervision of Mr. Harold D. Ellis. Many AJ's will enjoy our proceedings and hear echoes and re-echoes of convention fun. We are indeed grateful for splendid pictorial efforts by versatile W. Emory Moore. In all my conventioning activities across the land have never witnessed better or more complete coverage.

Our Muggins dreams . . .
Old Kelly roars . . .
Dear Abraham screams . . .
Close printshop doors!

NOW THE DOORS are closed, but *"Two Boots,"* our tom cat, fastens his claws in screen, and holding to an almost vertical position at our favorite west window gives the familiar call for an evening meal. Perhaps he has thoroughly

Time runs out . . .
Thoughts drift by . . .

NPN 4621

VOL. 1
NO. 3
DECEMBER
1948

Muggins Ink

An Amateur Publication

At times a gentle breeze pours in our west window. We have felt a little silly lately . . . must be the marihuana fumes from the Hollywood Hills mixing in with our cool mountain zephyrs.

We have received many cards and letters . . . *some* day we will answer and spout gossip from our side of the mountain. Rowena Moitoret sends snapshot of Victor and P. K. Beecher Ogden counsels 18-point cap case for little Carol Lee (MUGGINS).

Our neighbors bring in nice things . . . roses and fresh eggs, fruit. When asked if we mow the lawn, our answer probably will be, "No, we just roll down the weeds and gossip over the back fence."

Well, the shop is *full* of work. The billy club Roy Lindberg inquired about still hangs by the kitchen door. (N. B. We use this club to beat customers away. We have no sign, and no need at present to attract same. Our *Muggins* is too young to answer doorbell, and fight 'em off.)

Abraham has new glasses and soon will be able to again read proof. *Mips* is enjoying the climate in Victorville, California with Irma Lee, Norval and children.

Sad, but true, Abraham suffered an injured nose from nightmare antics and falling out of her bed. Muggins yelled and Pop staggered in and rendered first aid at four a. m. Now the neighbors know why all the uproar.

X-PN 4827

#261

MONTANA POETRY QUARTERLY

THE LABOR OF POETS

Poets in time will bring all men to shore
Upon the islands of lasting peace,
Where snarling winds and lightenings strike no morw.
Where stars will shine, and thunder dirges cease.
They teach our chilled and homesick souls to see,
In spite of churning wastes before our eyes,
The welcome landmarks of infinity,
The sure coastline, with circling white bird-cries.
How many times, when all our hopes are dead,
They rouse us with the song of gardens near--
The blessed beaches of the heart, ahead:
Hold to the mast! This is the sea of foam!
And so, renewed, we face the world of foam,
Knowing full well our ship will take us home.

Dwight Augustine,
Lima, Ohio.

JANUARY FEBRUARY MARCH

1948

X-PN 4827

Minnesota Report

JULY, 1948 NUMBER 1

MAKE UP YOUR MIND

Let's Get Together

A SUGGESTION

Let's Drop The C. & C. Bureau

After two years of service as AAPA Clubs and Chapters Bureau Manager I have come to one conclusion: The Clubs and Chapters Bureau should be abolished and the Secretary given the right to issue charters.

As our association stands now, we don't have enough members close enough together to form active chapters or clubs that will do any good. Mail associations could do some good, but our members don't seem to be interested in backing them.

I think the Secretary should handle the issuing of charters and the second vice-president could help the clubs or chapters if they needed it.

ORCHIDS

We don't think we deserve the space, but the following is copied verbatim from the June 10, 1948 issue of the Franklin, Minn. Tribune:

STUDENTS RECEIVE AWARDS

One of the significant events of the closing days of school

(Continued on Page 2)

It is the humble opinion of this writer that it is about time that the amateur journalists of the world sat down and decided just what the aims of the hobby are, then make up a few minds and carry them out.

For one thing, I would suggest that the printers stop fighting the mimeographers.. Instead, help each other improve quality and help non-publishing members obtain the equipment they need to publish whether a press or a mimeograph will best serve the purpose.

Then, I would suggest that the deluxe publishers (24 page journals) stop hollering about nobody appreciating them and do something about it. For one person, I could enjoy a lot of them if I could only see them. I'm only getting one-third of them now. Why not send an issue through the bundle, then write each member that doesn't reply to ask why. Then drop the people that don't reply from your mailing list. Sure, it is more work, but it would be better for the hobby.

Another matter that should be decided is the size and purpose of the official organ. If you run out of topics to discuss, start on dues and finances. Are we going constantly up, or will $1 or $2 do?

(Continued on page 3)

1263

A MESSAGE FROM YOUR PRESIDENT

THE napa MAILER
Volume 9 Number 7
AUGUST 10,1948

To the members of the N.A.P.A.:

"MUCH THANKS"

(Using the above Shakespearian term, the correctness of which the late Arthur Brisbane was wont to expatiate.)

MUCH THANKS to the membership of the N.A.P.A. for its heartwarming tribute in elevating me to the Presidency. I shall, to the full measure of my ability, try to prove the confidence you have expressed in me has not been misplaced.

Following is the list of my appointments, most all of whom are publishers:

Allen A. Crandell.....Literary Critic
Russell L. Paxton.....Printing Critic
James F. Guinane.....Mimeo Critic
Robert Carrier.....Mailer
Eugene Bertram Willard.....Publicity
Alma L. Weixelbaum.....Historian
Guy Miller.....Manuscript Mgr.

Clyde Noel.....Recruiting Mgr., Pacific Coast

Volunteers to act as Recruiting Managers for Central, Southern and Eastern States. Also two experienced volunteers for publicity work for Assn.

What do our members believe is best for NAPA? In what way and along what lines can this association do the best job? I seek the guidance and cooperation of ALL members; I desire frank and free discussions; I welcome constructive ideas from any member who is interested in NAPA and who has something good to suggest.

Fraternally yours,

Chas. A. Shattuck

Charles A. Shattuck, President
National Amateur Press Assn.
2901 Avenue I, Brooklyn 10, N.Y.

* HEAR THE CONVENTION ON RECORDS...SEE VONDY'S ARTICLE ON NEXT PAGE!

X-PN 4827

MERRY PRINTER

Winter of 1948-49

Worthy Successors

Today scores of basements, attics, garages and spare rooms resound with the clatter of hand-presses being operated by men and boys all over the nation. Unwittingly, while participating in the hobby known as amateur journalism, they are helping to preserve the craft that played such a great part in the founding of American independence.

The distinguished career of the American hand-press goes back to 1639 when Stephen Daye brought the very first one over from England to Cambridge, Massachusetts. During the next hundred years, many

MEMORANDUM

SUMMER 1948 — L. V. HELJESON, Apt. 304, 1606 Locust St., Philadelphia 3, Pa., Publisher.
Member: UAPA; UAP Alumni Ass'n; The Fossils, Inc.

RETURN FROM SPECIAL EXILE

I am very susceptible to trappings and atmosphere. Consequently, some years prior to the war, I developed keen liking for the planters punches served by an Indiana hotel. Not only were they well made but their visual attractiveness was heightened by a small, colorful (Japanese) umbrella in the sipper. To see one of these drinks nearing on a tray, after a torrid afternoon at the races, was to hail the approach of an oasis.

It was with somewhat similar anticipation that I approached the Annual Reunion of The Fossils, Inc. in New York, April twenty-fourth. It was five years since I had seen any amateur journalists in person, and seven since I had attended an amateur meeting of any kind.

When I entered the reception room in the Hotel Astor, about four o'clock, I found Edward Cole, Mrs. Edna Hyde ("Vondy") McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Heins, and several others. Meeting these people, who previously had been only names, so to speak, was very interesting. (Actually, Vondy and I met at the National's Grand Rapids, Michigan convention in 1936, but very briefly, and from that distance in time it was almost like a first meeting again.) As additional amateurs arrived there was a good buzz of shop talk, and when we assembled in the next room for group photography and dinner, about thirty-five people were there. More arrived later.

The dinner tables were cozy and attractive with small, shaded lamps, and the right amount of glassware and silver in orderly precision. Small souvenir menus, swank in blue and white and French, were at each plate. The food was good, and the Astor people served us with the same attention given ordinary people. President Cole, looking calm and judicial, presided at the head table, with Vondy, crisp and alert, nearby.

While the business session which followed dinner was a benevolent steam-roller with, perhaps, a background of a smoke-filled committee room, there were no dissents, and the result was agreeable to all. Mr. Corell, the perpetual Treasurer, who looks like a character from a well-mannered English novel, rendered a report with which even Charlie Heins could find nothing wrong. Humor and wit were mingled with its cold figures, and a good balance was reported, which is certainly—in amateur journalism—as unusual as it is encouraging.

Then there were the speeches—not too many of them, and none of them too long. The talk given by Charles Daniels, brother of the late Josephus Daniels, was outstanding. He spoke with simple dignity, with

X-PN 4827

#266

The Martini

Cocktail Four

March, 1948

-o-

Served by: Martin B. Keffer, Rt. 5, Box 208, Roanoke, Va.

Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association

THE WINE OF MARCH

Wild March is in, the aged draught
Of winter fills the cup.
Now as it turns to golden wine
Let's rise and drink it up.

Green Ceres comes around the hill
With welcome warmth and mirth,
A maiden dancing in the sun,
Begot of Mother Earth.

The fading whisper of the breeze
Bids us with voice of spring
Drink of the cup, take Ceres' hand,
Hark to the voice and sing.

---Martin B. Keffer

****

A certain Medford suburbanite with amateur journalistic tendencies and whose name will not be mentioned for obvious reasons tells this story: He was one of several guests at a dinner at the home of an aspiring socialite one night not long ago. The guests assembled but there was a delay in the kitchen and the hostess, a lady of accomplishments, sat down at the piano to play for them while they waited. After running her hands over the keys she turned to our friend, the Medford suburbanite, and asked, "Would you like a sonata before dinner?" He gave a surprised and pleased smile and replied: "Why yes, thank you. I stopped and had a couple on my way here, but I think I can stand another."---C.A.A. PARKER

4827

H267

The Martini

Cocktail Five

June, 1948

-o-

Served by: Martin B. Keffer, Rt. 5, Box 200, Roanoke, Va
Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association

==========

MOZIS ADDUMS WRITES UV WIMMIN

By George W. Bagby (1879)

Evry man that kin hole a pen is a takin uv a chants at wimmin in the papers. It's reether late in the day fur me to come into the ring, but I'm too mutch uv a man to rezis the temptashun to take a pop at 'em.

I has known and luved em well these menny a year,but I has my objeckshun to wimmin. It ar this----everything about em is too long. Their kotetail is too long; it riffles on the groun like runnin water,and gathers up dert and trash like a harrykane duz goin roun a fodder stak. But a ship under full sale ought to have a wake, and I wooden hav wimmin's frocks cut off to thar waste like a jumpjackit for a pritty.

Thar extromyties is too long. They kin set in a cheer lo' doun, and kick a man that's a settin in a high cheef, 12 feet off in the clear, clean outen the hous. This gives em an ondue idvantidge over thar marster, Man, in the urly staidge uv the gaim. Arfter marridge,the gaim uv kickin is mo evener.

Thar heels uv thar shoes is too long, and thar sox is too long---takes all day to dror 'em on.

I shall not say thar waste is too long, onlest they dunno how to war thar clothes good,and are pedustrinated to be old mades. A long barrel wummun are a utto abominashun. I prefers a durringer.

Thar necks is too long. Ef the neck uv a man were like the neck uv a wummun, the gnott uv his crevatt would rest on the pit uv his stomach. When a wummun

It Contains No Bitters

The Martini

Cocktail Seven December, 1948

-o-

Served by: Martin B. Keffer, Rt. 5, Box 208, Roanoke, Va
Affiliated with the National Amateur Press Association

THE SPECIAL

We hear of pink elephants and about talking dogs,
Of singing giraffes and of operatic hogs
And mules who aspire to the ballet de Russe,
Of cows who can act and artistical moose.
A professor of English is a dear little mouse
And his friend the cat is the maid of the house.
The elk are all farmers plowing the fields,
The lion tries writing to see what it yields.
On radios we hear the mighty baboon
Advertising a knife and a fork and a spoon.
There are bar-tending camels filling them up
And dish-washing foxes with saucer and cup.
Radio commentaries by our friend Mr. Sheep,
Lullabies crooned by the crow make us weep.
For gaiety, jolliness and laughter galore
There are snails and dragons and snakes and more.
You ask where on earth can one find such things.
(It sounds like a world all set up for kings.)
I tell you to go down to Charlie's some time
And drink one of his specials---they're only a dime.
---Lorraine M. Jolian

-----oo-----

We suspect Lorraine's information on the price of a case of DTs is not from experience. Coming home on our Rocky Mount Road bus I overheard a rangy bluejean-clad mountaineer complaining bitterly about inflation. "Why," he drawled disgustedly, "it takes two days' pay each week jes foh mah whiskey!"---Willametta.

#264

MYERS'S MIRAGE

BOX 425
DETROIT 31
MICHIGAN
U. S. A.

NUMBER ONE
JANUARY, 1948

(A mirage is an optical illusion, usually inverted, caused by waves of hot air-as though an exile in Detroit were to vision the majestic fir trees of his glorious Pacific Northwest.)

During our recent sojourn back in God's Country, where we came from, we had a very pleasant visit with Robert R Reid, of Vancouver. Among the typographical treasures of Mr. Reid's well-equipped print shop, he showed us his copy of the book on marbling paper written by Tim Thrift. There Wasn't time to read it through, of course, but on coming back to Detroit it was a great surprise to learn that the Public Library has a copy, too. Perusing this, and remarking on the use of artists' colors therein mentioned, the thought occurred to us that it might be possible to use these colors with white to turn out some beautiful shades of printing ink. Has anyone ever tried this? If so, please write.

On the trip, we also made the acquaintance of Larry Hoffman and John Wilson, in good old Seattle. Mr. Wilson picked us up and took us to Mr. Hoffman's home. There, during an enjoyable call, we set some type to be read in the next number of Pot Luck.

In Ellensburg, a phone call resulted in two things. One was a revelation that the phones there are dialed before the coin is put in and that you can hear the person if your call is answered, but that he can not hear you until you feed the kitty. An extraordinary system, a trifle perplexing to a stranger, and rather time-consuming when the stranger has only a few minutes during a bus's meal stop in which a call has to be made. The other result was more satisfactory; it was a conversation with the mother of Marjorie Whitlow, the "Washingtonian" editor, whose publication appeared recently in the bundle. Marjorie was at school.

By phone too, we visited Charles Bow, in Portland; there wasn't time to call on him in person. We believe he is one of the older and better-known members, and enjoyed our conversation with him very much.

Does any member of the NAPA know of an engraving shop he would care to recommend? There are plenty of shops in Detroit, of course, but prices are higher here than in regions where labor costs are somewhat lower.

Does there happen, by the merest chance, to be anyone in the scholarly membership of the NAPA who speaks Old English or Anglo-Saxon - English as it was spoke before William the Conqueror pushed Childe Harold around at Hastings and mixed the pure and pithy Saxon all up with Norman-French? We can not go to college, but would like very much to learn of our mother tongue of that time and would more than welcome anyone's correspondence who might care to assist or join us in doing so. There are a few phonograph records obtainable to help a little with the pronunciation, but even with them it is extremely difficult to study without a teacher.

X-PN 4827

#270

MYERS'S
MIRAGE
BOX 425
DETROIT 31
MICHIGAN
U. S. A.
NUMBER TWO
JUNE, 1948

(A mirage is an optical illusion usually inverted, caused by waves of hot air as though an exile in Detroit were to vision the majestic fir trees of his glorious Pacific Northwest.)

There was no response to our inquiry in Mirage Number One as to whether any member had ever experimented with the inexpensive tubes of artists' colors for printing ink. Well, don't try it. These small tubes are ground in raw linseed, which won't work on a printing press. They must be mixed with ink varnish or regular ink to use them up, and there is no gain of any kind.

Probably the members who are interested already know about it, but for the information of any who don't, a splendid booklet called "The Process of Marbling Paper" may be obtained for only fifteen cents through our favorite dealer, the Superintendent of Documents, whose address is the Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. This admirable contribution to the marbling art gives a brief history, general principles, equipment and utensils, formulas, and also a bibliography of all the other literature on the subject that the Government compilers could get their hands on. Very interesting. If you want it, send your fifteen cents in any form except stamps.

Is there any way to get pine perfume to stick in printing ink? We tried some pine oil, which is supposed to be the thing for that purpose, and it smelled nice while it was being used, but after the printing was dry the odor had evaporated. Do all the other perfume oils act that way, too, and what, if anything, can be done about it. We are positive that we've smelled some delightful perfumed printing at some time or other in the past.

Since there are several active members in Brooklyn, it's reasonable to ask whether they're keeping in touch with the Mergenthaler place, in order to contribute whatever information they can wangle concerning Linotype's newest piece of wizardry, yclept the Photosetter. This contraption is said to work like ordinary Lino, except that after lining up the mats it simply takes their picture. There is no metal type used in the process at any time. They experimented with it in the Government Printing Office under lock and key, withholding the results from the curious. In the event that it turns out to be practical, it may cause a revolution in the trade, but will probably not affect publications like ours.

Would the NAPA members be interested in the amateur publications of the patients and inmates at institutions, such as sanatoriums and prisons? There are many of these, some of them are gems and others are junk. Myers will tell more on the subject in the next Mirage if there are any requests for such knowledge as a result of this brief mention.

We will not be at the Convention, and we're just Johnny-Come-Lately's anyway, so this year we will not vote. Maybe next year we'll feel ourselves on surer ground. Good luck.

X-PN 4827

#271

MYERS'S MIRAGE

BOX 425
DETROIT 31
MICHIGAN
U. S. A.

NUMBER THREE
DECEMBER, 1948

(A mirage is an optical illusion, usually inverted, caused by waves of hot air-as though an exile in Detroit were to vision the majestic fir trees of his glorious Pacific Northwest.)

The November bundle has come - and some of it has gone, into the wastebasket. All this blistering heat about the misdeeds of fellow members leaves us cold, to be Irish about it. It would seem that a society of the NAPA's experience would have made up a set of rules long ago which would need but little changing, and that very seldom. It is certainly regrettable that the enormous energy wasted in squabbling can not be put to some useful purpose. Why not adopt the slogan of a certain lodge, "If I can't say anything good of another --- , I won't say anything bad of him," and then organize AJ behind some worthy endeavor? Tuberculosis would be a good beginning; after finishing that, there would be other good deeds left to be done, thus making life worth while.

Several letters and cards were received following the release of Mirage Number Two in which more information was asked on the subject of sanatorium and prison magazines as promised. There are several dozen such publications, all the largest institutions and many smaller ones print regularly each month. You will probably find one near to wherever you live, if you investigate. If you wish a list of all those from prisons, ask Lewis Cass, Secretary, of the American Prison Association, 135 East 15th Street, New York City 3. Or get a sample copy of the Atlantian, of the U.S. Penitentiary, Atlanta, Georgia, a wonderful printing job. Elizabeth Jordan, Editor of the National Tuberculosis Association's "Reporter," can probably oblige with as up-to-the-minute a list as it is possible to get at any one time of the sanatorium mags. Her address is 1790 Broadway, New York City 19. Curiosity-seekers will be delighted with the gold-mine of information they'll thus tap as to how the other half lives, if they'll follow up these tips.

All amateur journalists should know about the book, "The Little Magazines," by Hoffman, Allen, and Ulrich. This was printed some years ago, in an attempt to preserve for posterity whatever those who wrote it considered worthy of preservation among the contents of the amateur journals.

In the National Amateur for September, Myers's Mirage is described as a mimeographed publication! Just take a quick look at the masthead, with those beautiful fir trees upside down, just as Webster says a mirage should be. That is the very reason we went to the trouble of setting all that type and having that $1.25 cut made - to escape the odium that a mere mimeographer suffers at the hands of those who fail to appreciate progress. Not that we don't appreciate artistry in printing - we certainly do - but those who belittle each advance should know that the hand scribes of old considered printing a horrid substitute for their laborious writings..

THE MAN SAYS

#272

Published by Edward F. Daas, 738 North 13th St., Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

EIGHTH SAY, APRIL 1948

THE MILWAUKEE AMATEUR PRESS CLUB IS A YEAR OLD

The Club is getting ready to celebrate its first birthday and strange to say the two who are making all the preparations for the club's party on the 18th of this month are NOT members! Blanche and Lowell are so busy preparing to give sustenance to the inner man and forgetting the far more important work of sustaining the United. They have not signed on the dotted line and neither has the most hospitable Alma Geele at whose home the club met march 16th and had a most enjoyable time. Elizabeth Miller who had just returned from a visit to Kansas City told us about a most enjoyable meeting with Belle Mooney and Bess Christiansen. So Elizabeth made two more conquests! At the club meeting several papers were read and we got a real surprise at a story "The Clue" by our British member, Fred Bolt. Since Elizabeth is the only member who does not speak Milwaukee English she was asked to read the story. The levity of the MAPC has stretched way over to England as you will learn when you read his story in next month's issue. Yes, Fred, we were mistaken in picturing you as a staid student with no sense of humor! Too bad you did not hear the chuckles while your story was read.

Absent-mindedly (?) I left a package of stencils at the Geeles and so George and I were asked to come the following Monday to play sheepshead. Unfortunately I had my mind on selling a membership to Alma and I played a miserable game. Before leaving (in the wee Sma' hours) I suggested a subject for her credential but until now have not received it. Alma, if you cannot find a single selling point on the subject, why not write why this object(!) should not be bought.

The meeting of April 6th served to introduce a new member, Charles M. Buller, 638 W. Center St., who probably had the most roundabout way of getting into the club. He wrote an Ohio editor if he knew of a writer's group in Milwaukee and was referred to the local Chamber of Commerce and his request for the information reached the C of C at the same time as my notification of the belated appointment of Wanda Waters as Chairman of the Convention Committee. So he was referred to Wanda and now he has found the club he was seeking. Welcome Charles and may you take a very active part in all of our doings. Sally Eisenberg dropped in to tell us that she had a feature article on Madame Bovary in that night's JOURNAL. We hardly recognized her in her new hairdo. Loraine Koller breezed in, fresh as a daisy, and told us of her very, very belated appointment as Manuscript Manager of the United. The main thing is that she accepted the job. Write her if you are planning to publish a paper and state your wants. Grover brought stencils for his paper Elizabeth read copy she has ready for hers; Esther and Gertrude were discussing plans for theirs. And Davy will have his paper in the Bundle. Come to the convention and meet them all.

Our new UAPA member, Mrs Maybelle Brooks Wolfe, 345 W.Wisconsin Ave., Oconomowoc, Wis. offers a best seller as a prize for the best book review (not over 200 words) received before May 31st. Open to all members so welcome her and send her an entry.

FN4367 #273

THE MAN SAYS

Published by Edward F. Daas, 738 North 13th St., Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

NINTH SAY — MAY 1948

TWO DAVIDS ENTER THE LIONS' DEN

The nice thing about living in Milwaukee in this age is the fact that there never is a dull moment. Although David Gladfelter has been a member for just a year, we never met the young man until he came to George's with his paper for the April Bundle. We felt a bit uneasy and a lot more uncomfortable about this first meeting than Davy might have been. However, all our anxious minutes were for naught. Davy came in and took over. Not a single dull moment nor a single dull subject. The young man evidently absorbs all the things he hears at home (when he does not do the talking himself) and at school.

Never did we have a paper in the Bundle which brought such quick results! The Bundle was mailed at 10 P.M. on Monday and the following afternoon I had a phone call from David Westring whose mother had received the Bundle. He and three of his high school friends publish a very neat mimeograph paper and they wanted to join the United and asked for addtional application blanks.

Jill Kohlerhad seen Davy's paper and wanted to join. "If Davy can get out a paper, so can I. And I will call it THE INK SPLATTER." Her application and those of the four lads were received before the end of the week! Who says that a recruiter has a hard life? This is just an example that some of you should take to heart. If you lapse into a coma, your co-workers will probably fall asleep too. However, if you keep plugging away regardless of the failure of others to fulfill their obligations, your own efforts are bound to bring results.

Davy and Jill made their bows at the delightful birthday party at the Duerrs. They as all of us enjoyed the bountiful supper prepared by Blanche and Ethel, and ate their share of the birthday cake which was decorated in the United's colors, blue and white. Mrs. Mary Sherid also made her first appearance at this affair. Just like a year ago, Unk Ebenezer was the only Chicago member to accept our invitation!

Alma Geele was the hostess of the first benefit card party, May 1st. Prizes went to Elizabeth, Alma and George. I never believed that Ralph Miller could make even a sixth of the noise which we heard from the dining room where six men were playing Sheepshead. It was long after midnight when we finished the fine lunch and had our very last cup of coffee.

At the Library meeting of May 4th David Westring made his bow. This David (we'll have to call one Glad and the other Ring to identify them) told us that they had not one but THREE mimeograph machines. This David, like the other one, is a fine chap and is just another excellent reason for you to come to the convention and meet the nice group we have. With seven teenagers already on the roll-and several in the offing-do not be surprised to hear of another local club in the near future.

Wanda reported the selection of the Pfister Hotel as the convention headquarters, September 2, 3, 4 and 5. The business sessions will be held here; also the annual banquet on Saturday evening of the convention. The Friday evening Dinner Party at Pabst Blue Ribbon will be a get-together of all the amateurs, past or present, of all the organizations. It will be an evening of "gemuethlikeit" and one long to be remembered.

#274

THE MAN SAYS

Published by Edward F. Daas, 738 North 13th St., Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

TENTH SAY — JUNE 1948

ARE YOU PLANNING YOUR TRIP TO MILWAUKEE FOR THE CONVENTION OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION? THE DATES: SEPTEMBER 2, 3, 4 and 5,1948 CONVENTION HEADQUARTERS: HOTEL PFISTER. COME!

BUSY BEES AT THE BOEHMES

Mailing the Bundle is always a busy time at the Boehmes. What with mimeographing, assembling, stapling, folding and then enclosing the Milwaukee papers in the Bundle; the envelopes previously printed on the Duerr press and the labels typed, cut and then pasted on - all of which means many hours of work.

So it was a pleasure to have an evening at the Boehmes for a club meeting, May 18th, with the reading of papers and the discussions which followed. Papers by several outside members were read and enjoyed. Klaus Adler had a German translation of one of our Margaret's poems, an essay by Mrs. Felps, a poem by Eleuterio Tropa and several by the Rev. Griffith were read. These and the papers by the local members preceded a bounteous repast served by Ethel with gallons of coffee. Frank Geele established a new record, an adding machine would have been needed to count the cups he drank and which he MADE me drink. Hulda missed out on the cheese-torte which Ethel had baked for the occasion. Gertrude was teased so unmercifully that she will take a three weeks' rest in New York the end of this month.

The June 1st meeting at the Albery served to introduce another member of ENTERPRISE, Bruce Wilkoff, accompanying Davis Westling. They brought advance sheets of their paper for the Bundle. The meticulous care which they give to their mimeographing will no doubt shame us into doing better work ourselves. If their enthusiasm will continue, we will have to look to our laurels.

- - - - -

Convention days are drawing closer and closer. Are you making your plans to attend?The convention headquarters will be the Pfister Hotel where the annual banquet will be held. If you are planning to spend more than the convention days in Wisconsin, you ought to include a visit to the Wisconsin Dells. A folder has been mailed you. But this does not fully show the beauties of this scenic spot. Spend a day or a week or more and you will never regret it. The Ceremonial dances by the Winnebago Indians which is a nightly event at the Stand Rock Amphitheatre nightly until Labor Day is an unforgettable sight. A trip to nearby Devil's Lake and a swim in its clear waters is a must on your program.

The Wisconsin Centennial will be a Milwaukee celebration for three weeks, ending August 28th. There will be a big show nightly at the Grand Stand. The Skating Vanities will be in Milwaukee at the same time.

A visit to Mt. Horeb with its Norwegian village and nearby Cave of the Mounds will prove interesting. So will a visit to the State Capitol at Madison.

#275

THE MAN SAYS

Published by Edward F. Daas, 738 North 13th St., Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

ELEVENTH ELUCIDATION — JULY 1948

THE TIME: SEPTEMBER 2, 3, 4 and 5th
THE PLACE: MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
THE EVENT: THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

The club received an invitation to attend a meeting of the Wisconsin Chapter of the Chaparral Poets from Mrs. Eleanor Totman of Belleville, Wisconsin, a member of the United Alumni. So George Boehme and I arose before 5 A. M. on May 12th and boarded a Bus bound for Milton, Wis., Where the meeting was to be held. Nothing but a prospective BUILDUP for the United's convention sould have gotten us up that early in the morning.

We were met by Mrs. Heth, the hostess and Mrs. Totman and later at the former's home we met Miss Lucille Clarke of Janesville. We were disappointed in not meeting more of the Wisconsin group but in the hours spent at Mrs. Heth's we laid the ground-work for closer co-operation and invited the chapter to come to the Milwaukee convention and attend our Writers' Forum on September 2nd.

One of the members, Mrs. Acklam of Racine, has since then joined the United and attended a meeting of our club June 29th and another promised to attend a meeting at an early date. We are inviting the rest to join the United and use this city as central headquarters.

At the June 30th meeting of the club at the Library the program was devoted to poetry. Mrs. Florence Acklam of Racine read one of her poems, her credential in the United. Lois Kreif, now on vacation from Carroll College was a most welcome addition. She read two poems and closed the program with a humerous reading.

Elizabeth Miller was the hostess at a benefit card party, June 26th which overflowed her apartment and an additional table was set up in a neighbor's room! We played until midnight and prizes were won by Alma Geele, Eugene P. Grover, Bill McManus and the editor? Loraine made her first appearance since she became Mrs. Ardis Hazlett? The couple will live in Racine. We'll be sorry to lose her but console ourselves with the hope that she will be able to organize a local club in her new home-town. Mrs. Fred B. Larson who was at the party has expressed her intention of joining the club. Elizabeth simply outdid herself with the luncheon she served at midnight and the many "Ohs" and "Ahs" and requests for the recipes of the Stollen and cookies were ample proof of our enjoyment of the feast. And the frequent fillings of our coffee cups served as a BUILDUP for more feasting. Reluctantly we finally said our good-byes after a most wonderful evening with a most wonderful hostess and her most wonderful husband! Have you received any Chain Letters, Elizabeth?

- - - - -

The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club meets on the first Tuesday of each month at 7:30 P. M. in the Conference Room on the second floor of the Public Library, 814 West Wisconsin Avenue. Visitors always welcome.

X-PM 82

#276

THE MAN SAYS

Published by Edward F. Dass, 738 North 13th St., Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Twelfth Talk August 1948

THE TIME: SEPTEMBER 2, 3, 4 and 5th
THE PLACE: HOTEL PFISTER, MILWAUKEE
THE EVENT: THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

There is always something new happening in the club. Yet I was surprised, and very pleasantly, when I received the application for membership in the United from Mrs. Margaret D. Larson and also an invitation for the local club to meet at her home. Accordingly those who did NOT follow my very intricate instructions how to get to her home, reached there long before I did. Never again will I blame Gertrude for arriving late because she followed instructions to the letter.

When I arrived at Mrs.Larson's Loraine Hazlett was playing the piano exactly like George types, one finger at a time. But then, I am not a music critic and don't know the finer points about musical expression. Never mind, Loraine, you do very well at reading-------poetry. Margaret Larson (how will we distinguish between the two Margarets now? Both with the same initials,too) opened the program with the reading of her credential,"Olga"and then regaled us with other stories about this intriguing character.

The poets of the club had been sent poetry for their criticism. Soon they were in a huddle over several poems-reading, correcting and even rewriting some of them. In another part of the room,Elizabeth was giving Eugene an extensive criticism of his story. Bob could not resist the record library and softly played some classics Mrs. Larson and A. H. Johnson (what does the A. H. stand for?) had a debate on palmistry. The group got together once more when coffee was served. And the delicious cup cakes Margaret had baked!

George missed a meeting for the first time due to his vacation having been delayed by his brother's sudden illness. Gertrude on her return from New York was in a bus which collided with a truck. She lost her hat, coat and her dignity in climbing out through the emergency door. Also sprained her ankle so that she is resting in the country and writing, I hope, a lot of poetry for us. Emerson was on a new job, spending the day in Racine. Julie had to stay at home with Tina while Julius was with Richard at Camp McCoy. Lois Kreif was feeling blue because she had been put on a night shift for the month. Frank received a rush order and had to get that out at once.

But we who went out to discover Shorewood had a grand time, leaving Margaret's home at midnight. Her son is Bob Shaw who writes scripts for "Mr.Distrcit Attorney" and several other radio shows. And the Ed mentioned in her story of Olga is her friend Edward Heth, the author. She also composes music.

You too, will enjoy meeting her at the convention.

X-Ref 4827

#177

THE MAN SAYS

Published by Edward F. Daas,
738 North Thirteenth St., Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Thirteenth Talk September 1948

POST-CONVENTIONISMS

THE MAN SAYS this was to have been "The Last Word" since the task of publicising the convention is a thing of the past. How well the task was accomplished will be left to the reader. There were thirteen states represented at the convention and surprisingly half of these were from the greatest distances. It was the most representative group since the re-organization.

Everything went off as scheduled--Wanda with the Poetry Forum and The Tea at her home; George with his never-to-be-forgotten dinner party at Pabst Blue Ribbon Hall; Elizabeth with her picnic supper; while Willametta as toastmaster and Dora Moitoret with one of the finest talks ever given at an AJ banquet helped making this an interesting event.

Donations from some of the alumni made possible the luncheon at the Pfister served to those in attendance at the morning session on Saturday. Willametta was on Carla's program on WTMJ giving AJ a big boost. The Pfister had the Welcome sign on its marquee and I doubt whether our members saw the large moving sign welcoming the United on the Pabst sign at the Court House. We were having such a good time at Pabst Blue Ribbon Hall and the Pfister banquet we confess we forgot all about it after we left those places.

Willametta says of the Pabst dinner party: "In ten years of conventioning I've not seen its superior." While we promised that the Pabst Company would serve a fine dinner, we never expected such a variety, quality and quantity. And the program entirely un-rehearsed was a surprise even to us. And we had what we had repeatedly promised, an evening of "Gemuetlichkeit." If the visitors did not know the meaning of the word, they experienced this feeling of friendliness and comradeship. So I heartily agree with Willametta that "I've not seen its superior" and I have been attending conventions since 1898! So our thanks to the Pabst Brewing Company for having given us such an enjoyable evening and our thanks to George for having done such a wonderful job with the program. Our thanks too, are due to Wanda for her many efforts to make such a success of managing the very first AJ convention she attended. And to Elizabeth for the fine affair the picnic and marshmallow roast at Lake Park turned out to be.

Will Stoddard stayed until the 15th and with the nightly dinners at the various homes I managed to regain at least two of the pounds lost before the convention.

In this Bundle you will find a special edition of THE MAIL POUCH prepared especially for the Forum on Poetry and it is in the same form as presented to the members in attendance. The poems were read and criticised by members after which the criticisms of Mr. Leslie Cross of The Milwaukee Journal were read. Will you try your hand at constructive criticism on one or more of these poems? You may feel that you are not fitted to write criticisms but have you really tried it?

Read these poems over carefully. Then write down the things

4278

THE MAN SAYS

Published by Edward F. Daas
738 North Thirteenth St., Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Fifteenth Talk November 1948

OF CONTESTS AND PRIZES

Beginning with this issue we are publishing the first of a series of articles on writing poetry. Bob Woodward opens with an article on the sonnet and to encourage you to write we are offering a book for the best sonnet received before December 31st. Next month Edgar Rymiker will have an article on the rondeau and a book will be given for the best one received before January 31st. The contests will continue just as long as you show your interest in doing your share by sending in entries.

The Milwaukee Amateur Press Club meets on the first Tuesday of each month in the Conference Room of the Public Library. Visitors are always welcome. The club conducts a monthly contest for the best paper submitted on a given subject. A book is awarded to the winner. The subjects are: November, "The Umbrella;" December, "The Way" and January, "The Morning." The contest is for the Milwaukee club but if we receive entries from ten or more outside of Milwaukee, an additional prize will be awarded.

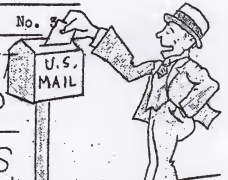
The size of the monthly Bundles depends upon you. If you get out a paper and send it to the Mailer you have done your share. If you do not publish, then it is up to you to do your part. Unless you acknowledge receipt of the individual papers in the Bundle you are not helping the active members. If a member, especially one one who joined the United recently, spends time writing and preparing a paper and pays for the printing of it, sends it to the Mailer and then expectantly awaits an avalanche of mail. And what happens? Perhaps a half dozen or so write him about the papers, some of them giving him a pat on the back. It is just possible that one of the letters is the encouraging kind and an incentive to start him on a second attempt. But unless he is encouraged with a large response, his interest is likely to lag, perhaps to die. The result: a thinner Bundle. So if you want a fat Bundle, write the editors. Tell them what you like about their papers and encourage them to carry on. Perhaps you may add another friend to your list.

And what are you doing to introduce A.J. to the many people who have never heard of our hobby? So many of my recruits thank me for having brought them into our ranks; many surprised at learning of the existence of such an association. Some of these are so very much interested that no additional spur is needed to make them active. But then there are those who need a little urging and if they do not get any attention, usually drop out at the end of the year. Just what would you write to a stranger urging him to join the UAPA? You see the name and address of someone who has sent a poem or article to the editor of a newspaper or magazine. What would you write him? A book will be awarded to the member who sends us the best recruiting letter before December 31st.

#279

THE MAILER

Vol. IX BROOKLYN, N.Y., MARCH 25, 1948 No. 3



24 ATTEND BROOKLYN MEET PLAN N.Y. AREA GROUP

Twenty-four prominent amateurs met February 29th at the Hotel St. George in Brooklyn and gave their unanimous support to Brooklyn for convention city in 1949.

The group will investigate the possibility of setting up a New York area metropolitan group. The next meeting will be on April 4th, Sunday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Grace Moss, 994 Ocean Ave. Brooklyn.

Chas. A. Shattuck prime mover of the meeting, termed it the "Brooklyn convention of '48." Edwin C. Harler, v.p. and Jeanne Sullivan recorder, were present. Ditto such top amateurs as Kleiner, Vondy, Heins, the Haywoods, A.M.Adams and other leading lights.

Messages from the President and from the Wolverine Press Club were received, as well as from other amateurs.

Plans for a meeting room and for possible activities were discussed.

VONDY GETS QUOTE ON L.A. BUS

Vondy Mc.Donald has obtained information on travel to L.A. by Greyhound. She passes it on with the notation "it is all right for those who don't mind being jogged around like freight."

New York to L.A. and return, tax included, costs $93.67 by bus. Any routing may be selected, of the various transcontinental routes travelled by Greyhound. A bus leaving New York Monday at 5:30 AM arrives in L.A. Friday morning at 12:35 AM. It is permissible to stop over in any city en route and continue the trip on any later bus.

BRIEFS

...

Miss A. R. Martin of 261 Ridgewood Avenue, Brooklyn 23, N.Y. writes Santa to say that she has a "hand printing press and a cabinet containing eleven drawers of different type". It is up for sale.

* *

"I View With Alarm", a three-stanza poem of the "nouveau sophisticate" style, written by Burton Crane, was published in the January 24th issue of the SATURDAY EVENING POST.

* *

Plans are being made to tender a testimonial dinner to Chas. W. Heins during the early part of May, according to Chas. Shattuck.

* *

Correspondence courses in news writing, news reporting, and public affairs are now available through the Extension Department of the University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

* *

JEROME FRANKEL, a Brooklynite, had a toy printing press. It got him into the hoosegow. Seems Jerry bought cheap postage stamps, then printed rare "surcharges" and "overprints" on them and cleaned up.

Address Changes (See also page 2 listings)

EULA CHRISTIAN, Box 218, Cleveland, Tennessee.
MARGARET GIMPL COMPTON, from Eugene, Oregon to Box 415, Kalispell, Montana
JACK BOND, 806 North 12th Avenue, Pensacola, Florida.

Individuals who move without notifying the NAPA not only lose out on bundles, papers, and etc., but display a lack of interest.

FOR A REAL 4TH OF JULY BRING LOS ANGELES!

Next Bundle May 25

THE MAILER

Only Two Bundles 'Til July 4

VOL. IX, NO. 4 April 25th, 1948 Brooklyn, N. Y.

SEE FIGHT OVER NOEL AT L.A.

JUDGES WON'T TALK ON ANLIAN ACTION

As the MAILER is published, NAPA's executive judges Spink and Haywood are about to cast their votes on Haig Anlian's protest against the membership of Dr. Clyde F. Noel in NAPA.

Judge Keffer has already announced her vote to reject the protest because of a lack of evidence. The other judges were awaiting "evidence" at the Fossil dinner on April 24, where Anlian was present with a brief case of stuff.

Both Spink and Haywood declared that their minds had not yet been made up. A further query met with wide grins but no statement from the Cleveland ajay.

It seemed likely, however, that a unanimous decision would be handed to the membership soon, to the effect that the issue should be left to the discretion of the convention, where a free for all floor fight is predicted if the anti-Noel forces do not drop the fight. The anti-Noel crowd has bogged down in three other amateur groups where it is fighting him.

HARLER STARTS DRIVE TO BUY ADDRESSOGRAPH

A fund-raising drive to collect $60 for purchase of addressing equipment for the N.A.P.A. was launched Saturday, April 24, by Vice President Edwin C. Harler Jr. The first dollar came from Helm Spink.

Full details of the drive, including an account of how NAPA would benefit by owning the machine, will appear in the next issue of Harold Segal's CAMPANE. Ajays not on the list should write Segal for a copy.

President Sesta Matheison has approved the drive.

Your dollar-- in cash, check or money order -- is solicited for this worthwhile project. Write to Ed Harler.

MET AJ'S TO MEET

The Metropolitan Ajay Group will meet May 16, Sunday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Alexia Rosbrook, 790 Riverside Drive, Manhatton. (157 St.)

All ajays are invited to attend.

Manuscripts for possible publication are desired at the meeting.

X-PR 27

THE MAILER

National Amateur Press Association

Vol. IX, No. 5 Brooklyn 16, N.Y., May 25, 1948 N.A.P.A.

FLASH

MAILING DATES ANNOUNCED

Pre-Convention Bundle Date Advanced; First Bundle After Convention in August

THE PRE-CONVENTION (June) mailing of the National bundle will be in the mails by June 15th so that it will reach members before they begin their convention trips. Since it takes several days to make up these bundles, the publishers intending to have papers included in the June mailing should plan to have their papers reach the mailing bureau (Hall-Mark Publishers, Room 818, 342 Madison Avenue New York 17, N.Y.) by JUNE 12TH.

NAPA MEMBERS receiving this bundle early are asked to pass the word along to anyone they know is planning a June issue for the bundle.

PRESENT PLANS call for a July- August Bundle early in August. This is to allow adequate time for papers to be published with convention items, etc.

THE ABOVE BUNDLE will contain the announcement of the name of the new mailing manager as well.

* *

ACTIVE PUBLISHERS

VOTE FOR AMENDMENT ONE

PROPOSED AMENDMENT #1 to the NAPA constitution deserves the support of every active member.

THIS AMENDMENT sets up a dual membership list for the use of the mailing bureau. One list would contain the names of all:

a) officers
b) libraries
c) members fulfilling requirements of article IV(activity).
d) new members

THE SECOND LIST would contain the names of all other members. The mailer would be authorized--- through this amendment--- to send a publisher's paper to either or both of these lists, as specified by the publisher.

THUS, private mailers could use the bundle and reach everyone of any consequence in ajay, by having their journals sent to the active list. Those who prefer to send papers to everyone can still do so.

THIS PLAN would not be difficult to put into operation. It would not entail much extra work, and would in fact decrease the number of copies of each paper to be stuffed.

VOTE FOR AMENDMENT ONE!

* * * *

EDWIN C. HARLER JR. is still seeking $$$ for the addressing machine drive.

THE MAILER

#232

NA PA

Vol. 1, No. 3 Nov-20-1948

X-PN 4,7

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Fred G. Bissender
9 Shawfield St.
Chelsea, London
S.W. 3, England

Albert C. McLaughlin
766 Seventeenth St.
Oakland 12, Calif.

Ray H. Zorn
Troy Grove
Illinois

Edwin Blake Whiting
Killams Point
Branford, Conn.

Samuel Naparstek
1017 Hoe Ave.
New York 19, N. Y.

CHANGE OF ADDRESSES

Norman Levine
4222 Kitcham St.
Elmhurst, N. Y.

F. F. Thomas, Jr.
683 Santa Barbara Rd.
Berkeley 7, Calif.

Harold D. Ellis
C/o Compton Foundry
1320 S. Alameda St.
Compton 2, Calif.

Foster Gilroy
7 East 35th St.
New York 16, N. Y.

H. E. Hoover
R. D. 2
Myersville, Md.

Edmund Kelly Janes
Box 84
Monterey, Mass.

Larry Notman
284 E. Oak St.
Oshkosh, Wisc.

Norman Quillman
3771 Orchard Drive
Route 1
Port Huron, Mich.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

To avoid the holiday rush and assure your bundles reaching you before December 25, THE BUNDLES WILL BE MAILED DECEMBER 15. Be sure to have your papers here by that date.

RENEWALS

Mrs. Grace Moss
994 Ocean Ave.
Brooklyn 26, N.Y.

Virginia C. Lytle
Cleveland, Ohio

W. Mandas Myers
Detroit, Mich.

Charles A. Shattuck
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sheldon C. Wesson (2 yrs.)
49 N. Water Lane
Levittown, L.I., N. Y.

Eugene B. Willard
Everett, Mass

FINANCIAL REPORT

Mailing fees received September (reported in Sept. MAILER)	$3.50
Mailing fees received October (reported in Oct. MAILER)	8.50
Additional received in Nov. for October mailings	
Marvin Sanford	3.00
Charles Shattuck	2.00
Mrs. V. A. Moitoret	1.00
Bob Carrier	1.00
Jack Coolidge	3.00
Total -------	$22.00

DISBURSEMENTS

September mailing - stamps	$5.25	
October mailing - stamps	15.75	
	$21.00	
Total --------		21.00
Balance ------		$ 1.00

EDITORIAL

Don't forget those mailing fees. I'm not supposed to send the papers unless these have been received and, henceforth shall have to hold them for that 15¢ per pound.....also, I'll try to answer that accumulated correspondence after the first of the year.

THE MAILER

Editor: Bob Carrier
2170 E. Jefferson
Detroit, Mich.

#283

THE MAIL POUCH

THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

GEORGE A. BOEHME
Mailing Manager

Volume 1 MAY 1948 Number 8

2628 N. Richards Street
Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin

DEAR FRIENDS IN THE UNITED

It is with a deep sense of gratitude and sincere appreciation that I address you this month dear friends. Your wonderful response to our recent appeals for financial aid to enable me to make a regular monthly mailing to the membership did bear fruit and if you will but analyze the Financial Report opposite you will find evidence as to reason for my gratefulness.

We should be able to make a few mailings now with funds in the treasury but do hope that though this is quite evident it will not defer intentions of those of you who have planned on an early contribution. It will be most pleasing indeed to have them come in at regular intervals, deferring repetition of an ugly task, that makes it necessary that you are again reminded of the fact of a deleted or low treasury and obligated to ask your early financial support. THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION is proud of its record that to date it has supported The Mailing Bureau by contributions of its membership, be they active or not as to publishing and never did the Mailer have occasion to draw on the General Fund to meet mailing expenses. That is not only a splendid record but one your Mailer does not care to break, so I am sure that each one in our organization will bear in mind. Keep the ball rolling and the record intact. It will make possible for us to put some effort to other things of need and value to our grand organization.

To those of you who have so nobly responded may I take this opportunity in official capacity and personal appreciation to thank you one and all- those of you who have not as yet sent in a bit- do so and sense the joy of having shared the load but seeing a job through and a reward of good results will be ours.

MAILING MANAGER'S FINANCIAL REPORT AS OF APRIL 10, 1948

March 12th. Mailing Expenses above that estimated--$ 2.88
SURPLUS- Before above adjustment- $18.08

RECEIPTS--

Robert A. Carrier-	.30
Beecher Ogden -	3.00
Wm. Alleman -	1.00
Eugene P. Grover -	.50
Paul E. Pross, Jr.-	1.00
G. FitzPatrick -	1.00
Pat Anderson -	1.00
Mildred Holmes -	1.00
Cleo Hayes -	1.00
Willametta Keffer-	1.00
"Unk" Ebenezer -	1.00
Gertrude Wartchow-	.18
Julie Huebscher -	1.00
MAY 10th. MAILING- Estimated	7.50
TOTALS-	$31.06-
	$ 10.38
SURPLUS----------	$20.68

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH

A good speller and a worn out dictionary are usually found together.

He worked and saved and wore himself out. His reward is the finest grave in the cemetery.

Watch the face of the clock and you will never be more than one of the hands.

Firmness is that admirable quality in ourselves that is detestable stubbornness in others.

Politics makes strange bedfellows but they all learn to use the same bunk.

The more arguments you win, the fewer friends you will have.

He who lights a fire should not ask to be protected from the flames.

#284

MAIL POUCH ★ THE MAIL POUCH ★ MAIL POUCH

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

George A. Boehme, Mailer, 2628 N. Richards St., Milwaukee 12, Wis. — June 1948 — Vol. 1 No. 9

NOV 1947

DEAR FRIENDS IN THE UNITED

The one outstanding issue debated upon quite frequently in a group such as ours and yet never really agreed or disagreed to is the one on ''type of publishing'' by its membership. What in any one's mind can be the reason for tirade and abuse is beyond true comprehension and understanding.

We are not all by inclination or choice printers, thank the All Mighty God for that - for it is but common sense that the one who does set type and runs off a word, a line, a paragraph, and so on to a volume certainly should seek a field of readers to get his message across. Now if that message is to be one of everlasting value and is worth its place in the world of literature it is most fitting that it be printed, and printed it will be as soon as someone finds it convenient to exploit the public - for that is the way things are done today.

But say one has no desire to actually''print'' but has the means and the use of a pencil or pen, some type of duplicator and a message to get across, is it so all fired wrong that these means available are put to use for the purpose ? For quick action and a scoop where would the printer be in such a situation ? As Mailer for our organization most of the past year I have yet to see one important bit of news in any of the printed efforts that was not three to six months old whereas the''mimeo-slop'' sheets did keep all informed on the most important items almost as quickly and as intended. Yes, it was these same''mimeo-slops''that made it possible that we have a monthly bundle to get to the membership.

Then there are the authors of have the means to publish any way, shape or manner, did they have, still do not care to, as no appeal to publish is their lot. But they do furnish copy for us that do publish. So we must keep authors in the group because few printers have the time or ability to write. Then we do want as an outlet readers. Publishers desire attention- and only because most people read do we get our message across. Some members have written me that they really look forward month to month for the bundle- have made contribution to the mailing fund so not to be missed in mailings to come.

Our secretary, Mr. Daas has received renewals of membership on the basis that the mailings be theirs for another year. Our group must have readers. And do not think me wrong when I say as frankly as possible that these very folks would not be in the organization but because of some method employed in publishing be it printing,''mimeo-slopping''or any other form. So for all these folks and many others those of you who must have your uncalled for belittlement of others small efforts tossed around take advise that the four winds is as good a place as any- you are barking up the wrong tree. An intent to destroy an effort will only result in your own defeat for some will mimeo and continue to mimeo so as to get ''It'' to you before the baby has whiskers- and if you do like an item in one of these slop sheets there is but little doubt a printer can get permission to set it up and print to his heart's content. That is what we should do rather than condemn any one's procedure. A world of copy lies at

H285

★ ★ THE MAIL POUCH ★ ★

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

George A. Boehme, Mailer 2628 N. Richards St., Milwaukee 12, Wis. July 1948 Vol. 1 No. 10

X-PN 4827

+ + +

+ + + L I E B E D E L E G A T E N + + +

+ + + + + + + + +

Im namen der U.A.P.A. heisse ich Euch herzlich willkomen zur jährlichen Convention von 2ten bis 6ten September. Ihr habt den Staat Wisconsin gewählt der dieses jahr seine 100 jahre -feier hält. Unsere jahr hundert-feier wird mit dem Geist der Beibehaltung und weiter führung aller traditionen geleidet, welcher der geschichte Wisconsin einen dauernden Erfolk gab. Es wird euch bewusst werden während eurern aufenthaldes hier das FORWARD -unseres Staates wort- heist und als freie menschen den Segen den wir gewissen auch zu schätzen wissen., und wir hoffen das Ihr während eurerers besuches hier mit Begeisterrung an der jahr hundert-feier und dem Fortschritt unsers Staates anteil nehmt.

Wir hoffen das Ihr eurere pflichten als Delegaten erfüllt und die Convention ein grosses Erfolg wird.

Euer U.A.P.A. Convention
Committee for the year '48

+ + + - + + +

+ + + O N T H E A B O V E E N D E A V O R - W E T O O
W O N D E R I F W E G O T I T O V E R. + + + +

+ + + + + + + + + + + +

May we hope that you have had someone translate the above and that your translater did get the gist of our message overto you properly ? It is a first endeavor in forty years to try out a waning knowledge of the German language. Hope we are not entirely off grammatically, but please do not ask for a repeat performance, it was quite a task and did take a heap of time to rewrite to get those words together. Someone with real training will no doubt find enough fault to suggest that I forget any or all inclination to try out a long lost ability to rant and rave in that tongue, making guinea pigs out of my reading public and friends. But if I got a message across I have achieved the reward- results will be evidenced by your reactions next Septem - ber. We do hope that a little fun and satisfaction was yours in that your curiosity being aroused was appeased by taking the time and effort involved to have it translated for you.

+ + + - + + +

++F O R A B I G G E R A N D B E T T E R U. A. P. A. ++

One more bundle of + + + + + + + + Amateur Publications will be mailed before our annual Convention. Why not get your contribution to me in time for mailing ? It should be a bundle as well packed as any in our history so as to spur us on to definate increase of effort in the coming new year of ''UNITED'' activities. There can be no doubt in your mind that we in Milwaukee have kept the U.A.P.A. well in hand to the best of our ability and capacity during the past year. The membership was augmented, the latent abilities of publishers aroused to some degree of activity, new publications introduced, and above all a important wave of good, keen interest is apparently our heritage.

We are in good position to make the coming year the banner one in our history. Let us all take part to make that a fact.

THE MAIL POUCH

PUBLISHED FOR THE
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

George A. Boehme, Mailer, 2628 N. Richards St., Milwaukee 12, Wis.

September 1948 — Vol. 1 No. 12

FINANCIAL REPORT-SEPT.15th.,1948

SURPLUS- AUG.15th -	$ 4.44	
AUGUST MAILING EXPENSE ADJUSTMENT -		$ 2.80
RECEIPTS -		
CLEO HAYES	- 1.50	
"PAT" ANDERSON	- .50	
EUGENE P. GROVER	- .50	
L.V.HELJESON	- 2.00	
"UNK" EBENEZER	- 2.00	
WILLAMETTA KEFFER	- .50	
JOHN F. VAGLIENTI	- 1.00	
GARVIN AKER	- 1.00	
JOHN WOODS	- .01	
"The Parasite"		
BEECHER OGDEN	- 1.00	
MRS. MARY SHERID	- .50	
MRS. GRACE MOSS	- 10.00	
FRANK GEELE	- 1.00	
JOHN J. QUIGLEY	- 1.00	
ANDREW M. GENZOLI	- 1.50	
MRS. EDWARD FALTUS	- .09	
ESTIMATED SEPTEMBER MAILING EXPENSE -		11.50
TOTALS -	$28.54	-$14.30
SURPLUS -	$14.24	

CONVENTION PHOTOGRAPHS-$.75 EA.

Four beautiful, size 8 x 10 photos came out of the Milwaukee Convention. Two of them are very appropriate convention pictures, then there is a perfect one of the Alumni present, also an informal one showing the many of the members and guests in line at the buffet tables or doing justice to the food at the dinner in "BLUE RIBBON HALL", pride of THE PABST BREWING COMPANY.

These photos sell for $.75, take my word for it they sure are well worth the money. You may send me an order for your pictures, enclose the proper remittance - postage is covered in the price asked. Suggest all four pictures, but we will leave this to your pleasure or desire. We have a dozen of the sets on hand and will mail immediately to the first that we hear from and there won't be a long delay either if you aren't one of the lucky first ones as orders will be given immediate attention. ORDER NOW.

U.A.P.A. STARTS OFF A NEW YEAR

We had a fine convention in Milwaukee. I feel sure that in all respects this statement is the opinion of all who attended. Delegates from coasts East and West, from extreme Northern and Southern States- fourteen states represented, not bad, eh?

Nary a bit of dissension or lack of harmony marred the business sessions or was there one criticism on the entertainment offered. Because our President was absent the delegates in attendance selected yours truly, Chairman, the delegates in all respects aided me nicely in all matters that came up at the two sessions. We elected a strong slate of officers - it is up to us all to give them proper support- aid them all to build now and we will have a Better, Bigger UNITED rest assured. NOTE- I will be your MAILER another year. I hope you bear with me.

FRATERNALLY, GEO. A. BOEHME

THE MAIL POUCH

#257

X-PN 4827

''An endeavor to create interest and promote more enthusiasm in the world's greatest hobby- AMATEUR JOURNALISM- is the purpose of the editor and publisher.''

---UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION---
STAUNCH ADVOCATE OF A FREE PRESS.

VOLUMN 1

NO. 7

APRIL-- 1948

GEORGE A. BOEHME, MAILING MGR.
2628- NO. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

DEAR FRIENDS IN THE UNITED

One of the pleasing rewards of well meant effort is the reaction of those we serve. I am going to turn this column over this month to ROBERT H. WOODWARD of SOUTH BEND, INDIANA- 1030-VASSAR AVENUE and let him- by the way a recent recruit to our beloved UNITED- give you all of the gold he sent out my way just a few days ago. Take over, ROBERT.

''AN OPEN LETTER TO ALL AJAYS''

The two editorials by Martin B. Keffer and Russell L. Paxton in the February issue of the P-K SCRIBBLER-MARCH bundle- are excellent statements of what we should all believe and practice. They stated in effect that Amateur Journalism is losing ground because the members are falling down in the merit of their work.

Why is this the case ? Why do the members contribute material of mediocre or even poor quality ? Some, as Mr. Keffer states, are just beginners, and it is only natural that their work will not have the polish that it will eventually attain. But for the others, for those who are capable of good work, there is no reason for sloppy craftsmanship. It is not only detrimental to the reputation of the AJ journals, but it also is harmful to the writers themselves. Why continue such practice ?

George Morgan Knight,Jr., president of the Knight Publishing Company, wrote me recently always to do my best work, regardless of the literary medium, for one never knows who will read it. Most AJAYS are striving to become professional or semi-professional writers, and it is only through striving for professional workmanship at all times that this goal can ever be attained.

Your two articles, George, in the last issue of THE MAIL POUCH were very interesting, and the first one-''WAR- WHAT FOR ?''- was excellent. Your picture of the physical aspects of war was carefully and poetically drawn. It is an excellent picture of the wanton destruction of life and material on the battlefield.

ROBERT H. WOODWARD.

Editor's Note-

In behalf of the membership let me extend our sincere thanks to the author for reminding us ''that if anything is worth doing at all it is worth doing well.''

We also know that the entire membership will voice their approval by showing ROBERT and the many of us improved craftsmanship in the contributions they will offer hereafter. It is all too true that many a poor job has been offered heretofore. I am going to make effort toward better craftsmanship and I know that the rest of you too will make efforts to improve your work along the line. Then there is no doubt that we will share the attention of a larger group of folk interested in literary and publishing efforts

THOUGHTS FOR THE MONTH

The bigger a man's head gets, the easier it is to fill his shoes.

There is no free lunch. -WORK.-

#288

-THE MAIL POUCH-

THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 1 - AUGUST 1948 - NUMBER 11

GEORGE A. BOEHME
MAILING MANAGER

2628-N. RICHARDS ST.,
MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

WELCOME - NEW MEMBERS - GREETINGS

261-Mrs. Bessie Heth, Milton Junction, Wis. Credential, "Faith," a poem. (Boehme)
262-Patrick G. Carney, R. R. #2, Sun Prairie, Wis. Credential, "My Pen," a poem. (Daas)
263-Edgar H. Ryniker, 480 East 34th St., Brooklyn 3, New York. Credential, SKYLINES. (Daas)
264-Mrs. Margaret D. Larson, 4520 N. Wildwood Ave., Milwaukee 11, Wis. Credential, "Olga," a story. (E. Miller)
265-Raymond Geeting, Box 463, Waterloo, Indiana. Credential, "Political Song Hits," an article. (Knight)
266-Mrs. Anne C. Rose, Box 53, Gilmanton, Wis. Credential, "Violets for Spring," a poem. (Heth)
267-Mrs. Eleanor A. Totman, Belleville, Wis. Credential, "I Have Found Today," a poem. (Boehme)
268-Carl Peterson, 3542 Carroll Ave., Chicago 24, Ill. Credential, "Seven Rules" an article. (Cohen)

RENEWALS:

Gretel Graf, Jessie L. Perro, Belle S. Mooney, Sesta Matheison, Fred G Dress, Jack Hellar (2 years).

CHANGES OF ADDRESSES:

205-Marvin Pearlmutter, 45 Franklin Terrace, Jersey City, N. J.
41-Butte H. Tipton, 471 Center Street, Grandview, Washington.
219-Hulda Brown, 2764 S. Howell Avenue, Milwaukee 7, Wisconsin
184-Loraine P. Hazlett, 1616 Thurston Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin

- - - - - - - - - - - -

MEET THE NEWCOMERS!

Edgar H. Ryniker: "From the native sidewalks of New York I wandered off, to events that ultimately lost me both legs under a train of the International & Great Northern Railroad. On proxies I walked into the State civil service, and a later job with the nation's oldest textile manufacturing firm - a business founded in 1790. Traveled most of our States and Mexico. During the four years of its existence I published SKYLINES, a magazine of verse. I do book reviews for one of the smaller publications, and belong to Brooklyn Poetry Circle."

Earl Joseph Stiner: "Born and raised on a farm 7½ miles north-east of Oberlin, Kansas, in the wheat and corn belt. Graduate of Oberlin High School, Case Teck, Detroit, and Detroit Conservatory of Music. Studied violin at the age of twelve, adding guitar and trumpet. For the past twenty years, author, writer and composer of Music. Latest book, "What Every Amateur Songwriter Should Know." I hope to have a musical organization in Houston for sponsor auditions this Fall."

Robert A. Bacon: "I'm 23 years old, single, of average dimensions, and (I'm told) average looks. I like reading, writing, music, and art. My present occupational status is what might loosely be termed "student" but I'm now on my vacation. Perhaps I'm just a loafer. I welcome letters, and usually I answer them much quicker than I have this one."

THE MAIL POUCH

#277

PUBLISHED FOR THE
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION - NOVEMBER 1948

GEORGE A. BOMMER, MAILER, 2820-NO. RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE, 12, WIS.

VOLUME 2 - No. 2

FINANCIAL REPORT - NOVEMBER 15th., 1948 - TWO MONTH PERIOD

SURPLUS REPORTED SEPTEMBER 15th., 1948	-	$ 14.24
SEPTEMBER EXPENSES OVERESTIMATED	-	2.00
RECEIPTS-		
BURTON CRANE	-	4.00
VIVIAN DUNN	-	.10
WILLAMETTA KEFFER	-	1.00
HELEN HELMS	-	2.00
EDGAR H. KANIZER	-	.45
G.L.KNIGHT,Jr.	-	1.00
WM. MCLEAN'S	-	.85
JESSIE L. TEMPO	-	1.00
ANDREW H. GANZON	-	1.50
LARVIN PEARLMUTTER	-	2.00
H.S. SETTLE FELTS	-	.30
IDA MAE RITTER	-	.50
ELEUTERIO J. TIOPA	-	2.00
OCTOBER MAILING EXPENSES	-	$11.25
NOVEMBER MAILING EXPENSES - ESTIMATED	-	11.25
TOTALS	-	$ 32.94- $22.50
SURPLUS- NOVEMBER 15th., 1948 - ESTIMATED		$ 10.44

YOUR MAILER CATCHES UP TO SOME EXTENT ON DEFERRED READING

A recent stay at one of our local hospitals gave me the opportunity to do a little reading, a pleasure I had to waive for some time due a great deal to the fact that time just did not conveniently permit. I especially enjoyed a little volume given me by Mr. Baas -who incidently was a daily visitor while I was hospitalized- entitled ''MEDITATIONS OF MARCUS AURELIUS.'' NOW THERE WAS A MAN. Would every man but live and act and think along the lines of this great philosopher the world today would need no other guidance, no further preachings, no further teachings toward good actions and deeds. Read his work, do his advise consideration and I'm sure you will be the better for it. One of his many gems of wisdom I cannot help but pass along and know it will be your motto too as it is now mine. I quote- ''Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest, while it is in thine power, be good.'' Unquote. Makes sense, doesn't it ? Doing good- might seem hard to do at times- but it pays off in dividends- and like the proverbial snowball, it will increase in size as it is rolling along. Then we may yet . in our short span of life see a bit of heaven here in this idiotic asylum we call the world. Pardon this bit of preaching, but I'm sure we need some of that occassionally to check our rushing into total chaos and social ruin.

GEORGE A. BOMMER

X-PN 4827

#270

THE MAIL POUCH

PUBLISHED FOR

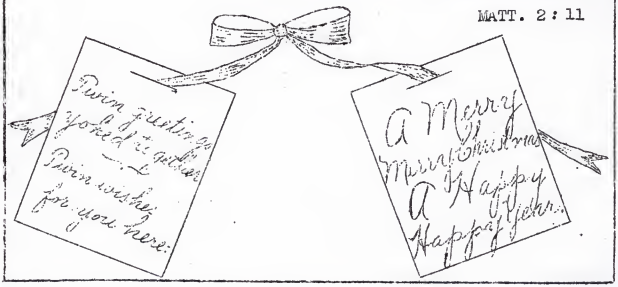
THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

GEORGE A. BOEHME, MAILER
2628-NO.RICHARDS ST., MILWAUKEE 12,WIS.
DECEMBER 1948 - VOL.2 NO.3

A Christmas tree is a very handy thing on which to hang a whole year of good wishes for a whole year of Happiness!

"And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with mary his mother, and fell down and worshipped him: and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense and myrrh."

MATT. 2:11



X-PN 4827

Vol. 1
No. 4
April
1949

Muggins Ink

An Amateur Publication

time runs out as thoughts drift by

OUR JANUARY SNOWFALL delighted, delayed routine and disappeared. We shoveled this fluffy white smog, consumed many pots of coffee, studied, cleaned shop. We were busy, safe and warm in our basement with Grace and Emory Moore . . . Abraham served cherry pie and coffee (Sir Emory's favorite on a cold night, or *any* night) . . . Our versatile photographer, Colonel Moore produced wonderful pictures of our *Muggins* in her rocking chair . . . a bit of banter re *unusual* California weather and then interest shifted to amateur publications and a real *treat* carefully handled . . . bound Vol. 1 *National Amateur,* issues 1889-1900, loaned by our official editor, Mr. Harold D. Ellis.

. . . So-o-o-o a pleasant visit ended and out into this whirling white jungle stepped booted and bundled Moores. While inspecting car, we cleared windshield wipers of snow, Emory shouts seriously, "In which direction is California?" A light rainfall followed our high wind which came a few days later and we are almost back to normal. Many Easterners came to our beautiful California for the winter and *got it!*

, , , , , , , , , , , ,

RECENT CORRESPONDENCE

A reminder from Albert Lee, Secretary-Treasurer —dues you know. Happy thoughts and congrats from C. A. Shattuck, Elmer Lyon, Dr. Noel, Harold Ellis, Bill and Till of *The Haywood Press,* Mrs. Charles B. First, Beecher Ogden, Roy Lindberg, Eleuterio J. Tropa, R. R. Langdon, G. W. Sheldon, M. M. Duffee. Congrats and check-check to them . . . may their diligent efforts uplift all amateurdom.

X-PN 4827
X-PN 4827

MUSICAL CARRIER

JULY 1949

Pan American Union Director Dr. Leo Rowe Names Enric Madriguera "Music Ambassador Of The Americas"

MEMORANDUM

AUTUMN 1949—L. V. HELJESON, Apt. 19, 2125 Locust Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa., *Publisher*. Member: NAPA; UAPA & Alumni; The Fossils, Inc.

In One Easy Lesson

WHEN the famous School of Journalism of the University of Missouri cooperates with the venerable *The Saturday Evening Post* in producing a book for aspiring writers, the result, as might be expected, is *deluxe* in format—and in price. This book (WRITING From Idea to Printed Page. By Glenn Gundell. 374 pp. New York: Doubleday & Company $5.95) is such an engrossing and valuable departure from the average instructional book that it is worth saving pennies for, or a hint in early December to a rich relative.

With a foreword by Frank Luther Mott of the School of Journalism, and an introduction by Mr. Gundell, it contains two fiction, one fiction-illustration, and three fact-finding case histories. Preceded by the first page or two of the finished article or story as it appeared in the *Post*, each of the six sections consists of career data on the author or illustrator, the background of the idea, a history of the manuscript, and exact reproductions (the book is 8½ x 11) of memorandums, letters of rejection, comment, or acceptance, and of manuscripts and parts of manuscripts. While all of the material is worthwhile, it is these "exhibits" that make the book unique, and of more value to the new writer than page after page of ordinary text.

These case histories show the interesting things that happen in the editorial offices of a large magazine, from the way a staffer proposes an idea for an article—and what he does when the editors give it tentative approval, to the actual attention and assistance given an unknown writer when his work has a glimmer of merit. I did not know before, for example, that the envelope in which a manuscript arrives stays with it, at the *Post* at least, and is used for scrawled observations as it passes from editor to editor. These comments may be "I still like this & she's improved it. It's a good story & unusual" or a terse "Yes" in concurrence with another editor's motion for acceptance. The fact-writing histories show the tremendous amount of research that must precede the writing of an article, whether it is about a city or a man; and the difference in volume between the pages of notes taken during the research and the completed manuscript indicates how much information must be condensed or discarded in the final writing. Illustrated, too, is the painstaking care with which all proper names, statistics, and other factual information are verified by the *Post's* manuscript editors before an article is released for publication. The thoroughness with which they work appears in one manuscript where an obvious typing error in writing "burrons" for "buttons" is marked but not corrected, a cautious marginal note saying, "Can't verify, buttons maybe."

#224

JANUARY 1949

FALL IN WINTER

The first real snowfall was ushering in the winter season on December 18th. With my last batch of Christmas cards I hurried to the post-office to get there before the stamp window closing at midnight. It was a beautiful sight, a sort of preview of the weather Hollywood is enjoying now and presaging a White Christmas for us. On my way home I stepped on an icy spot on the sidewalk, my feet flew up from under me and I landed on my right side with a heavy thud. Believing it to be a severe sprain I did not go to the doctor's until a few days later. Examining me he said: "I'll have to get X-Rays. It's a fracture of the humerus." I supposed he was wisecracking for I could not see anything funny about it. That is, not until later. After the X-Ray which showed a fracture, I was assigned to a room, undressed and given a garment to wear. It was a sort of bib for an overgrown child; not long enough to cover the knees and an extensive southern exposure. Then a parade of young and rather pretty nurses, each with a distinctive job to attend to. Pulse, temperature, supper, and then one with what appeared to be part of a bootlegstill who said she was going to give me the works. So I became acquainted with George's "enemies."

Then the house doctor who thumped and listened, examined and asked questions. When he had completed his examination he assured me of my being as sound as a silver Dollar. Later was given a sleeping pill which kept me awake all night. I cannot understand why they have "Quiet Zone" signs on the outside of hospitals instead of the inside for I have never spent a night in a noisier place than the hospital. Thirty minutes in the operating room and I was ready to leave. My right arm in a heavy cast prevents me from doing many things although I have "broken" my right hand into doing substitute service. Even to the cutting three of the stencils in this issue. But I'm not complaining for President Genzoli is in a worse plight. He was in an auto crash and a broken right shoulder was only one of many injuries sustained. So you have a President and a Secretary with their right arms in casts carrying on their work. The drawings in this issue are by our British member, Fred E. Bolt. IF you like them, drop him a line and urge him to send us some more.

The Milwaukee club will meet on January 18th with Mrs. Mabel L. Gould, 5315 W. Keefe Ave. Take Green bus marked "Sherman-Keefe."

#715

THE MAN SAYS

Published by Edward F. Daas

738 North 13th Street, Milwaukee 3 Wis.

Twentieth Talk April 1949

APRIL

Oh April days are sunny days
All jewelled bright with showers
And April days have charming ways
Of waking slumbering flowers,
And bringing back the welcome birds--
The neighbors we approve--
Our merry chums whose only words
Are melodies of love.

And April winds are scented winds
With perfumes laden deep.
Oh many kinds to south wind finds
To scatter through our sleep.
For April nights are ever filled
With promises of spring
And all of Nature's arts are spilled
In bounteous offering.

And April's laughter makes a gay
And trilling roulade.
It fills the days in joys that spray
With happiness each maid,
And stirs the toilworn weary man
To lightsome steps and gay
Renewed as when in youth he ran
Along the road to May.

Belle S. Mooney

The gifted Belle can turn out a Poem as beautiful as the above and without a blush offer this:

TO EDWARD

He breaks an arm--but phoo-y
Unflinching and without ado he
Stacks the mail with natural charm
And does it neatly with one arm,
Proving he is whole American
Also a first class arm-y man.

AND THEN THIS!!!

I am so glad I metcha
And after this I betcha
No other guy
So far will fly
For just a chance to getcha

ENTRE NOUS

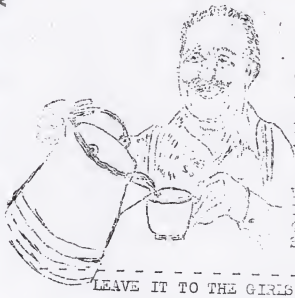
The Milwaukee club has been doing nicely sans officers, sans rules, sans regular procedure but plenty of enthusiasm and camaraderie. I have been chairman of most of the meetings but will for the next few months try rotating the office. Jimmy Dolin thinks that I took the secret out of secretary but he should be up here and let us know why our secretaries have been taken out of the maps. The three for whom the club was organized on Easter of 1947 have all left the city! Ellen Lyons our first secretary moved to Birmingwood five months after the club was started; Emerson Duerr works in Chicago and now Eugene Percy Grover has moved to Horicon, Wis! Eugene succeeded Morris Running who after a few months as secretary dropped out of the club without any explanation.

The club met March 15th at the home of Esther Schumann and she and Gertrude were the hostesses. "The Song" subject was treated in various forms. The two lighted candles at the luncheon table was representative of the light these two gifted poets shed on our programs, rekindling our at times lagging interest Esther, calm and serene, served cups of coffee ad infinitum while Gertrude ever on the qui vive to serve you just once more. The Duchess sans article and sans cake did not dare to face the consequences so did not come to the meeting, pleading a "common" cold. She missed a "rare" treat and we missed the cute little minx. Touché Elizabeth!

X-PN 4027

#28

THE MAN SAYS



Published by Edward F. Daas

738 North 13th Street, Milwaukee 3 Wis.

Twenty-first Talk May 1949

STABILITY

When lives are like the snow fields, clean
They never leave a stain;
Quite like the pine which does not lean,
Stands upright in the rain.

Savilla Slothower

LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS

Last year when we had our meeting at Margaret Larson's my directions were so wrong that I found myself stranded miles west of our meeting place and finally reached there almost two hours late. But not too late for the coffee and the cake! This year I wanted to give the correct directions and learned that Margaret herself did not know just how far she lived from the Oakland car line! But we found the house and had a most interesting and enjoyable meeting with Margaret as Chairman. The subject for the evening was "The Cut" and we had plenty of fun in cutting and slashing the stories of Margaret and Irma. Strange to say not one of the ladies had a kind word to say of Irma's Bettina and all of them opposed to having Tom left at a bar telling his story! Our solution to Margaret's Olga proved a simple matter. Criticisms of Lucille's tale were in a kinder vein and Mabel's surprised us with her humorous interpretation of the subject. I had arrived early and Margaret showed me the size of the coffee pot and asked if it was large enough. It was! And the fudge cake she served with it was so delicious that the ladies wanted the recipe. Margaret is a very charming hostess and her large living room with the logs burning in the fire-place and the lighted candles on the table breathed of her fine hospitality. The memory of our April meeting will be with us for a long, long time.

The meeting at the Library on May 3rd served to introduce Joyce Nowak. When asked how she knew of our club she told us that she had received the paper containing Wanda's fine Biblical story from a friend who had received the papers from another girl in the same office. Poor Irma! She rewrote the ending to her "Bettina" story and this time it did not suit the men! We wonder what she will do to "Tom" before the next meeting. Percy who had to meet a 6 P.M. train, rushed from Horicon some forty miles away to attend this meeting and felt amply repaid for the trip. Here is one member who appreciates what A.J. has done for him. The club will celebrate its second anniversary with a dinner at the Forst Keller at 1037 West Juneau Avenue, on Tuesday, May 17th at 6:30 P.M. Hope to see you there!

THE MAN SAYS

#29

Published by
Edward F. Daas
738 No. 13th St.
Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Twenty-Second Talk

June 1949

NOW is the time for planning your visit to New York City to attend the annual convention of the United at the Empire Hotel. September 2nd to 5th. Will you be among us at that time?

OUR SECOND BIRTHDAY

The hail storm on the afternoon of May 17th discouraged some, but those of us who attended the Birthday dinner of the M.A.P.C. at the Forst Keller will always carry pleasant memories of the occasion with us. The friendly atmosphere, the delicious food (you forgot to mention the huge portions--Ed.), the courteous service and the sparkling conversation, all added up to a very pleasant affair.

After dinner we drifted lazily into the private rooms for the usual meeting. Here, too, the spirit of festivity reigned. A gorgeous bouquet of lilacs, a salute from Horicon and Percy Grover, shed its fragrance about the room.

The meeting was opened by this month's chairman, the Duchess. George, after his charming wife had run out of films (Oh, such beautiful ceilings!) read a letter from President Genzoli and an article by Belle Mooney. The Duchess, wearing another one of those creations which have made the feminine members chapeau conscious, read "I Want to Write Right." (The little minx should write oftener --ill rather than nil--Ed.) Mabel, Percy and Lucille read papers and Wanda closed the program with her reading of "Why I Renewed my Membership." She was the first entrant in that contest. She had received the Bunder entry in the Morning and posted it in the afternoon. No procrastination is Wanda's motto. A new member, Cel Keiser seemed a bit bewildered at the easy give and take of our group, but she liked us nevertheless. She confessed that she felt it a privilege to belong to the M.A.P.C.

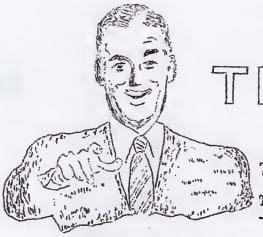
Irma Reitci

* * * * *

PRIZE WINNERS

"Toward the Morning" by Hervey Allen was awarded to Irma Reitci for the best paper on "The Morning," who also was awarded "Bride of Fortune" by Harnett-Kane for the best paper on "The Ring." "Three Roads to Valhalla" by Catherine Stewart was awarded to Margaret Lohr for the best paper on "The Song." In the best Rondeau contest, the prize, "Bulfinch's Mythology"

X-PN 4827



#298

THE MAN SAYS

Published by Edward F. Daas

738 North 13th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Twenty-Third Talk July 1949

THE CLUB MUST GO ON

The "haunted house" was the scene of the June 21st meeting of the M.A.P.C. and Wanda welcomed a goodly crowd. Fifteen of the regulars and "occasionals" including a new member, Pearl Taenzer, helped to make the evening a memorable one. Several papers in the monthly contest, "Bridge" were read and criticized. And as they had served Tea at the convention, so did the Duchess who was the chairman for the month, pour with the aid of Margaret Larson. However, catering to certain members it was COFFEE which was served.Caffeine not removed, the coffee awakened the group to still greater vivacity and volubility until midnight which came much too soon. Convention trips were discussed by the home-ward bound groups and Milwaukee may be well represented if plans are carried out.

Myron Kuhr made his first appearance at the June Library meeting and Bessie Smith became acquainted with the club at the July meeting. This almost turned out to be a Jimmy Dolin meeting. His "ghost" letter about the meeting at Wanda's brought many a chuckle and later on more than an hour was spent in reading his long and excellent criticisms of the papers in "The Cut" contest. Each entry received a full page and more of constructive criticism interlarded with many a Dolin witticism.

PRIZE WINNERS

"Pioneer Preacher" by Opal L. Berry was awarded to Savilla J. Slothower for the best Rispetto. Ray H. Zorn was judge of the contest. "Young Mrs. Savage" by D. E. Stevenson was awarded to Esther Schumann for the best paper in "The Cut" contest. James F. Dolin acting as judge. "Prairie Avenue" by Arthur Meeker was awarded to Wanda Waters for the best entry in the "Right" contest of which Victor Bacon was judge.

The M.A.P.C. contest for this month is "My Most Memorable Vacation" and entries must be sent to Margaret Lohr. The subject for August is "Wig--Hands--Horse" all these to be incorporated in a story, poem or article and must be sent to the chairman for that month, Genevieve Nickrant.

The following contests are open to all United members: a book will be the prize in each; for a poem, any subject or type, deemed best by the judge. The best letter on "Why I Renewed (or Will Renew My Membership in the United and for the best letter of criticism of the United. All entries to be sent to me before the end of August.

Are you planning a visit to New York to attend the annual convention of the United September 2nd to 5th? If you have attended an A. J. Convention you'll need no urging. If you have not, attend this one in New York City and enjoy the best four days you ever had. Enjoy the banquet, the Hudson trip to Hyde Park and sightseeing trips around New York.

X-PN 4827

THE MAN SAYS

Published by #299

Edward F. Daas
738 North 13th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.
Twenty-Fifth Talk September 1949

X-PN 4827

CROWDED HOURS

A small committee did a big job entertaining the annual convention of the United Amateur Press Association in New York. About the only calm and peaceful hours I spent were those on Saturday morning when I was allowed to sleep uninterruptedly while the most exciting (?) event of the year took place just three floors under my room! What, you say, an election going on and the Boss asleep? Yes, that really happened, believe it or not. Apparently the "machine" was so well greased that he was not needed to secure an endorsement of his policies.

However, young Quigley came very close to upsetting the applecart. Without fanfare or advertising he wrote and wrote to almost every member and when the votes were counted he was only 13 votes behind the winner! Good work, Johnny. A quiet youngster who will make a name for himself in United's history. Everybody liked him and he will receive a royal welcome when he comes to the Milwaukee convention next year.

Savilla Slothower was a member of both of the other major A. J. associations. I did not know of this until I met her at the convention. During the year she had been a most faithful contributor to the various contests and I had urged her to attend the New York convention, telling her she never would regret the trip. I was therefore rather pleased when she told one of the delegates that it was like heaven being at her first convention and meeting so many of the other members. This tribute to the many fine deeds of the convention committee was echoed and re-echoed many times by our own enthusiastic Milwaukee group.

Even with the simplified form of the ballot it took a long time to count and tabulate the votes. It was midnight when Verle Heljeson and I went to my room to write the committee report and when he left I went into my "long sleep" and did not awaken until the session adjourned.

The banquet on Saturday night was attended by more than fifty. The dinner was excellent and the toasts many and varied. Interesting talks and a chalk-talk by one of Michael Engel's friends was followed by a talk by Willard Ewing on the Hobby Directory promising co-operation in securing recruits for the United. He later promised me to help Marvin Pearlmutter, Lew Kadansky and Sam Epstein in forming a United chapter in the New York area.

Sunday was just one glorious 248 mile trip in a chartered bus up to Hyde Park. During this ride Lew Kadansky and I talked A. J. activity without interruption except for the stops at the Poe cottage, the Washington Irving grounds, lunch and the Hyde Park visit. Lew and Marvin are my recruits and I am hoping that the Bundles this year will show signs of their enthusiasm. They are both fine fellows and I am proud to be their sponsors. The bus had been chartered from Nine in the morning until Four in the afternoon but we did not arrive

THE MAN SAYS

Published by
Edward F. Daas

738 North 13th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Twenty-Sixth Talk October 1949

X-PN 4827

THE JOY OF LIFE

The world is full of beauty
About us everywhere;
If we have eyes to see it
Or willing hands to free it
From ugly toil and duty
To ways more debonaire
The world is full of beauty
About us everywhere.

The joy of life is living
The seed of all desire;
And years of joy and sorrow
Will be glad tomorrow,
If hearts are full of giving
And love a glowing fire;
The joy of life is living
The seed of all desire.

Rachel Van Creme

* * * * *

WE MEET AGAIN

Most of us didn't have too much trouble getting to Gladys Fisher's home for our meeting on September 20th, although Marian and Mabel had to do some sightseeing and telephoning before they joined us. Dee Tucker made a rather belated but nevertheless welcome appearance.

The meeting was opened by Gertrude, chairman for the September meetings. She read the minutes of the previous meeting and created quite a bit of amusement with her "What has Mr. Daas got that I haven't?" Maybe the weather had something to do with the attendance at the Library meeting.

Stout souls, Gertrude and Wanda! They hold a regular meeting with reading and critcisms, all by themselves? Nothing like the old "Club" spirit!

Lucille won the "Bridge" contest and was awarded a Book. She read Jimmy Dolin's criticism of her prize winning entry as well as a new story for the "Letter" contest. The Thin Man admitted it was good and that is praise indeed.

Next Wanda read her entry in the contest, a short story. What can one say about Wanda's writing except that it was up to her usual excellent standard.

Irma then read a story "His to Decide." Wanda made some helpful suggestions for improvement which will be incorporated in the next draft.

George and Ethel then read their entries. They killed two birds with one stone, to coin a cliche. Both met the requirements of the Letter and the "Why I Renewed my Membership" contests. Both entries were well written but Ethel's brought more praise. This was probably due to her more chatty style which would appeal more to a predominantly feminine audience.

Margaret Lohr received the Loving Cup donated by Jimmy Dolin. This in recognition for the fine poetry we've all enjoyed during the past year. The cup in inscribed with both Margaret's name and that of

THE MAN SAYS

Published by

Edward F Daas

441 North 27th Street

Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin

Twenty-Seventh Talk

November 1949

THE CLUB IN A FOG

The weather man has dished out everything on our club meeting nights now! We have had moonlight and rain, hail and snow, thunder and lightning, heat and cold, yes, even an earthquake, all of which furnished some members an excuse to stay away from a meeting but the heavy fog on October 18th did not prevent the hardy ones from groping their way to the friendly hospitable home of Esther and Gertrude.

How well they were repaid! There was more constructive criticism than usual and who will ever forget the vivaciousness of Wanda narrating the occurrences during her visit in the northern part of the State. Perhaps because we were all seated around the dining room table we were able to give her our undivided attention. We listened attentively at the same time enjoying the delicious snacks and especially the huge 'apfeltorten' made by Esther who, unruffled, kept our coffee cups filled while Gertrude flitted about to make sure that our plates were replenished.

Margaret Larson who usually claims that she does not know what to write about or that she is not in the mood, had a very fine poem at the previous Library meeting and this evening read a story of a young lad and a "designing" female of uncertain age. Margaret expected us to be in sympathy with the lady of the story but she received the very same treatement given Irma's Bettina at a meeting some time back.

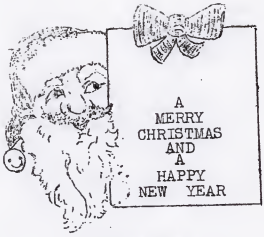
Wanda's article showed the painstaking research she undertakes to make her articles so interesting. It was all about real people who appeared in famous fiction.

We reluctantly left the warm hospitality of Esther and Gertrude and ventured back into the "London" fog again, but the memory of a wonderful evening kept us warm until we reached our own firesides again.

Send papers on "The Bell" to Esther Schumann; on "The Little Things" to Margaret Larson; and on "Remembrance" to Wanda Waters.

How many papers have you submitted? EFD

#302



THE MAN SAYS

Published by Edward F. Daas
441 North 27th St., Milwaukee 8, Wis.
Twenty-Eighth Talk December 1949

CHRISTMAS WISH

Some twenty centuries ago
Our Christmas joys began
When Jesus came to earth below
Revealing God to man.

He trod in plain humility
The paths all men have trod
And died at last on Calvary
To bring all men to God.

O may our eyes, this Christmas tide,
That vision Bethlehem's star
Not fail to keep in view beside
A cross crowned hill afar.

Maurice W. Moe

(Written 12-25-1939)

* * * * *

A HECTIC MONTH

To assort and pack the accumulations of more than fifty years of an amateur journalist is not an easy task. After I had packed and moved my personal effects from the 738 address I spent almost a week assorting A.J. papers, souvenirs and correspondence; destroying many of the letters received during various important periods of the United's history. The comforting thought that at the same time I was assorting the things which were going to be shown at the Wisconsin Hobby Exposition later in the month. And such a wealth of material! I should have applied for a booth double in size which could have been filled to overflowing.

The meeting of the MAPC on the first at the Library had thirteen members. Unlucky? No, for we had Bertha Mason and Zeta Lipscomb with us for the first time. Some sixty members have been admitted in the United since the club was organized on Easter 1947 and the only duplication of given names is that of the two Margarets. We have had them from Anne to Zeta.

Urgent invitations from Mabel Gould, Iva May King and Jimmy Dolin to attend a get-together of editors and contributors to the Lighter Vein column in the Daily Cardinal induced me against my desire for a rest to go to Chicago on the Tenth. Such a confusion of instructions and switching around of a meeting place has never occurred before in my so very placid (?) life. Such disappointments! Such regrets that my use of choice expletives was limited to Pshaw, O Fudge and O Sugar. It was a time to bemoan the fact of not having been in the army!

The silver lining which shone through the dark clouds was a very fine dinner at the Forum, the first meal of the day at 2:30 PM! After some window shopping I hied out to Jimmy's to find nobody at home. Leaving a note that I was at Sister Amanda's next door, I spent an hour showing her amateur papers I had brought her and she was impressed in the poems therein. Attended the pre-dinner devotions in the chapel and then chatted some more. No phone call. Back to Jimmy's with another note and then a long wait until after 7 P. M. Then on to the Hyde Park

THE MAILER

NUMBER FOUR

James Richard Branch - - Mailing Manager
28 Forest Drive - - Bloomfield, N. J.

MAILING BUREAU

FINANCIAL STATEMENT:

As of November 29, 1949

RECEIPTS:

Balance on hand	$17.90
Ray H. Zorn	1.00
Williametta Keffer	1.20
Earl Cornwall	1.00
Louise Lincoln	1.00
William Robbins	.50
Emerson Duerr	.40
Earl Cornwall	1.00
E. J. Tropa	2.00
Louise Lincoln	.50
Robert Carrier	.50
Floyd Ackerman	1.00
W. Emory Moore	.20
Clyde F. Noel	2.00
	$30.20

EXPENDITURES:

Debit- Book of Checks	$1.00	
2 1st Class @ .06	.12	
1 3rd Class @ .08	.08	
16 Foreign @ .03	.48	
267 3rd Class @ .03	8.01	
		9.69
Balance on hand 11.29.49.....		$20.51

TRYOUT SMITH ADDRESSERETTE FUND

Balance on hand $9.87

ADDRESS CHANGES:

Emerson Duerr, 262 Myrtle Ave., Elmhurst, Illinois

G. J. Kidi, P.O.Box 304, Sacramento, Calif.

Wheeler Dryden, Box 2647, Hollywood 28, Cal

Spencer Dryden, Box 2647, Hollywood 28, Cal

NEW MEMBERS:

Mr. Philip Gair, Pasadena, California

Let's get some more new members!!!

RETURNED BUNDLES:

William J. Holton, JAMA, APO 704, San Francisco, California

No others to date.

H 303

IN REPLY TO A FOUL BALL

"A fine example how this disturbing element front for each other," began an article written by Chas. W. Heins in the Pheonix, official organ of the United Amateur Press Association, about a mailer of a rival amateur press association. It seems that when Mr. Heins received a bill for mailing a Convention Map from this manager, he abruptly called foul and in a rather warm letter told him how to run the bureau. But the letter didn't seem to be enough and his snappy article followed.

..."Is evidenced by the National Mailer Richard Branch, who violating a code to mail only papers and periodicals of the membership, defiling his first bundle by including therein...the little weasle Ackerman..."

Mr. Heins, no doubt, has not consulted the official membership list lately.

"Against a charge," he went on," of $1.70, payment in print acknowledged; for the following:...Brooklyn Map...and the St. George Hotel...There were by count 213 of these 8gx11.maps, which the Post Office weighed as 1½ pounds."

This was the only complaint from approx. 15 bills for overcharge of postage.

Mr. Heins states that 213 were sent but some 300 bundles were mailed and there is still a stack left.

"The bill received from "get-square" Branch...Mrs. Heins duly paid. Leaving Charlie Shattuck to pay...for five minutes work..."

Perhaps Mr. Heins could have folded the Convention Maps in the first place which is not one of the duties of the Mailer.

"On the one hand, he continues, "a sneaky open letter..."

If the shoe fits...

Now, this whole thing seems to be growing out of the fact that I mailed an open letter by a member of the organization in my first bundle which Mr. Heins deeply resented. Mr. Heins, no doubt, should have protested to the writer and left me out, but it is appearent that he would also like to instruct the mailer what should and should not be included in the bundles.

The Mailing Bureau will continue to be run as announced. My policy is larger and better bundles and an efficient all-around bureau.

SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ALL

THE MAILER

SEPTEMBER 3RD - NO. 1

James Richard Branch, Mailing Manager, 28 Forest Drive, Bloomfield, New Jersey

MAILING BUREAU
FINANCIAL STATEMENT:
As of August 31, 1949

RECEIPTS:

Ralph Babcock	$4.00
Thelma Stacey	2.65
Dr. Clyde F. Noel	1.24
Harold Ellis	2.00
Harold Ellis (Bundles 1st Class)	1.00
Neal Pierce	1.69
Jack Coolidge	2.50
Edward Tevis	.20
William M. Danner	.60
Earl Cornwall	.50
Alfred P. Babcock	.50
Robert Carrier (Mailing Fund)	10.50
	$27.38

EXPENDITURES:

100 Post Cards	$1.00	
Stamps	.39	
		$ 1.39
Balance on hand 8/31/49		$25.99

TRYOUT SMITH ADDRESSERETTE FUND
From Al Lee, Secretary $ 9.87

MAILING DATES:
(Papers to be in one week in advance)

1949 - October	3	
	31	
November	28	
1950 - January	2	
	30	
February	27	
April	3	
May	1	
	29	
July	3	
	31	(if any)

300 copies of your journals are required. EXTRAS WILL HELP - JUST IN CASE!!

PLEASE FOLLOW THESE RULES.

1. Please fold all journals.
2. Do not enclose contributions with papers as they might get lost.
3. Tie all packages securely.
4. Bundles will NOT be held unless important.
5. NOTIFY AT ONCE OF ANY ADDRESS CHANGE.
6. Do NOT send stamps as a contribution.

Thank you.

Convention Lowlights

One of the first things an Amateur Journalist does upon returning home from a NAPA Convention is to commit to paper and thence to print, his impressions of the memorable events of that historic gathering; of who said what, when; and how so-and-so looked when whosis challenged his amendment. Friendships have been renewed and new feuds begun (see this bundle for one of them) and Brooklyn '49 will doubtless furnish material for not a few articles in the near future.

Well, don't expect one from me. Outside of a few exciting moments, most of the business sessions I attended (in fact, both of them) were dull in the extreme. Dick and I took advantage of being within 10 cents of New York and spent most of our waking hours painting the town our own modest shade of pink. Impressions, therefore, are few and far between. One remains, however, and it has the distinct flavor of indigestion. List, whilst I belch a few words.

It is not my purpose to inquire whose idea it was to hire the Accordionist who played bad music continously and expected us to join in on the chorus while we downed chicken at five dollars per head. I am not adverse to soft classical music while feeding the inner man, but the tootlings of a leaky squeeze-box two feet behind my ear is not soothing to either stomach or ear. You try to converse with someone while she or he munches food speedily (One had to be speedy, those waiters were evidently in a hurry to go somewhere.) and murmurs "...and where she is narrow, she's narrow as an arrow..." etc. In short, conversation was impossible, and can you imagine a successful convention sans conversation? Neither can I.

Frederick Brown

NEXT MAILING— OCTOBER 3RD

$.20 PER LB.

#305

THE MAILER NOZ

JAMES RICHARD BRANCH, MANAGER
28 FOREST DR. BLOOMFIELD, N.J.
SEPTEMBER 1949

ADDRESS CHANGES AND CORRECTIONS

Ralph W. Babcock, 1133 Harrison St.,
Topeka, Kansas

Robert G. Barr, 9 Chapel St.,
Papanui, Christ Church, N.Z.

Fred G. Bissenden, 81 Albert Bridge Rd.,
London S.W.11, England

Mrs. Bessie J. Bergen, 1226 Delaware St.,
Denver 4, Colorado

Charles A. Bow, 5907 S.E. Hawthorne Blvd.,
Portland 15, Oregon

George P. Bushell, 786 Jefferson Av.,
Brooklyn 21, N.Y.

Jack Coolidge, Jr., 60 Green St.,
Milton 86, Mass.

Harry T. Cook, 431 N. Braddock St.,
Winchester, Va.

John R. Coram, 1284 Oak St., Columbus, Ohio

Richard L. Coram, same

Mrs. Billie R. Dettloff, 808½ E. Genesee Av.,
Saginaw, Mich.

N. Bleecker Green, 832 W. Junior Terr.,
Chigago 13, Ill.

Roland E. Haase, Irmo, South Carolina

L. Verle Heljeson, Apt. 19, 2125 Locust St.,
Philadelphia 3, Pa.

Mrs. Alexia Rosebrock, 790 Riverside Dr.,
New York 32, N.Y.

Mrs. Hazel Segal, 4528 Shelmire Av.,
Philadelphia 36, Pa.

Mrs. Emily Shattuck, 2901 Avenue I,
Brooklyn 10, N.Y.

Robert L. Smith, Jr., 7358 Glenthorne Rd.,
Upper Darby, Pa.

Mrs. Ruth L. Smith, 29345 Walnut Av.,
Flat Rock, Mich.

Mrs. Bernice Spink, 1900 Ansel Rd.,
Cleveland 6, Ohio

Edward J. Sharbatz, P.O. Box 52, Detroit 21.

George W. Hamilton, Skytop M-9,
Syracuse 10, N.Y.

Mrs. Stephany Marjeff, 628½ W. 41st Place,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Douglas Morgan, High Point Rd., Scarsdale, NY.

Alfred H. Holden, Germantown, Tenn.

Mrs. Thelma E. Stacy, 1020 Southwest Blvd.,
Kansas City, Kansas

Ora E. Stark, Pierce City, Missouri

Robert Telschow, 225 Van Winkle Av.,
Hawthorne, N.J.

Mrs. Olive R. Teugels, 95 Bradford Road,
Brighouse, Yorks, England

Mr. Rose B. Tharp, 615 W. 12th St.,
Marion, Indiana

MAILING BUREAU

FINANCIAL STATEMENT:
As of September 29, 1949

RECEIPTS:

Balance on hand		$25.99
Ray A. Albert		.25
W. Emory Moore		2.30
W. Emory Moore		3.00
William M. Danner		1.90
Dean Bollman		.60
George W. Hamilton		1.50
Helen C. Heins		.70
		$36.24

EXPENDITURES:

268 bundles (August) @ 4¢	$10.72	
1 First Class @ .09	.09	
17 Foreign @ .06	1.02	
Postage	.41	
		$12.24
Balance on hand 9/29/49..		$24.00

TRYOUT SMITH ADDRESSERETTE FUND

Balance on hand	$ 9.87

Correction to August report:
RECEIPTS: Chas. A. Shattuck $ 1.00
EXPENDITURES: Postage Addresserette $ 1.00
The balance remains same.

O.C. Zham, 1401½ Ocean Front,
Santa Monica, Calif.

Lawton Thomas, Ojai Valley School, Ojai, Cal

Albert Lee, 425 E. 50th St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Roy Lindberg, 435 Vanderbilt Av.,
Brooklyn 5, N.Y.

Clele L. Matheison, 700 Seward Av.,
Detroit 2, Mich.

Guy Miller, P.O. Box 417, Springfield, Ohio

Mrs. Dora H. Moitoret, 1521 E. 97th St.,
Seattle 55, Wash.

Lawrence W. Hoffman, 3034 E. 91st St.,
Seattle 5, Wash.

Kelley James, Box 84, Monterey, Mass.

Ruth R. Jeffreyson, 71 E. State St.,
Columbus 15, Ohio

Roald Melos, 128 Park Pl., Brooklyn 17, NY

A.F. Meserve, 4446 Clifton Av., Chicago, 40.

Beecher Ogden, 111 Westfield Av.,
Roosevelt, N.Y.

Mrs. Marjorie B. Peterson, 18003 Santa Rita,
Tarzana, Calif.

Norman H. Quillman, 3771 Orchard Dr., Rt. 1,
Port Huron, Mich.

over →

#301

The MAILER

NUMBER 3
OCTOBER 31
1 9 4 9

James Richard Branch
28 Forest Drive
Mailing Manager
Bloomfield, N. J.

MAILING BUREAU

FINALCIAL STATEMENT:

As of October 28, 1949

R E C E I P T S :

Balance on hand	$24.00	
Buck Haeseler	2.00	
Weseley Porter	1.00	
Harold Ellis	1.00	
L. V. Heljeson	2.00	
William D. Robbins	1.60	
W. Emory Moore	1.80	
W. Emory Moore (1st cl.)	.20	
Emerson Duerr	.42	
Harold Ellis	1.00	
		$35.02

E X P E N D I T U R E S :

268 Bundles @ 5¢	$13.40	
2 1st class @ 15¢	.30	
15 foreign @ 20¢	3.00	
Postage	.42	
		17.12
Balance on hand		$17.90

TRYOUT SMITH ADDRESSERETTE FUND

Balance on hand $9.87

Please note. The following papers have been left over from previous mailings:

Paper	Number	Copies
Feature	convention	approx 25
The Mailer	1 and 2	approx 25 of each
Skyline	5-2	65
Pres. Yack Yack	1-2-3	several
Cameo	8	approx 25
So. Californian	3-1	" 25
Good Brahmin	—	30 to 40

Etc. Several with 50 to 75 copies. Please advise.

THE MAIL POUCH

PUBLISHED FOR THE
UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION
George A. Boehme, Mailer, 2628 N. Richards St., Milwaukee 12, Wis.

January 1949 — Vol. 2 No. 4

X-PN 4827

FINANCIAL REPORT - JAN.15th.,1949

SURPLUS-Estimated Dec.15th.,1948	-	$6.19	
RECEIPTS- Loraine Hazlett	-	1.00	
Andrew M. Genzoli	-	2.50	
L.V.Heljeson	-	1.25	
Robert E. Kunde	-	.50	
Eugene F. Haywood	-	1.25	
Rev. W.J. Griffith	-	1.00	
December Adjustment	-	.50	
January Mailing - Estimated	-		$10.75
Totals	-	$14.19	-$10.75
Estimated Surplus	-	$ 3.44	

ATTENTION PLEASE - S.O.S.

The financial report to the left will warrant your consideration. While we still are pleased to present a small Surplus, you must admit that amount is small- can you not in a moment of generosity and goodwill send in a small contribution to assure your Mailer with the necessary means to make subsequent mailings ? Thank You .

+ + + +

#308

THE MAIL POUCH

United Amateur Press Association

George A. Boehme, Mailer
2628 N. Richards St., Milwaukee 12, Wis.

Vol. 2 — April 1949 — No. 7

A Happy Easter to You!

FINANCIAL REPORT-APRIL 15,1949

Surplus-March 15th	$ 8.34
Adjustment-March Mailing	1.16
Receipts:	
Irma Reitci	1.00
Ida Mae Ripper	1.00
Savilla Slothower	.15
Eugene P. Grover	1.00
Edgar H. Ryniker	.50
George A. Thomson	1.00
Frank O. Geele	1.00
Total receipts	15.15
Estimated April Mailing	12.50
Estimated Surplus	$ 2.65

THE SONG OF A FACE

A face it seems is often like
The cover of the printed page,
From name and author you can tell
With whom it deals and guess its age.

Just as a book unfolds its theme
And makes changes near the end,
It's true that you can be surprised
When once you understand your friend.

Marian Atwell

- -

WELCOME - NEW MEMBERS - GREETING.

331-Myron Kuhr, 2350 N. Holton St., Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin
Credential, "People I Meet," an article. (Reitci)
332-Mrs Nell Owens, R. R. 2, Winchester, Indiana
Credential, "Spring," a poem. (Knight)
333-Florence L. Schofield, R. F. D. 1, Box 45, Poynette, Wis.
334-Mrs. Ann L. Cain, Long Hotel, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Credential, "Imagination Personified," a story. (Knight)
335-Ethel Maguffey, P. O. Box 75, Kissimmee, Florida
Credential, THE BLUEBIRD BULLETIN. (Daas)
336-Virginia Sievert, Route 2, Ashland, Wisconsin.
Credential, "Shack in the Pines," a song. (Waters)
337-Pearl C. Taenzer, 2222 N. Hubbard St., Milwaukee 12, Wis.
Credential, "Museum Swan Trip," an article. (Reitci)
338-Samuel Epstein, Room 903, 507 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Credential, THE SHIELD. (Maguffey)

RENEWALS.

Charles W. Thimijan, Walter S. Dillon and George M. Knight, Jr.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS:

8-Arthur F. Harrison, R. F. D. #2, Averill, New York
41-Butte H. Tipton, 607 Seventh Street, Sunnyside, Washington
270-Magarey J. Barclay, 416 College Street, East Liverpool, Ohio
307-Roland E. Haase, Irmo, South Carolina

WISCONSIN WINTER

The hens,
Beaks buried in
Their ruffled feathers, stand
Breast deep in sun-bathed snow waiting
For spring.

Lucille Buzzell

PRAYER

The field
Of night is sown
With stars. Drop down some seed,
Dear God: the garden of my soul
Is tilled

#309

THE MAIL POUCH

THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

George A. Boehme, Mailer
2628 N. Richards St., Milwaukee 12, Wis.

Vol. 2 MAY 1949 No. 8

COOL BUT LIQUID

How about a swim on the North Pole this summer? What? Too cool for you? If you are a hardy individual and like to swim in unusual places, you will find the water there waiting for you. Beautiful, crystal clear water, too.

But, you say, if there is water on the North Pole, how come all those stories about hardy explorers trudging many weary, icy miles behind dog teams, many of them falling by the wayside and freezing to death? Doesn't sound like the old swimming hole does it? True, friend, but those fellows went in winter! Had to, ice was too uncertain in summer. Remember we are suggesting that you swim on the Pole in summer.

Many persons have erroneous conceptions about the Arctic regions and the North Pole itself. There is , of course , a lot of ice around there at all times, but , two-thirds of the Arctic Sea is covered by drifting pack-ice which is formed by the freezing of surface layers during winter, autumn, and spring. A small part of the ice comes from the glaciers. All polar ice is in motion even in mid-winter and lanes and pools frequently appear between the floes, even right on the Pole. True, you might have to wait a bit for one of the floes to move over if you are fussy about taking your dip right on the Pole. However, with patience, you might succeed. A long-winded helicopter might be the better machine to accomodate you in your attempt.

There are places in the Arctic where people do enjoy outdoor swimming. In certain spots in the Mackenzie River in Northern Canada the water becomes warm enough.

Other misconceptions of the Arctic include its temperatures and plant growth. There are times and places where the temperature goes as high as 90° above. On other occasions it descends to 90° below - a nice time to be home in Wisconsin. The closest bit of land to the North Pole is Northern Greenland. There, in the summer, many varieties of colorful flowers bloom, thus believing the impression that the Polar regions never do have anything but ice and snow.

Modern fliers find no difficulty in crossing the Arctic Ocean by way of the North Pole, which is in great contrast with the travails of the early explorers. Military men have concluded that the large ice flows, some ten miles long, might make suitable landing places in cases of emergencies. Many have been safely landed on by airplanes without apparent difficulty.

But if you are still interested in taking that swim on the Pole, and should the time ever come that you do take a trip to the Arctic, be sure to take with you not only your ski boots and your parka, but also your bathing suit and ear plugs.

- - -

GLADYS CHINN FISHER

THE MAIL POUCH

#310

THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

George A. Boehme, Mailer
2628 N. Richards St., Milwaukee 12, Wis.

Vol. 2 JUNE 1949 No. 9

FIRST THINGS

"I was Always good in grammer and when I'm not shure of spelling I always look in the Dicshnuary."

Thus wrote an eager young aspirant for literary fame and wealth. She has the starry-eyed hope of getting ten thousand dollars- or maybe a million-- for her first novel and asks a writer friend the best place to send it. Would a book publisher pay her more than the current contest that offers a mere $3000.00 to the winner?

The ambitious house builder who anticipates building the house of his dreams knows that he cannot expect to accomplish this object unless he learns the fundamentals of house construction.

Writing a book and building a house-- both builders must know the fundamentals of construction. Yet here is an ambitious writer who has not acquired the first fundamentals of good English. She has not even the foundation on which to erect the framework of a book, yet she is expecting to get a fancy price for the fancy cupalo she plans. And unless she wants to be "shure" of her "grammer" little hope can ever be held for her work ever winning acceptance for publication-- let alone the pay she visions.

For the writer, like the house builder, must learn first things first before finished work is possible. And here it is pertinent to observe that first novels that have been prize winners are usually the work of those who have been writing and selling shorter things and have thus acquired a style, a skill and a distinction of their own.

"What is the most essential thing for a young writer to have?" asked a young hopeful of an editor. He answered cynically with one word

"Stamps."

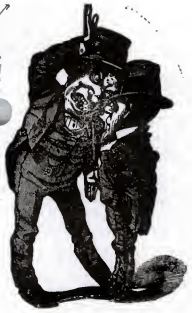
He might have added another "first Thing" for the writer to lay in with her stamps -- patience.

It is a rocky road to Parnassus. The traveler needs as much patience and perseverance as stamps, for it requires the same determination to succeed in writing as is demanded for any other vocation.

But it is so worth while-- even when the going is the hardest. For there are always those ahead who are ready to lend a helping hand. They do not scoff at literary ambition. They do not ridicule the beginners effort-- no more than laugh at the puppies first bungling effort to stand on his wobbly little legs. They extend the good right hand of fellowship with the kindly caution "Learn first things first"-- Be more "shure" of your "grammer" and like the puppy you will some day walk-- and then you may run.

And who knows-- both of you may win the race.

Belle S. Mooney
P.O.Box 2174



THE MAIL POUCH

THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

George A. Boehme, Mailer
2628 N. Richards St., Milwaukee 12, Wis.

Vol. 2 JULY 1949 No. 10

IS YOUR POINT IN AN ARGUMENT OF MERIT ? OR IS IT JUST ''HOOEY''?

- - - - - - - - -

For example - Pat was having a great argument with Mike and decided to finish off his opponent once and for all.
''The sooner I never see your face again,'' he said, ''the better it will be for both of us when we meet.''

- - - - - - - - -

BUCHANAN DAM and LAKE - - By Mrs. Jettie Felps, Burnet, Tex.

If you want to take some time off to go fishing, boat-riding, or bathing, come to Burnet, Texas. You drive out to the dam in a few minutes on a good highway, and there is no telling whom you may meet, especially on a Sunday, when people are out there from all states of the Union. There are always hordes of our own people. Some are lolling under trees, with a picnic lunch spread out before them; many are fishing; some swimming and bathing; some looking at the many wild flowers; some going through the many LCRA government buildings, which are equal to buildings anywhere. Here are held special gatherings of and for divers reasons. We drove for half an hour the other Sunday and still did not make a circuit of the lake. Anybody that wants to may fish, but provide yourself with a licence for that is required by law. It will acquaint you with what is legal to catch and also how many for limits are placed on your possible catch.

It is also a place where you can wear dress as you please. You will meet up with people dressed in all manner of apparel. If we go on Sunday, we usually ''dress up''. During the week folks do not seem to care how they dress, the purpose no doubt being to enjoy life. If you do not want to eat at one table, we do not stand on ceremony, but share food or exchange anything with the other fellow. This tends to make it all as pleasant as possible. There are tables for picnicers all about the lake and not much of a task to find a pleasant spot.

One time we were giving the seniors a party near the lake. Some fishermen said to me, ''You look fish hungry. Bring us some cake, and we'll give you fish.'' The seniors had stacks of cake so we soon made the trade- and everybody seemed happy. We did not know who the fishermen were, but who cared ?We were all of us human beings wanting to enjoy life and this little deal made it all the more so.

You may travel from coast to coast, but this is really a show spot, equal to most any place you may find and you carry back with you many pleasant memories after a visit to Buchanan Dam and Lake.

You must visit here some time, it should be a ''must'' stop on your ''planned places to visit on your trip to Texas''.

THE MAIL POUCH

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 2 - NO. 12
SEPTEMBER 1949

GEORGE A. BOEHME
MAILING MANAGER
2628 N. RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

- THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION STAGES GREAT CONVENTION -

- - -

Those of us in attendance will ever remember the 1949 convention as most outstanding in good work done and for the hospitality of the two swell people who made it all possible. Our gratitude is but little recompense for all that Grace Moss and Charles Heins gave us to make our stay as delegates such a pleasant one. I do not wish here to elaborate in detail as to the program for I know that will be well presented by others in their papers the next few months. But I do wish to say that the convention brought us several clear precise promises. First it definitely told the world of Amateur Journalism that we desire unity of purpose within our ranks. That we have no place for those who would in any way attempt to belittle, befuddle and bewilder the membership at large.
Second in importance we mean to stand on our own feet- independant and free of affiliation with similar organizations for we mean to keep free of assinine personal assaults on character and abilities. Our plans already in progress will make the United the outstanding group to all Amateur Journalists who seek admission to organized endeavor. Those of us already in its ranks must admit that we have the nucleus, the will, the desire, the talent, the type and caliper of eligible men and women at any time to take over the reigns of officialdom. We are definitely going forward- membership increasing- good membership that will soon find out its sore spots and make an all-out effort to cure itself of that evil. Be have no place for the parasite, the evil doer or the obnoxious trouble-maker.
We have the talent - writers, poets, artists and critics. We have the publishers- printers, mimeographers and others. We are making valient effort and to great success in getting these two great groups together. Results already are definitely apparent and will be more evident as the months go by. We have the readers who by the score do full justice to the efforts of the first two groups mentioned. We have the kind of membership that will aid physically and financially on all legitimate matters for they all mean to be ''BLUE RIBBON''Amateur Journalists. Out of a grand list of candidates we chose a fine slate of leaders- they will be your servants- we have their promise to serve us faithfully, honestly and diligently. It is up to us to display our confidence, our support must be theirs, our every effort must coincide with their plans for the welfare of the association. Co-operation should be our motto. If we give them that you will make their task enjoyable, you will note quite soon the general reward coming our way. Try and visualize the tremendous task progressive leadership will be obligated to carry. If you do then forget all about small personal objectives- put your shoulders to the wheel and help them work toward the common goal of welfare in the United. HATS OFF TO THE PAST. SLEEVES UP FOR THE FUTURE.

#34

THE MAIL POUCH

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 3 - NO. 1
OCTOBER - 1949

GEORGE A. BOLINE
MAILING MANAGER
2628 N.RICHARDS ST.,
MILWAUKEE 12, WIS.

FINANCIAL REPORT - OCT. 10, 1949

Estimated Surplus September 17th	$ 4.20
Adjustment after Mailing	1.55
RECEIPTS:	
Casimir I Geibel	2.00
Ellen C Mountfort	.50
Robert H Woodward	.75
Wanda Waters	.50
Clyde F Noel	1.00
Ann E Cain	1.00
Helen C Heins	2.00
Total	13.50
Less Estimated October Mailing	10.00
Estimated Surplus	$ 3.50

WELCOME THESE NEW MEMBERS:

Harold W. Korth, One East Huron Street, Chicago, Ill
Lewis G. DeHart, 3330 East 18th Street, Kansas City 1, Mo.
Bessie Barnes, 724 West Sharp, Spokane, Washington.
Rachel Van Creme, Waverly Road, Williamstown, West Virginia.
Raymond F. Soucy, 160 Retreat Avenue, Hartford 2, Conn.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:
Paul E. Pross, Jr., 2129 North Fremont St., Chicago, Ill.

Samuel A. Swindell, 910 North Piedras, El Paso, Texas, has been appointed Historian in place of L. V. Heljeson who declined the appointment.

-Edward F. Daas

PLEASE REMEMBER THE MAILING DATE
The tenth of each month. Send 250 copies or more.

GOD'S BEAUTY

I see God's beauty in the Spring
When all seems fresh and young,
When flowers again the soil doth bring,
And birds renew their song.

God's beauty during Summer-time
How wonderful, how grand!
When fields and orchards in their prime
Full fruit so precious stand!

I see God's beauty in the Fall
With fields and orchards bare
When reapers heard the harvest-call,
And home bring our fare.

And e'en in Winter can I see
Amidst all ice and snow
Which decorateth ground and tree
God's beauty here below!

God made the world so beautiful
And such a wonderous place
That we, His children, dutiful
E'er offer thanks and praise!

John F. Moebius

Ridgeway, N. C.

THE MAIL POUCH

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 3 - NO. 2

NOVEMBER 1949

GEORGE A. BOEHME
MAILING MANAGER
2625 N.RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

A CUP OF COLD WATER

By L.E.NORCROSS 1933 So.70th.St.
West Allis 14, Wisconsin

One summer's day a stranger
stood at the door of my abode.
His clothing was shabby and
shoes dusty from the road.
He begged a cup of cold water,
respite from the heat.
I bade him to enter and a
portion of my food to eat.

Before partaking of it he
offered up a prayer
In thanks to the heavenly Father
for my humble fare.
Soon the meal was finished and
with thanks he did depart.
His presence seemed to linger,
his humility touched my heart.

I thought of another stranger
who walked a weary road
Despised and rejected by many,
no place for His abode.
It behooves all of us to share
others toils and cares
For un-beknownst to us we might
be entertaining angels unawares.

- - - -

You will find a poem by Larry in THE MAN SAYS - also one in INSPIRATION. I have offered to help him get out his own paper- I do know that he has and is capable to turn out enough similar copy. We do want him to give us more of the fine work that is his. So do write him and encourage this great and sincere poet.

EXCEPTION TO THE RULE

Usually an author of some bit of prose or poetry will upon his or her submission to a publisher hope that it be accepted and paid for. What do you fellow members think your Mailer and Publisher thought when he received the following poem and a substantial contribution to our Mailing Fund ?

To put it briefly he said to himself- "Now here is something too good to pass up. I must publish this poem for it sure gives me hopes that others too will do likewise. The fund is low and can stand a few more kind gestures."

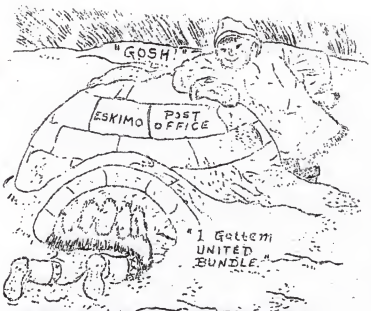
WHAT WORDS CAN NEVER SAY.- ..

I've tried my luck in poetry
But the "mystic" and deepness it
lacked.
It takes more than simple riming
To make it "click" and attract.

And then I wanted to write you in
prose
But the puzzle bothers me yet.
I cannot think of an int'resting
theme,
Gosh, not on the most intrigueing
bet.

Yet, more than one road leads to
Home,
And there is such another way.
A modest "lift" to the Mailer's
Fund
Might spell, what words can never
say.

Mrs. Ida Zuberbuehler, Juneau, Wis.



GEORGE A.BOEHME, MAILING MANAGER
2628 NO.RICHARDS STREET
MILWAUKEE 12, WISCONSIN

#316

THE MAIL POUCH

VOLUME 3 - NO.3
DECEMBER 1949

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHRISTMAS EDITION

WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND

When a fellow tells you he's for you,
you think you have nothing to fear,
You travel along, just singing a song,
when all of a sudden you hear
The weather has lowered to zero,
it rains, or perhaps it is snow,
And the friend you had thought
would stand by
Got a cold, or just busted his toe.

It's a grand and glorious feeling,
to know,
that your pals are there when--
It's raining, or snowing, or sleeting,
at the time when a guy needs a fren'
I thank God there's some ''birds''
among us,
they call them the e'er faithful few,
They're with us when dark clouds
are o'er us,
The same as when skies are of blue.

When your thorns far outnumber
your roses,
in plain words, there's more sorrows
than joys,
And your ''fair-weather'' friends
all desert you,
and cast you aside like old toys.
When you make that last trip
over yonder,
many flowers are yours at life's end,
But a rose in your hand while living
ewes that a fellow had a friend.

A WEE BIT OF CHRISTMAS HUMOR TOO

CHRISTMAS--A widely observed holiday on which the past nor the future is of so much interest as the present.

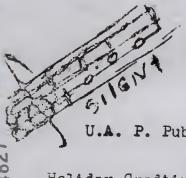
Christmas comes, but once a year's enough.

The Chinese make it an invariable rule to settle all their debts on New Year's day. Wonder if it would be possible to do this had they a Christmas the week before?

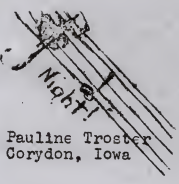
''I tried my best,''sobbed the wife, ''I got the best Christmas cigars I could.'' The husband again looked at the cigars in amazement. ''The clerk asked me what kind I wanted,''she went on, ''and I told him you were a middle-aged man and always dressed in black.''

-But seriously--
''A MERRY CHRISTMAS''
and
''A HAPPY NEW YEAR.''
GEORGE A.BOEHME

#317



Melody



X-PN 4827

U.A. P. Publication----------By Pauline Troster
December-1950 Corydon, Iowa

Holiday Greetings To All U. A. P. Members!

Perhaps I am a bit brazen getting started at this paper business so soon; but I am thrilled with my membership and I want to get into the swing.

The reason for my choice of MELODY as a name for my latest attempt will be obvious after you have read a few paragraphs of my case history. Ever since I can remember MUSIC has been a big part of me. I sang my way through Sunday School, Grade School, High School, and College. Even though I turned out to be a grammar school teacher, my pupils sang in between Arithmetic and Spelling, and any other time when I could find a good excuse. MUSIC was my first love as a profession, but because of the high cost of MUSIC training I turned to the profession running a close second for my affections, that of Elementary teaching.

I am still singing my way, alternating happy songs with sad song songs, hoping that there will be more happy ones than sad by the time the symphony is finished.

After ten years of teaching school, with marriage and two children as my main THEME of the decade, I turned back to MUSIC for these reasons; Two years ago my young husband died very suddenly; I was forced to get busy at breadwinning. I started the organization of MUSIC classes to carry me through until I could get back to college to renew my teaching certificate. But two months later, I was stricken with polio and hospitalized for six months, with plenty of time to wonder how I was going to support my family when I couldn't support myself.

What came to my rescue? MUSIC!

Even though I could not walk alone, I could hobble over to the piano with a Largo step on my crutches. Even though my spine was like that of a jelly fish, I forced it to hold me up for the thirty minutes required to give a piano lesson. Now, eighteen months later, I walk easily with Kenny Sticks and hope to be able to kick a wickdd step without them some day. It took Marjory Lawerence nine years remember, and I have had only two!

A likely share of the younger set about town are voice and piano pupils of mine. Once each week, I write and give my own radio show for children. This show includes the best in children's literature, and MUSIC*Fun MUSIC *Popular MUSIC*and Classical MUSIC! The children in the listening audience of K. C. O. G. in Centerville Iowa hear me sign off with "Goodbye, boys and girls. Be good, have fun adn keep listening!"

In my spare time, I direct a Women's Rural chorus, and a Business and Professional Women's sextette, with maybe a Rotary show mixed in.

Song writing is more fun than a barrel of monkeys too. May never have a one published, but it won't be because I have not tried.

So is it any wonder that I chose MELODY for my identification And when I learned that I was a member of U. A. P. A. that too

THE MEANTIME

An experiment in publishing -- something in the nature of a House Organ, issued to members of the United Amateur Press Association by the President, in supplement to, or in intervals of, the Official Organ

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS MARCH, 1950

UNDER THE PRESIDENT'S "I"

By James F. Dolin

I intended this venture, some months ago, as a "filler", to appear between issues of the United Amateur Journalist, then promised as a bi-monthly publication of six numbers. Due to circumstances not fully revealed by the elected Official Editor, no issue of the Official Organ has yet appeared in the six months now past of the current year. I can no further delay word on this, or action in the matter. It is only fair to state that, since your officers originally accepted the offer of the elected Editor to do all printing of the Official Organ in his own commercial plant without any cost to the Association for any item except the purchase of paper stock for 6 issues -- we did not press the matter when an expected October or November number failed to arrive for those Bundles; discounting the "delay" with the "economy" the eventual publication would effect in our small means. Every cooperation was given by other officers, both as to supplying the paper stock and to submitting reports and "copy" to the Editor, and upon actually receiving printed pages of the paper, with positive written assurance of delivery, your president sent out notices of a separate mailing in November. Nothing followed -- until repeated demand, and finally Post Office inquiry, brought a new set of "proofs" of a completely new size paper and promise of a new date.

Still allowing, to the utmost, for legitimate interference of his commercial printing obligations, it was learned that constant criticism, questioning and action by all and sundry officers and members of a junior organization put too great demand upon the Editor's time. With the unpleasant ending of that situation, we hoped he would be free for a new start with us. Again we waited -- and sought word.

Now we must act. There is yet time for the required four (minimum) issues of our paper. But I must take the continuing silence and inaction of Official Editor Brandt -- now since his last communication, November 21, 1949 -- to indicate his inability to work with us; and accept his plainly implied resignation. (U.A.P.A. Constitution, Art. II, Sec. 2).

I have arranged for the issuance of the Official Organ in some form, mimeographed or otherwise, for the remainder of the term, and have appointed Mr. John Quigley of Lynn, Mass. Official Editor. Mr.Quigley will have assistance of a volunteer committee in the production of the paper, in order to also continue his well-started work on publicity for the United.

A Review Number of the United Amateur Journalist with a digest of officers' reports and other "Official Organ material", long pigeonholed, will appear in the April Bundle. A reprint of the writings that won the last Laureate Awards is planned for a following issue.

#319

MATCH

Vol. 1 July 1950 Number 1
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
Esther S. Lanz
517 E. Otjen St.
Milwaukee 7, Wis.

NAMING THE BABY

Having decided that I should like to add a paper to the fascinating pack our Mr. Bohme mails out, I next had to select a name. MATCH came to my mind since I shall be trying to match the efforts of other editors. Furthermore, a match like words, gives a warmth and light. Properly applied both make for pleasant, peaceful living. Words, like a match, however, if carelessly used can have serious consequences. Thus you see my selection for the name will be a challenge and a cautioning guide as well. I certainly hope that MATCH will strike a responsive chord and I will receive your candid opinion of the name I have chosen.

ALLOW ME?

Now that I have told you about the paper, may I tell you a little about myself? I, too, am the mother of five children. The eldest a boy of nineteen and four girls whose ages are 16, 14, 9, and 5.

They give me a great deal to write about and sometimes my husband and mother who comprise the rest of the family, also find that I have written them into bewildering situations, but since I love them all very much I always try to write them into a happy solution of the problem.

Besides my family, I have two hobbies that go together like candy and kids. One is writing, the other the TOPS Club (take off pounds sensibly.) I enjoy both of these immensely and they put me into ecstatic dithers. I am just beginning to put out a mimeographed bulletin for the TOPS Club and if anyone cares to contribute material pertaining to losing weight I should be happy to include it and I will send copies of the issue to the author. The club is patterned after Alcoholics Anonymous, not in that we try to retain anonymity which obviously is impossible, but in that we sincerely try to help each other by encouragement and useful ideas. Exercise is secondary and does not fit into the program at all for some people. Starvation and fad diets are taboo. Members have lost as much as a hundred pounds without going hungry. If you send in material please bear in mind that we do like humor and we are glad to have you laugh WITH us, but not AT us.

Just at the present time I am converting part of the attic into a nursery for my brain children. The side pieces of an old baby bed have been set on end and the evenly spaced rods support numerous shelves to hold manuscripts. Empty baby food boxes from the grocers provide handy pigeon holes for writing material. Give YOU any ideas?

X-PN 4827

THE MASCOT

Volume 5 MARCH 1950 Number 1

MASCOT TOY O

5 9
Copy 13
50

THE MASCOT

Volume 5 JULY 1950 Number 2

MASCOT TOY O

X-PN 4827

#322

It Contains No Bitters

The Martini

Cocktail Nine -o- March, 1950

Served by Martin B. Keffer, Rt. 5, Box 208, Roanoke, Va
Member National and American Amateur Press Associations

RESOLUTION---RE-SOLUTION

In some small corner of the mind
This pungent bit of truth I find:
That she who sits upon a shelf
Need blame no other than herself,
While vacant pedestals abound
On one of which she might be found.

Then I, for one, shall rise and shine,
And turn my water into wine.
And if I mix my metaphors,
At least it will be stuff that pours!

---Alice Boorman Williamson

THE DEVIL ATTENDS A PARTY AND IS INTRODUCED TO A LADY

By Alice Boorman Williamson

-o-

Devil: Charmed, Madame!

Lady: And I am delighted. Frankly, I've always wanted to meet you and have a serious conversation with you.

Devil: Conversations with me are always serious, Madame, and we met some time ago.

Lady: You must be mistaken; I should certainly have remembered it.

Devil: No, Madame; meetings with the Devil are usually forgotten--intentionally.

Lady: But where could we have met?

1223

THE MAN SAYS

Published by Edward F. Daas

550 N. Nineteenth Street

Milwaukee 3 Wisconsin

Twenty-Ninth Talk

January 1950

X-PN 1927

ERSTER SCHNEE

---Und leise---leise---
Senken sich weisse
Flocken ueber die Kalte Erde,
Damit der Kuenftige Lenz
Einst um so schoener werde.
Und langsam graut der Tag,
Allmaehlich weicht die Nacht.
Der Morgen gruesst die Welt
In ihrer weissen Pracht---
Die schimmernde Flaeche,
Das Wunder hinieden,
Weckt Hoffnung in mir,
Auf den Voelker-Frieden.

Ida Zuberbuehler

* * * * *

HOLIDAY MEETINGS

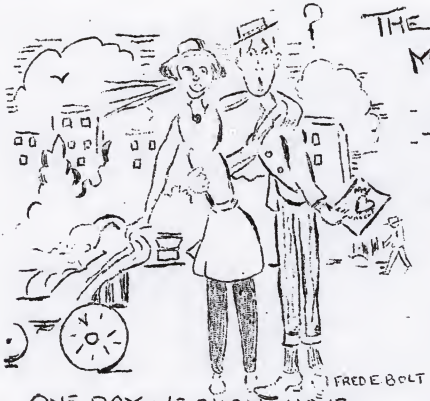
The Chatterbox raves and raves about the Christmas issue of the Milwaukee Journal which publicized three of our charter members. This may be alright for we were glad to read about Wanda, Margaret and Percy, but how could she pass up the news about the wonderful Christmas dinner party we had at the Surf Hotel on December 13th? For shame, Irma! Here we had just the most wonderful party with delicious food served on the best china and glassware, the huge portions of the many kinds of food, garnished beautifully, served most efficiently, made the dinner a most memorable event. In addition we had a Santa Claus(?) make the rounds with a large bag filled with nicely wrapped gifts for all. The papers on "Little Things" were well written and interesting. Macie Bartlett who is a shut-in was the guest of Mabel Gould and enjoyed meeting the members for the first time.

Your "perpetual secretary" had a most delightful holiday week and was pleased to receive 150 Christmas Cards. On account of my change of address from 13th street to 27th and then to my present address, I received several cards in duplicate from the ones who wanted to make sure that I would get one from them. Thanks to all who remembered me on that occasion.

"The-first-Tuesday-of-the mo.-potpourri-at-the-Library" was attended by seventeen and served to introduce Arthur and Pat Petri, Marion Mayer and Shirley Zinke. The "royal family" was absent and missed a fine meeting presided over by Wanda who was the recipient of congratulations for having had her first novel accepted for publication. Margaret Lohr read her prize-winning poem which had been read at the Christmas tree celebration on Christmas Eve.

E. F. D.

#324



ONE DAY WE SHALL HAVE
ONE OF OUR OWN DARLING.

THE MAN SAYS

FEBRUARY 1950

Published by
Edward F. Daas
550 North 19th St.,
Milwaukee 3 Wis.

Thirtieth Talk

M.A.P.C. MOTTO:
R emember!
E very
M onth
E very
M ember:-
B etter
R eadings
A nd
N icer
C ontest
E ntries!

LET US JOIN IN THIS PRAYER.

Hello, dear God, it's F. H. Flynn
Who's askin' You to listen in
On this, a very special prayer
Requested by a "lady-fair."

You know, she wrote "THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE"
A work I'm certain's 'spec'ly choice---
Not slushy-tripe, nor pulp-book-stuff---
Loads better than "just-good-enough."

I haven't read her manuscript
(She kept her dealin's so tight-lipped)
But still, I'm sure her writin'-jaunt
Produced exactly what You'd want.

It seems the title holds the clue:
She's written something about You
A-becknin' to Your worldly-flock
To enter gates that You unlock.

At any rate, please listen, God,
And though my prayer for her sounds odd
Remember, she requested me
To make to You this special plea:

Don't let her publishers find cause
To execute that "no-print" clause;
Instead, please send her just a hint
"THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE" will go to print.

F. Howard Flynn

THE BLUE LAGOON

See the shining blue lagoon
Reflecting the above,
Reminds you of God's glory,
And His undying love.

At times the blue is hidden,
A rainstorm often shrouds,
Of course there are no
whitecaps--
Just silver tinted clouds.

Birds fly gaily past its
banks,
Singing their merry song,
Overhead bright speckled
stars,
Wink as they go along.

Please stop to look and
listen,
And you'll be happy soon,
Want to depart from
sadness?
Gaze at the blue lagoon.

-Adrian C. Allen

4360 Royal Palm Ave.,
Miami Beach,
Florida.
(Welcome this new member.)

H325

THE MAN SAYS

Published by

Edward F. Daas

550 North 19th Street

Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Thirtyfirst Talk - March 1950

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

THE THREE APAS

No, it is not an error in spelling for in organized Amateur Journalism there are three major amateur press associations, the National, the United and the American. As in all organizations there are always a few who do not live up to the adage of "Speak, see and hear, no evil." A critic of your "perpetual secretary's" activities accuses me of keeping in the dark the members of the most active local club in A. J. He himself was present at the meeting on May 6, 1947 when the M. A. P. C. was organized. At that time I had no plan of making a club devoted exclusively to the United, but to A. J. in general. However, all those present, (excepting Duerr and Smith who belonged to the American) were there at my invitation, joined the United. The meeting was set for a Tuesday to make it possible for Bruce Smith to attend. He tried to induce my recruits to join the American and was able to secure one application. He must have been disappointed for he never came to a meeting again.

At the opening of the meeting I gave a brief outline of A. J. since these visitors had never heard of it. I stated that the National was organized at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876. That it had annual conventions ever since and that it had and still has many fine printers and published many excellent papers.

That in 1895 several youngsters who, unaware of the other organization, organized the United. That these boys grew up--there was much strife and several "splits" and that the present United was re-organized in 1944 in New York and resumed its annual conventions. That my interest in A. J. belonged to this organization.

That in the Thirties a new generation of youngsters who could not secure their rights in the Erford faction of the United organized the American which was very active in the printing of small amateur papers. Both Duerr and Smith had the opportunity of stating their opinions at that meeting.

I do not mention the other associations as there was entirely too much confusion last year. My policy is, and has always been, to secure real recruits for the United and instill enthusiasm and activity in these new cpmers. I am very proud of the long list of amateurs I have secured from Charley Parker who joined the United in 1896 and became President of the National and printed many fine papers in his long time membership down to the wonderful people who are making AJ history now.

While the growth and activity of the United are no doubt due to my efforts, most of the credit belongs to George Boehme whose untiring labors makes so much of this possible. Any organization can be very proud of an official such as he. The Bundle and his MAIL POUCH have appeared regularly each month.

#326

THE MAN SAYS

Published for the United Amateur
Press Association by
Edward F. Daas
550 North 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

May 1950 Thirtythird Talk

OPINION

Some folks claim I'm sarcastic,
While others say I have wit.
I believe their opinion
Depends on where the words hit!

Mary Frame
3300 Austin Ave.,
Waco, Texas

X-PN 4827

MY CUP IS EMPTY

My cup is empty
Won't you fill it with Java
Strong and hot.

My cup is empty
In my hand;
Not a drop of coffee left.

Don't tell me
To fill it up
And drink again.

Gosh!
Don't you know
The cost?

Each tiny bean is worth
A pearl
Of great price;

A pound,
The cost prohibitive---
Beyond my reach.

I cannot drink
For now
My cup is empty.

When I went to college my Teacher often read my poems(?) as a sample of what a poem should not be;that they lacked imagination, were prosaic in thought, et cetera. But all I really needed was inspiration! My Friend Irma gave the necessary spark to set off the flame. Her My Hands Are Empty turned the trick! My teacher would probably turn over in his grave were he to read it.

I may have given the impression that Irma talks too much. She does not----stop. Rachel thought I was writing about Cy Howard's Irma. No, I wasn't!for THAT Irma is dumb and. MY friend Irma isn't dumb in either sense.

I forgive Irma for not offering to iron my shirts----for she had 17 in a single week's wash! Johnnie, why don't you wear Tee shirts? The other night when I was at her home Irma had just finished ironing the 65th handkerchief. They must have a blow-out every day. However, they were man-size handkerchiefs. Don't you use them, Irma, or haven't you time to stop talking long enough for even a tiny sneeze?

When Ethel was appointed chairman for the May meetings of the club she asked a friend to make a gavel for her. When she received it she had not a gavel but a mallet big enough to be heard in every corner of our big Arena! Instead of it, she brought a small fac-simile of the Liberty Bell. Quite appropriate for our meetings-----for it too, is cracked. Ethel found that its tiny tinkle could not silence the group. She will have the gavel next time.

#327

THE MAN SAYS

Published for the United Amateur

Press Association by

Edward F. Daas

550 North 19th St., Milwaukee 3, Wis.

June 1950 Thirtyfourth Talk

COME TO THE CONVENTION!

Ihr lieben Leute in Milwaukee weisst
ihr was?
Geburtstag hat der Mister Daas.
Ich weiss nicht, welcher Tag es sei,
Ich weiss bloss dass er ist in Mai.

Und so schreib ich:"Lieber Herr Daas,
Ich komme Ihnen ein ganzes Mass
Schlitz, Pabst. Blatz oder Miller,--
Jedes ist ja ein Durstiller.--

Jedes wird bei euch gebraucht
Und ein Pfeif' dazu geraucht.
Moegen Sie noch lange leben,
Und der Herr dazu noch geben

Gesundheit, Glueck, Zufriedenheit,
Lieb und Freud zu jeder Zeit.
Und, was man braucht in der Welt,
Auch nen grossen Batzen Geld.

Moegen lange sie noch da
Dienen der U. A. P. A.
Als Sekretaer, oder am End
Mal sogar als Praesident.

Und ich bin auch noch so frei:
Einen Thaler leg ich bei
Was zu rauchen, trinken (Schlitz)
Oder, wozu es sonst muetz.

Herrn Boehme's Beispiel folge nicht:
Kauf nicht "Marken"! Huete dich!
Gratulier! Und mit Gruss
Bleib ich J. F. Moebius.

Since taking over the job as secretary my usually optimistic outlook was at times dampened by the receipt of an unkind letter from a member, a friendly letter from another would chase away such temporary gloom. I have always considered myself especially fortunate in having so many fine congenial friends.

We of the U.A.P.C. though serious when criticizing constructively the papers of members, have a lot of wholesome fun at all of our meetings. Treating our correspondents similarly we feel that we have struck a responsive chord for we receive a lot of friendly letters from so many of them.

One of those who enjoy our friendly banter is Reverend Moebius. In April he sent some German birthday verses to George, enclosing a dollar bill, telling him to use it for cigarettes or Milwaukee's favorite beverage. But thrifty George with his mind forever on the Mailing Fund Deficit placed the dollar therein, writing him to that effect in the best German verse we could concoct. So our mutual friend wrote me the foregoin verses, offering me all kinds of well wishes, also enclosing a dollar. He exhorted me not to follow

X-PN 4827

August 1930 #328

THE MAN SAYS

To keep you posted on the convention program and to make a final appeal that you come to Milwaukee and enjoy the following program: August 31st at 8 P.M. Literary Forum at the Milwaukee Press Club at 125 East Wells St. Friday at 10 A.M. business session at the Hotel Pfister; 2 P.M. trip through the Public Museum; 4:30 trip through Pabst Brewery followed by a buffet dinner in Blue Ribbon Hall. After this a varied program and an evening of "gemuetlichkeit" as the guests of the Pabst Brewing Company. Saturday sessions at 10 A.M. and 2 P. M. and the annual banquet at 6:30 P.M. Sunday 2 P. M. bus ride and a picnic supper at 5 P.M. at Lake Park pavilion.

Mrs. Hans, Editor, 770 N. 19th St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The meeting of the M.A.P.C. at the home of the Boehmes on July 18th will forever remain a most delightful memory. Twentytwo attendedthe meeting of which Bertha Mason was the chairman and about a dozen papers were read on the subject of the month,"The Chair." Margaret Larson's son, Bob Shaw of Westport, Conn.,was one of our guests and when he was asked to tell us what he thought of a meeting of amateur writers such as ours,he expressed great surprise that a group of people would meet to read each other's writing and give helpful criticism.

Requested to tell us how he prepares his scripts for"Mr. District Attorney" and other radio plays, he gave a most valuable and interesting account of his experiences in the radio and theatrical world. Plied with questions, he answered them fully and despite his repeated suggestions to close his remarks, we kept at him until the near midnight lunch was served by Ethel. Even while we were eating and drinking we kept up a flow of questions. It was long after midnight when the meeting broke up and long shall we remember the evening.

Mrs. Jean Stevers of Ridgefield Park, N. J. was our guest too. She is a friend and neighbor of Charley and Helen Heins and is visiting her parents. She assured us that she had a wonderful time.

Irma was bound to get thin. Especially after seeing the pisture of the slightly overweight bit of femininity which graces the mast-head of her last month's Chatterbox. She had tried the Army diet;also the Navy's;nothing left but the Air Corps. So she lived on air! She was getting along nicely. Almost to the point where she could get along without even that. When out of the West came relatives to attend her parents' golden wedding anniversary. For two weeks she dined and wined and she is her own sweet self again. Now she is watching the scales once more and hopes to lose -- lbs before the convention. Paul Steffes gets her weight mixed up with the papers in the Bundle.Yes the Bundle is getting--- fatter every month and yet one member missed "Ripples" and "Tidings" from the last Bundle. Some even complain that there are too many papers in the Bundle! While Irma has a long face each time she steps off the bathroom scales, recently Shrimp, Johnny's dog, followed her to the scales and had a glad look on his face. He had lost two pounds. The poor mut did not know that it was because he had been clipped. Irma, please don't get a G. I. haircut!